# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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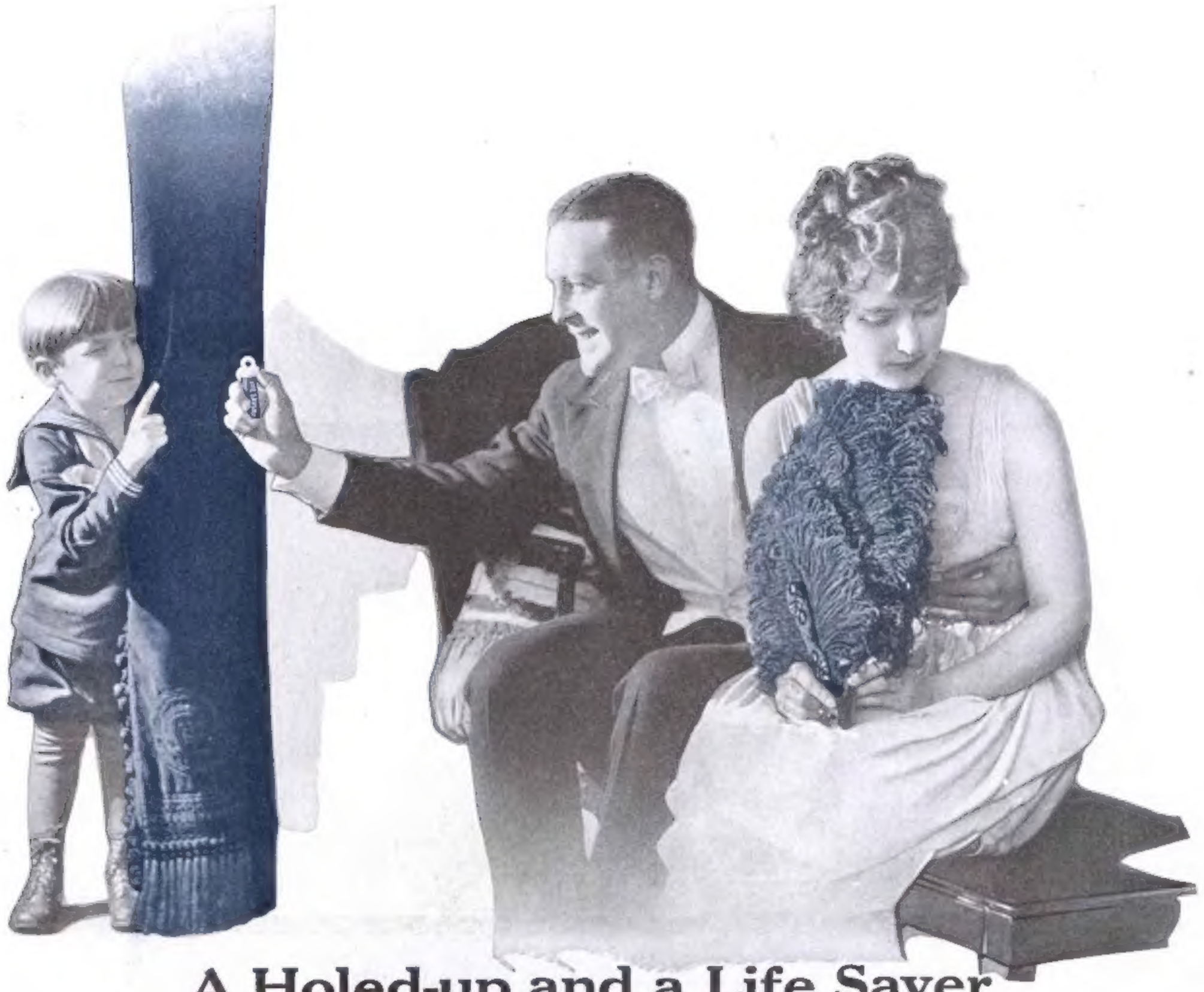

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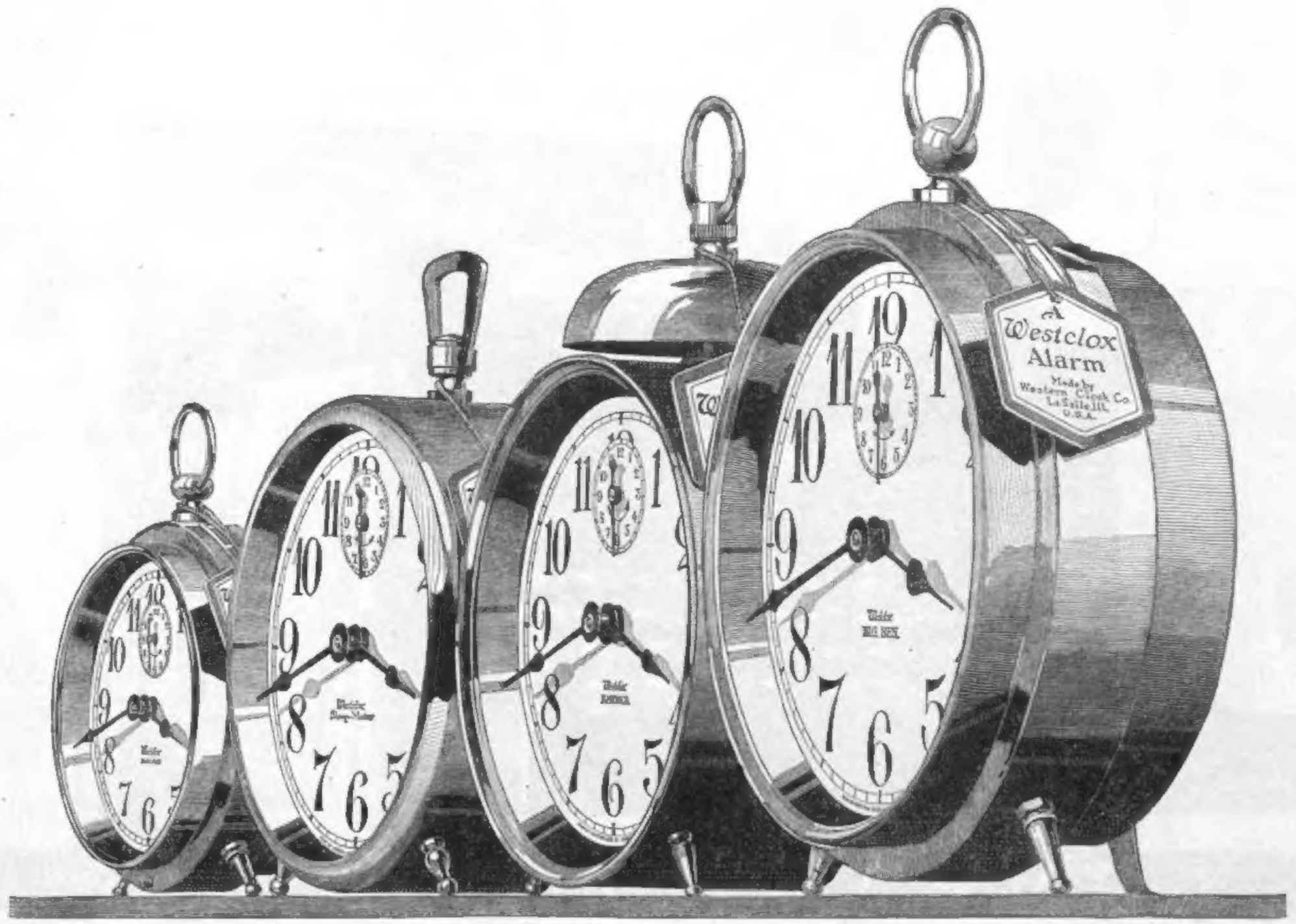


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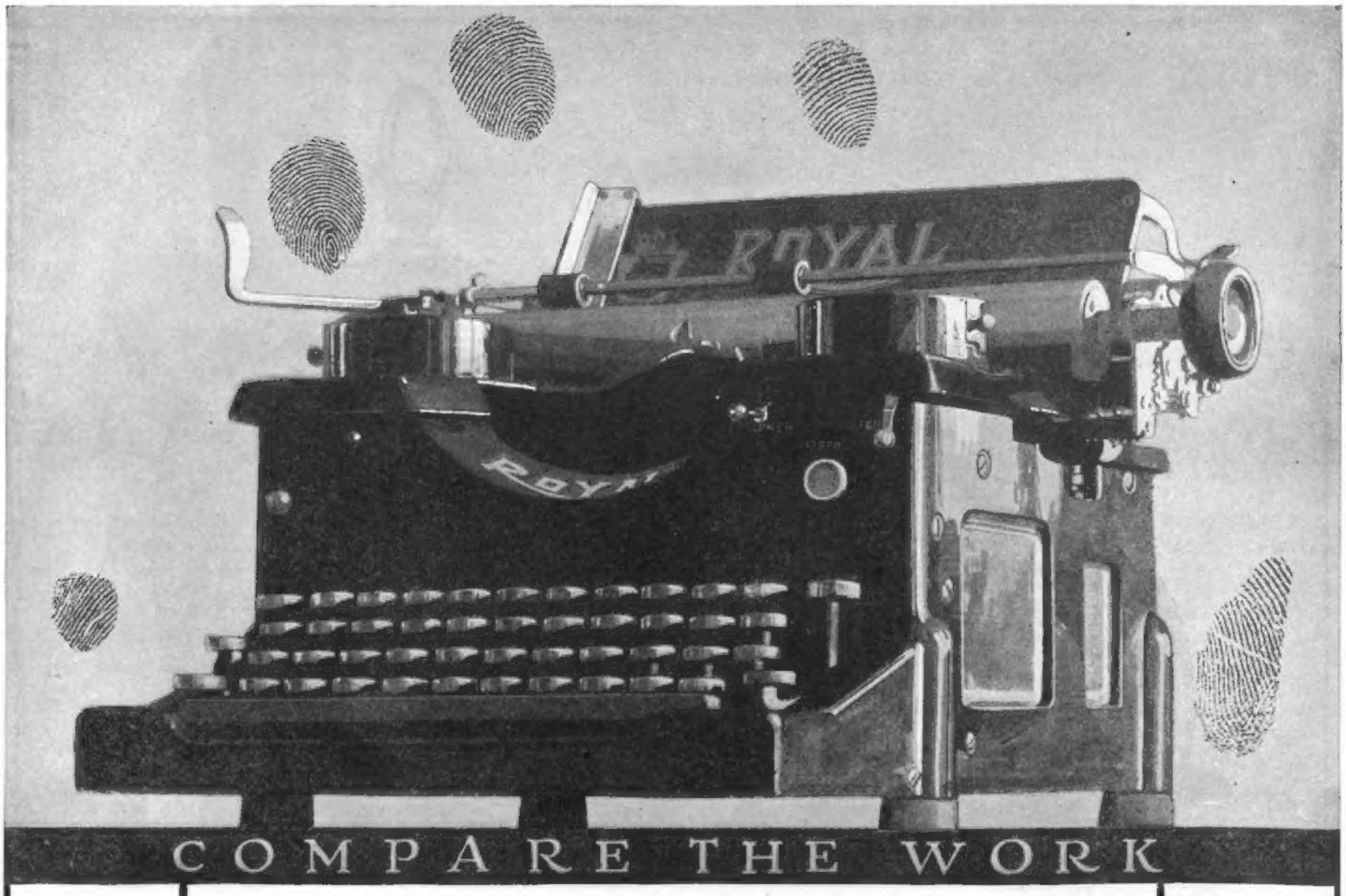


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# THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

*Charity Stared at Him From Mocking Gray Eyes. "Your Name is George Washington!" She Said*

## By Kenyon Gambier

*ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH*

IN ONE of those fairest of English counties which lie along the Marches of Wales snuggles a village whose one straggling street is guarded by a gnarled, scarred and riven oak. Its crown has been gone this fifty years; its branches have been lopped each generation; its trunk is a hollow playground for village children; but its green leaves still come with the spring, and on summer afternoons its mighty shadow creeps toward the east. It is girdled by a circular bench hardened and weathered by time and carved in a maze of initials, interlocked hearts and crude monograms.

The main road from the little market town of Castle-chepe is in winter a long-drawn cathedral nave whose roof is composed of fairy fanlike tracery of meeting elm branches. In summer it is a tunnel of green pierced by twinkling shafts and arrows of dancing light. The road seems to stop short at the oak tree, but in reality it turns sharp to the right, following the high wall of the great park; and thus the tide of traffic no more than laps the edge of the village green. Behind the sentinel oak straggles the village street, rising sharply halfway along, and bordered by a clear little roadside runnel of spring water which murmurs pleasantly in the day and splashes cheerfully in the more silent night. Children, unworried by wagons, may safely launch paper boats; and cows, unimpeded by automobiles, may saunter along.

Visitors stand on the stone slab which spans the runnel and knock, for the cottage gardens are behind and the houses touch the street. Most of these houses were built when the oak was young. Their shoulders are bent with age, their diamond leaded panes are blurred, and their lintels sag with the weight of years. In summer climbing roses bloom and wistaria hangs in clusters of mauve. In the autumn crimson creepers hide the timbered walls and overrun the thick patched thatching of the roofs.

There are one hundred and five houses in the parish, including the manor house inside the great walled park. Of these eighty-one are in the village, and most of the others are nestling farmsteads, the largest farm covering nine hundred acres; the smallest, sixty-one acres. There are twelve thousand acres in the parish. All these, and some in adjoining parishes, and all the farm buildings belong to the owner of St. Dyfrigs Park. He is Lord of the Manor of St. Dyfrigs, owner of all the houses in the village of St. Dyfrigs, except one, and of the advowson of the parish church. To him belong all the surface of the land, and all the coal and minerals which may be found beneath down to the center of the earth, and all the salmon that may be caught in a two-mile stretch of river, and all the air above his land, and all the ether above that through infinite space. He is about to be deprived of one of the immemorial family possessions, perhaps without compensation. The government, finding private ownership of the atmosphere incompatible with the airman's rights, is about to nationalize the empyrean.

On the top of the park wall where the road turns by the oak is perched a gazebo or summerhouse or observation post, from which the lord of the manor may overlook most of his domain. It projects over the road, and from its window in an older day could be handed a letter or a packet to the guard of the passing coach. It commands the length of the village street except when the oak is in full foliage, and it once had a moral significance. It was no frowning tower or overawing fortalice, but it dominated. It looked down on the simple folk of the village, reminding them always of the overlordship of the great house and of the paternal beneficence of the great family.

On a summer's afternoon toward the middle of the nineteenth century it was visited by Lionel Saint John Mildmay Lingard. He had received an anonymous note in a lady's hand telling him that if he came to the oak tree at four o'clock he would see a sight which he would never forget. He came instead to the eyrie on the wall, whence he could see and not be seen. He peered through the lattice and descried beneath the oak a golden-haired lady of fashion—young, pretty, with a deep-hanging chignon, a pork-pie hat with a scarlet feather, and a sprigged dimity skirt which swayed gracefully above its supporting crinoline.

The lord of the manor grinned and stroked his long spreading whiskers between thumb and finger. This was the most brazen assignation to which he had ever been invited.

"Deuced pretty—yes! Does the little fool really think—— Why, the village is buzzing already! Damme, it's Charity Turle, my cowman's daughter!"

He raised his eyes at the sound of horses' hoofs. Down the road came his younger brother, driving those three matched bays all in a line, bowling along with their high knee action, their heads checked up, that long whip dexterously wreathed, keeping the leader at his pace and in his place.

The lord of the manor grinned. There had been a real bobbery, a thundering row that morning about this tandem team. The order had been given. It must be put down. It was too costly.

"I'll get even," the younger brother had threatened, swearing fierce oaths.

"With your allowance, I hope you mean," the elder had sneered.

The turnpike gate flew wide. The horses pranced through.

"Gad," muttered the connoisseur on the wall. "Roger can drive! The finest whip in England!"

The horses checked beneath the oak. The unseen watcher frowned and bent forward to the lattice. The smart little tiger jumped down and flew to the leader's head. The driver circled his whip thong in artistic double twist about the stock, raised his curved brimmed beaver hat to Mistress Charity Turle, then held out his hand. She climbed the high yellow wheel of the gig, her skirt ballooning wide.

The whip cracked, the little tiger darted for the step behind, the horses pranced.

The girl kissed her hand to the lattice.

"Good-by, brother-in-law!" she cried.

The lord of the manor flung open the shutter. He hurled a name at her, unprintable, infamous.

She kissed her hand again. The gig rocked as the horses pranced away.

The couple returned within the week, the bride waving her marriage certificate. They stayed at the cowman's cottage. Mrs. Roger Lingard, née Turle, climbed a ladder and stuck a small flagstaff into the thatching. On the flag was a boar's head, the crest of the Lingards. She led the willing bridegroom along the seldom used right of way through the park. They sauntered, laughing, hand in hand, flaunting their happiness. The countryside was on the broad grin.

Then they stated their terms. Charity's father, who had of course been served with notice to quit his home, must receive a gift of the cottage. Her husband must have two thousand pounds. These things done he and she would emigrate. They sailed for New York within two weeks on one of those new-fangled vessels propelled by steam.

They came back eighteen years later, prosperous, shedding dollars. They were ignored at the manor house, welcomed in the cottage. They spent two thousand dollars in the reconstruction of the latter, and Charity furnished the parlor with beautiful old furniture which would now be priceless. The cottage surpassed every home in the village, even the vicarage.

They disappeared, this time for good. A new generation came. A languishing correspondence between cousins dropped. The three matched bays, the gig, the American Lingards faded into hazy village legend.

In the summer of 1914 a boy of twenty sat beneath the oak and looked about with shining, curious eyes. He had the bright skin of new threshed barley seeds and the golden-brown hair of a ripe wheat field. Eager interest marked his alert face and American accents marked his utterance as he said aloud: "The very spot!"

He was disappointed of course. Imagination transcends the possible and the golden haze of the dreams of youth is always more splendid than the most brilliant sunshine of reality. He had expected a unique unmatchable tree spreading great boughs. He remembered now that even oaks decay. He had thought to find the tree faced by a castle from which upshot a frowning tower. He saw a stone wall surmounted by a queer-looking kind of summerhouse shadowed by a lime tree, which he called a linden. He had pictured a village green covered with emerald grass. This one was brown from summer's sun, bare in spots where children played, and flecked with white feathers from a trespassing flock of geese. Still it was very pretty.

He recalled the family legend as it had come down to him: An oak tree; a castle tower—that was the summerhouse on the wall; three horses all in a line—how could anybody drive a team so harnessed? A toll gate—the gate was gone; but the house was still there, the only one fronting the main road; he knew it because the door projected like a nose, and windows in the nose looked either way. An heiress, beautiful, with golden hair, sacrificing all for love, torn from resisting relatives and their retainers—young Lochinvar over again, except that the bride was not swung lightly to the horse's croup, but lifted to a kind of two-wheeled buggy.

He pictured it all. The bride must have come to the tryst through that old oak door in the wall opposite him; the fight had been fought right here. His great-grandfather had won, single-handed. He thrilled to the story, never suspecting that his great-grandmother, dead years before he was born, had romantically enriched her tale. Her embroidery had the far-off result of making this descendant an exception to the general rule. Every American of British descent possesses an estate in chancery; but he had two.

He had only hours to spare in his short hard-won vacation, but he had solemnly promised his father to hunt up the titles to both the Lingard property and the Turle estate. Now that he was here on the spot he found himself more eager to find cousins than estates. He hoped that the properties would not be in chancery and that relatives would give him the glad hand.

The great oak door in the wall was flung open from within. Young Roger Lingard jumped up and crossed. He saw stretching expanses of velvet green dotted by oaks and elms and chestnuts. Red cattle with white faces browsed, all blocky and square framed and beautifully true to type.

"Hereford pedigree herd," he murmured ecstatically, for he knew about cattle.

"Some place!"

He was moved by the rich ordered beauty of the far-extending park.

Men close by were planting posts and putting up railings. In the distance he saw a gleaming orange-colored object—a girl on horseback, he thought.

A man came and curtly demanded what he wanted.

"Do the Turles still live here?" he asked eagerly.

He saw a sudden surly frown, a look that asked if he was perpetrating an offensive joke.

"Buy a guidebook," was the abrupt answer.

Young Lingard, surprised, affronted, stepped back a pace. He almost bumped into an aged man, who shook his head and muttered: "It bain't right; 'tis a right of way." The old man stretched an accusing finger at the workmen, then retreated to the oak, sat and took off his hat. The boy looked across at the thatch of white hair, the long white beard, the large chiseled nose; and he thought that this noble-looking patriarch might perhaps just remember a great-grandfather.

He was about to go over and ask when an automobile came round the corner and was suddenly checked by his side.

"What a perfectly beautiful old man!" said one lady.

"Perfectly lovely!" the other agreed.

One got out with a camera. "Please turn your head a little. . . . Yes. . . . That's right." Click. "Now just look at me, please." Click. "Splendid!"

These commands had been pleasantly given in a soft voice and with an American inflection. They jarred on the boy. He thought the whole procedure an impertinence and was surprised by the obedience of the old man. He was shocked when the lady crossed with an open purse, astonished when the aged villager touched that saintlike halo of reverend hair with his uplifted hand and said "Thankee kindly, mum."

A girl came riding out of the park. Her foot in the stirrup brushed the boy's sleeve. She was hatless, gloveless, and a tennis racket was clasped under her arm. She wore a brilliant orange-colored sports coat of silk. Her skirt was white and so was the buckskin shoe in the stirrup.

Click.

The girl checked her horse in front of the automobile, turned, and beckoned with her racket. The man who had so curtly addressed young Lingard came through the door at the imperious summons.

"This lady," the girl said, "has taken a snapshot of me."

"Oh, the nerve of her!" thought young Lingard.

Her pleasant, deep voice was not raised. Her manner was undisturbed. She had summoned a servitor as a princess might, to address one of the common people; yet the astonished lady with the camera was obviously a gentlewoman.

The girl moved her horse away as the retainer took her place in front of the car. She turned in the shade of the oak tree and calmly looked on, in lofty perfected aloofness. Meanwhile indignant elderly ladies argued with an inflexible man who stood square-planted in the middle of the road.

"The camera and your address," he demanded. "I'll destroy this picture and send the camera and the other films developed to you."

They protested violently. This was a holdup. It was feudal. It was lawless brigandage. Such an outrage could never happen in the United States. But the man was inexorable. They proposed a compromise. They promised to destroy the picture themselves.

"I am sure you would," said the polite blocker of the way; "but one such promise was broken, and I have my orders."

"A fair offer," young Lingard said impulsively. "Let them go."

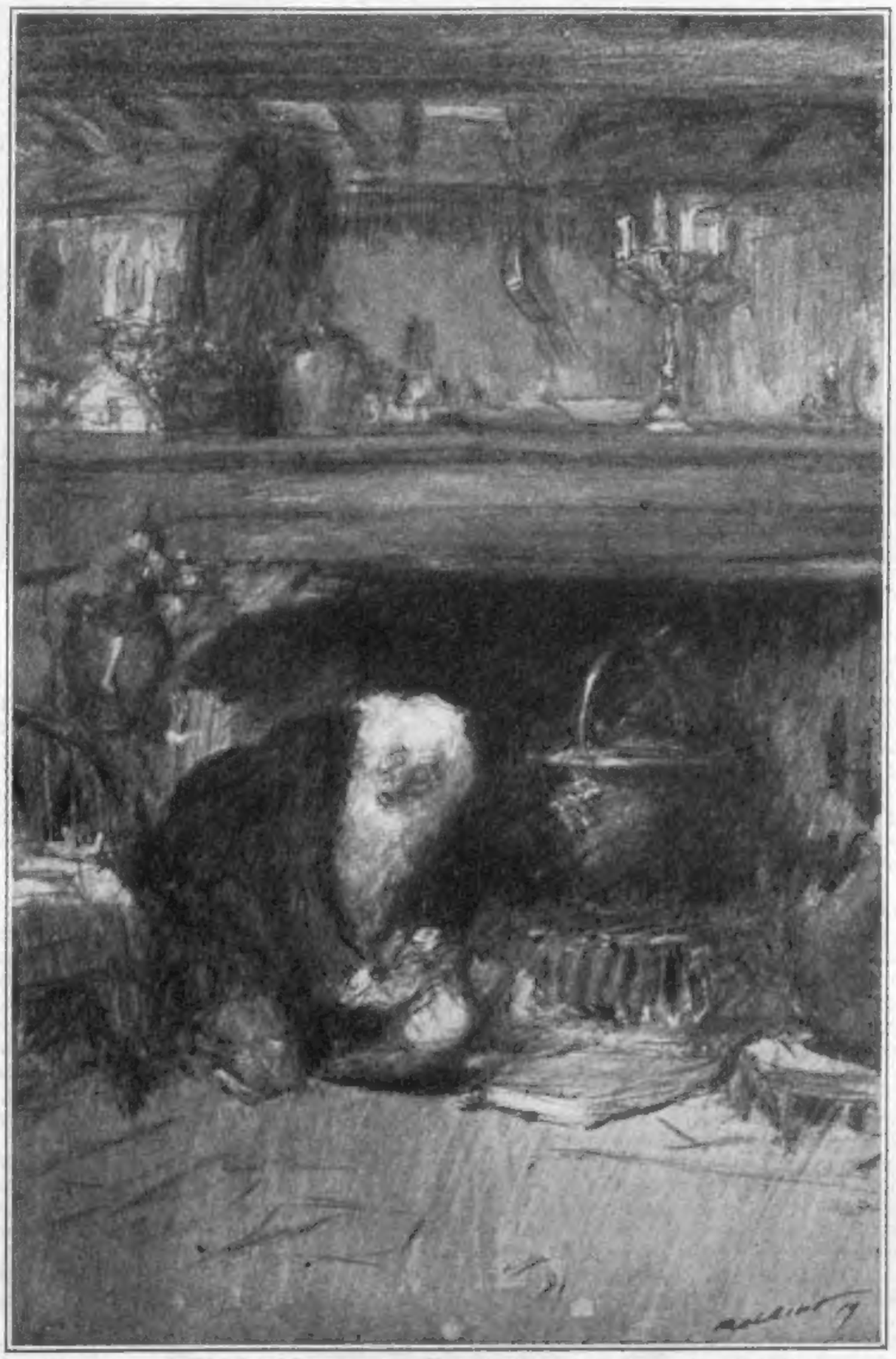
"And what business is it of yours?"

Lingard leaped. His outstretched hands caught the other's chest and forced backward steps. The chauffeur thrust in his clutch. The car moved. Lingard squared for the inevitable. He was a good boxer, but fifteen pounds lighter.

He had shoved the unprepared opponent almost under the horse's nose. He saw above him a bending orange-colored body, a dark angry face, an uplifted tennis racket; but it did not descend on his head.

"Bick, no fighting!" she commanded.

The man fell back, dropping his arms. A tense instant followed. The girl was looking down into the boy's eyes. The clear dark skin of her cheeks



*Through the Open Door He Saw That the Old Man Had Pried Up a Hearthstone and Was Lifting Another Bag*

was suffused underneath with a soft glowing crimson. Her forehead was now smooth, but her dark eyes still gleamed with the passionate anger she had so quickly mastered. He waited, his eyes not wavering. He expected speech of course. The incident, the exchanged glances demanded it. But she drew on the curb, the horse backed, wheeled and walked away.

The retainer retreated. As he reëntered the park he said over his shoulder: "The next time it'll be the pond, my young cockney cooky."

The door in the wall was slammed and bolted from within. Roger Lingard turned, clenching his fists, to find himself face to face with the white-haired old man, who was eying the door with perturbed eyes.

"Who was that young lady?" Roger demanded.

The sharp tone of the angry boy seemed to recall wandering wits.

"Miss Lingard, sir," was the answer. "I thought thee'd get it on thy pate, but she do flame quick and then bide still as an unfledged lapwing. Have they shut un up?"

He pointed to the door. Roger nodded absently, thinking of the name which he had just heard. He went to the oak and sat down. He hardly heard the shrill senile cry of the old man voicing the demand that the door be opened.

"'Tis a right of way!" the patriarch screamed. "That path were there afore the wall were built." He beat the door with his stick. "Open, open!" he yelled. "I be going to Castlechepe."

"Go home instead, William Turle," came from within. "Go home and cosset thy beard."

A roar of laughter followed.

The old man turned, muttering. Roger hurried to him.

"Turle?" the boy asked eagerly. "Did they say that? Is your name Turle?"

He saw sudden craven fear in the aged blinking eyes, saw the long cherry stick shake in the gnarled hand, which twitched in spasms.

"Thee beest a Yankee," the old man quavered.

He turned and stumbled away with surprising speed, in obvious panic terror. The boy laughed harshly.

"That settles it," he thought. "One branch of the family wants to bat me over the eye with her racket; the other bolts as if I had smallpox. She thinks she owns the road and wants me to get off it. He scrapes his forelock and takes tips."

He glowered at the bolted door.

"The pond, huh?" he muttered, glancing about.

There was none in sight, but he had read of ducklings in horseponds covered with green slime.

"'Cockney cooky,' huh?"

He clenched his fists again. He did not know the meaning, but the top note of contempt was amply conveyed.

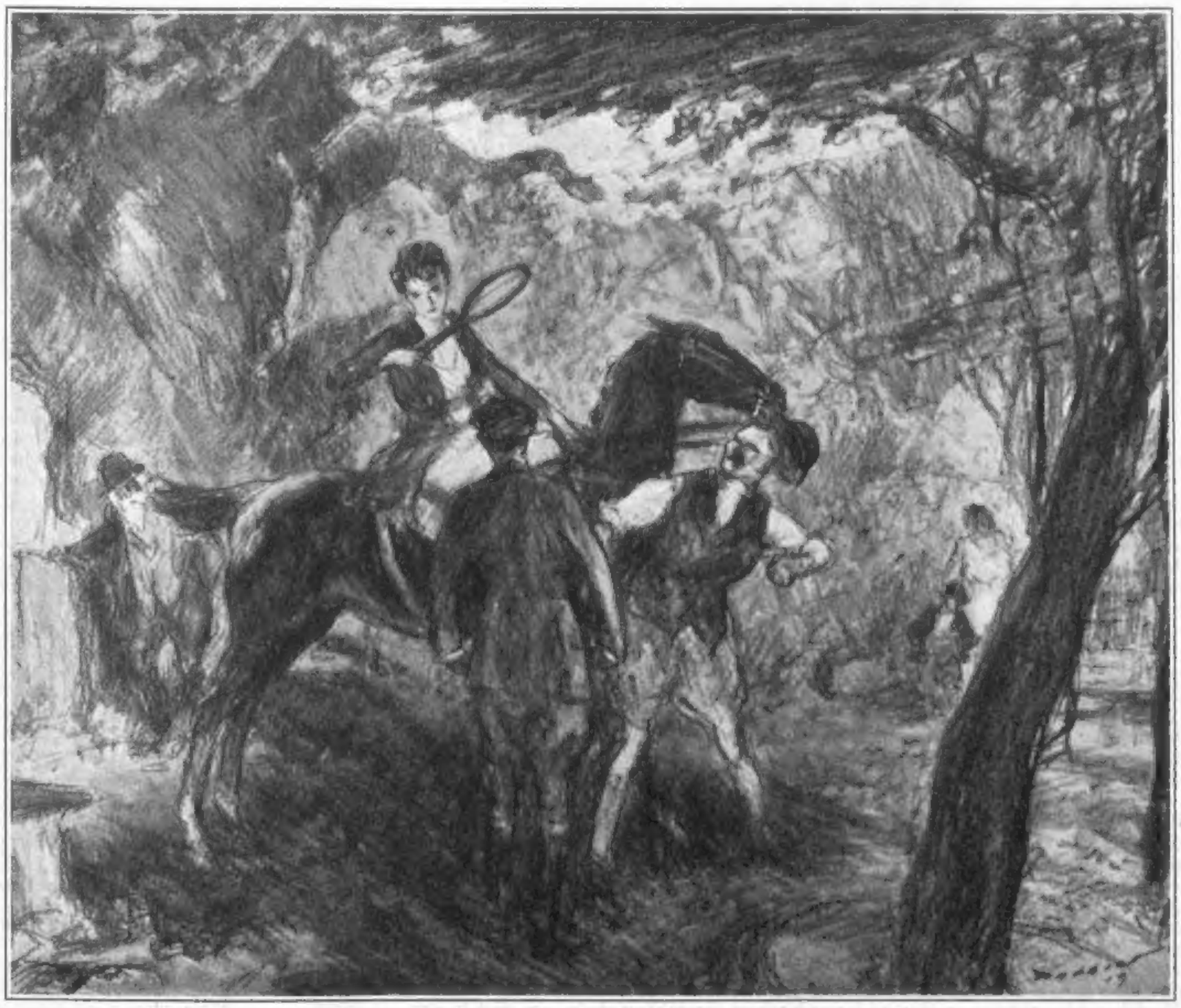
"He can't be a cousin," he thought.

He rushed into the old turnpike house, which bore a little sign: Teas—Mineral Waters. A stout woman whose great cameo breastpin lay horizontally and undulated straight up and down gave him a glass of milk and gossiped pleasantly in answer to questions. Her husband's father, he learned, had opened the gate to that random team.

"That old man as you was talking to," she said, "is the brother of the cowman's daughter as a Lingard demeaned himself by marrying."

His kinsman, a toucher of the forelock for alms—a beggar; his heiress ancestress, the cowman's daughter. The boy's illusion came crashing. But though the ancestral dream on the maternal side was rudely shattered, on the paternal side it was surpassed by reality. He listened with interest to the story of the splendor of the Lingards.

He left the turnpike house laughing. It was funny. An heiress! How did these stories begin? He thought that he should not tell his father. His father talked a lot about gentle blood on both sides. He had a new sense of vivid curiosity about the Turles as well as the Lingards. The village had been made human to him by this fat woman's voluble, cheerful gossip. He knew now that its name, St. Dyfrigs, rimed not with stiff rigs but with love rigs; and he rolled this softer pronunciation on his tongue.



*Lingard Saw Above Him a Bending Orange-Colored Body, a Dark Angry Face, an Uplifted Tennis Racket; But It Did Not Descend on His Head*

He sauntered up the street, talking to everybody—to the woman sitting knitting in her doorway, with two children playing in the road; to the wheelwright, who gladly paused for a chat; to the old postmistress, who he did not know was a regulator of village clocks—every day, at four precisely, she removed from her bald head a straw hat to which was pinned a false front, and put on a smooth brown wig; to an aged man on sticks, who stood in the sun warming his old back against a hot stone wall; to a milkmaid, whose rolled-up sleeves disclosed round, sound, wholesome arms; to the road mender, who sliced evenly the turf by the roadside. He absorbed all that they told him, wondering at their frankness, warmed by their cordiality, exhilarated by his secret connection with both hall and village.

He did not know that his smile was sunshine and that the frank and genial comradeship which he felt in his heart was conveyed in his manner; nor had he learned that villagers love to talk to strangers from afar, who will be off in an hour and pass nothing along. Talk relieves monotony. There is the satisfaction of playing cicerone. There is the pleasure of hearing exclamations of surprise and interest. It is the amused and exuberant curiosity of the American tourist which leads cottagers to dwell on scandals in the neighboring great family.

But the boy heard only kindly, almost affectionate words about the Lingards, and wonderful stories of their constant, unremitting generosity. People were less inclined to talk about the Turles. He heard of Tom Turle and Charity—yes, she had his great-grandmother's first name—but there was a cool silence about them.

By the time he had passed the last house and stood on the hilltop he had formed definite impressions. He framed sentences for the night's letter to his father: "The Lingards are the whole bunch here. They have great family pride. There is a young lady, a little younger than I am. She is a wildcat one minute and a beautiful stone image the next. Their estate is like a parlor just dusted. The village is a little heaven. Wages are only $4.76 per week, but everybody seems comfortable. The Lingards are splendid landlords and most generous. The Turles are not so important as you thought. There is a young man a little older than I, and a girl about my age. I have not met the Lingards or the Turles socially. I may not introduce myself perhaps. Things are different here. I have not yet examined the titles to the Lingard estate. There is no Turle estate."

He looked down the steep green hillside at a soft red roof and an old church tower. Summer's full foliage of oak and ash and beech hid all the rest. This disappearing trick seemed to him delightful, and he thought that only an English village could hide away like this. He looked over the checkerboarded countryside, vivid green in irregular squares, with here and there a golden field of ripening grain. It was very pretty, he thought, but too completed and finicky and trim. He wanted real mountains and deep cañons, where slap-dash cataracts suddenly changed their minds and their courses, and carried off trees and danced bowlders about. He craved a general helter-skelter of Nature, which showed that there was still a lot for man to do. That was the way of Nature when one went on vacations in the United States.

He was leaning on a new gate, on the top bar of which the initials G. R. had been burned. A boy came driving a pig and opened the gate.

"What do these initials mean?" he asked, curious about everything.

"The King, sir. This be crownland from that there hedge. T'other side is the squire's." The boy pointed to the great park below, which looked, inside its circling wall, like a giant green gem set in a band of silver. "The squire," he said, "do live there. He have two legs, but he can't walk. His eyes be wide open, but he can't see naught. His lips do move, but he do grunt, no more, and they puts a cloth about his neck and do feed him same as babies is fed. He ——"

But the pig dodged into the opposite hedge, and the boy ran after it.

The astonished listener turned as a young man, powerfully built, broad of chest, came bustling along, swinging a sledge hammer as though it were a cane.

"A beautiful village," said Roger, falling into step.

The young man grinned. "Yes; its face washed, its hair curled, its pinafore starched. Did you smell a pig as you came along?"

The boy laughed and shook his head.

"The pig," said he of the sledge hammer, "is the support of man. He has been since the world began. What about the kitchen leavings and the cabbage stalks and the garden waste, and the fat side hanging from rafters in the kitchen come Christmas time, when the kiddies could do with some rich fat on their bread and the old uns with thick slices that stick to their ribs? But squire says no." He laughed, but his eyes were serious. "He might smell 'em if he chooses to ride through his village.

*(Continued on Page 186)*

# ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION

*Is it Not a Delightful Age at Which the Imagination Rides Freely as it Lists Even on Trains of Thought?*

## By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE young man, who often tells me of his high ambitions, begged to be taken across the village street to the railway station for further entertainment. We were fresh from one treat; nothing less than a visit to the jewelry shop where hangs the choice cuckoo clock. We had hoped only to hear it strike twelve, but the kindly owner, perhaps pleased at our notice, had toyed with time like a god and made the thing do twenty-four hours for us. Ninety separate times the hidden bird revealed itself, bowed and was vocal, which seemed enough even for a confirmed cuckoo addict.

Indeed I was afraid one of us would not only become bored before we caught up with time again, but would allow this to be discovered by his generous host. Yet not so. Fain would he have had yet ninety other carols from the patient bird. He lingered before the counter expectantly, even too suggestively, until the secret hope was dashed. Then rather desperately he demanded to know the price of the marvel—and lingered still another moment, gamely dissembling the consternation with which he had been stricken when the proud owner named a certain figure in brutal dollars. For the delectable contrivance was remotely beyond his slender means. But I felt him secretly resolving that come what might he would one day have a cuckoo clock of his own. And I didn't blame him, because—as he has more than once pointed out—how can anyone be sure the bird behind that little flapping wooden door is not a regular bird and may not some day in the course of the hours fly right out and sing a long time?

### *The Great Men of the Engine*

AND so when he now observed the small dingy train that comes down to us from the main line and rests awhile before it goes back, how natural that he should wish to stand beside it and advance his education as a locomotive engineer. Indeed as we crossed the street he confided to me that when he did become an engineer he would have a great deal of money and when he had a great deal of money he would spend it for a cuckoo clock. He debated returning to tell the jeweler this lest meantime some rich person buy the clock, but I dissuaded him, not wishing to build false hopes in the mind of the tradesman.

So we stood presently beside a locomotive that stewed thrillingly in its insides. Free were we to inspect its black wonders, to touch its puissant wheels, to identify bell and whistle and headlight and cowcatcher. And believe it or not, but the engineer himself descended into our very presence with a long-nosed oil can and a bunch of cotton waste and began to annoint and massage his vast treasure, while aloft on his throne lolled the fireman and looked lordly from his casement and ate rare foods from a shining bucket believed to be of silver. It was the first time we had ever been so intimate with a locomotive, the first glimpse we had been vouchsafed of this glorious monster in what might be called a domestic moment. Need I say it was ecstasy to loiter amid the ineffable perfume of soft-coal smoke and sprightly steam, watching a live engineer in blue jumper and overalls at his important ministrations—watching at his midday banquet a live fireman in a badly chosen derby hat, once brown but now enhanced to a royal purple by weathering millenniums?

Again the young man affirmed to me his resolve to become at once a locomotive engineer, doubly firm now because the emoluments would enable one to acquire a certain clock hitherto beyond the reach of any but persons of vast wealth. With one hand on a driving wheel he sacredly promised always to permit all members of his family to ride on his train without price, even in the dining car or out on the back porch where the folding chairs are, and it was further promised that perhaps on occasion I might be let to sit up beside him and watch him engineer. And if he wished to come home for a few days he assured me that they would keep his train for him. He said he would be able to take this train where he liked—to Chicago or San Francisco or Boston or Africa, where desirable wild beasts are; and he would have lots of allowance given to him for his engineering. In short there was now but one life, one career, to be considered.

It has not always been so. There was a time when to be a dentist seemed most lovely, but this has been put away as childish. And there has been strong talk of deep-sea diving. I have been assured that if I would but procure him a diver's suit he would go down on the bottom of the main ocean with a good pincher pick and catch fish. More than once he has declared that this would be his favorite pleasure. And I have had to concede that it sounded attractive. I especially like the pincher pick—it sounds so useful. There has been, too, some talk of a naval career and not a little of aviation, but just now we can see nothing but locomotive engineering as the occupation of delights and rewards. Possibly this ideal may alter—at six one's life work is seldom determined.

But to hear the young man talk now about the life and privileges and supreme importance of a locomotive engineer you might suspect that he had given valued assistance in the preparation of that joyous document named so modestly to us as the Plumb Plan. Indeed there are certain features of that plan which I can with difficulty conceive not to have come from his own winsome imagining. I am certain he would cordially approve the proposal to give him the train and the track and the depots and the money paid him by grateful and admiring passengers.

Is it not a delightful age, his and the age of the Plumb Plan's gifted author, that age at which the imagination rides freely as it lists even on trains of thought—when the hard, gritty science of economics is seen to be a lovely scheme of all take and no give? I do not believe that either of these thinkers would be for a moment disturbed by a suggestion that the trains and tracks and depots are not theirs to take—that they are the stored labor of quite other persons. I do not believe either of them would be alarmed by the prediction that infantile paralysis of industry would waken them from their dream of glorious taking. And I affirm confidently that at least one of them would noisily rejoice to learn that cuckoo clocks had been nationalized. He knows of one he would love to nationalize.

### *As in a Wavy Mirror*

BUT in truth I seem unable just now to advise the young man on the choice of a vocation better than his own fresh instinct seems to have taught him. For of course the old-fashioned title of this piece is not a very funny joke. Because no one at present would advise anyone for whose welfare he might feel concerned to choose any profession whatever. And, outside the professions, what better career than that of the locomotive engineer or fireman—even the fireman of a humble freight engine?

Could I conscientiously urge the youth in question to strive for a statesman's laurels when the engineer now receives more pay for his service than the average governor of a state? I am not saying he isn't worth it; undoubtedly there are in our land more highly skilled engineers than there are highly skilled governors—the standard of effectiveness has to be higher. Our engines have to be run just so, while our states are lucky to be run even so-and-so. But we are here concerned with what the coming man shall do to gain his daily bread and a coat upon which to blazon his wound chevrons from the high cost of living.

Why deny that I am puzzled by some aspects of the problem? When I gulp the headlines of a morning paper nowadays I feel as you feel when you stare into one of those cheap wavy mirrors—you know the kind. They make you look as if you must be dizzy. If I now read with understanding, the world's one common conviction is that the only way to lower the cost of living is to raise prices. I believe I am right so far. The cost of living is high; wages must be raised above it. As wages are raised the process will give the effect of a descent in the cost of living. Faultless logic apparently. Yet something warns me there is a catch in it. Stubbornly across my mental screen intrudes the image of a running man in the sunlight. He is running as fast as he can. He is running to get ahead of his shadow.

But I remind myself that my vision is probably not authentic—that a mere literary geisha can hardly from the side lines so easily probe the mysteries of this mass play. I tell myself that I would think differently if I had the education of a union-labor leader. And I read on below the amazing headlines to correct—if possible—my own clumsy reasoning. There I learn that everyone is becoming unionized as fast as he can, and as fast as he becomes unionized he is striking for higher pay to meet the rising cost of living—the mysterious figure that mounts so unaccountably, so perversely, with mounting wages. So it can't be so simple as at first I thought it must be, or the union-labor leaders, who are intelligent men, would see it as I do.

Anyway, the unionizing and the striking go merrily on—policemen, newspaper writers, school children, the dance-hall girls of Leadville, scrub women, comedians, funeral-coach drivers, egg candlers, tragedians, aviators, soubrettes, window washers, light-opera tenors, buttonhole makers, leading ladies, knife grinders, pants pressers, clergymen. It is true the latter have not yet struck, but such action is threatened from more than one authoritative source, and had my own life and training fitted me to be of their cloth I suspect their strike would not still be merely a threat. Why should clergymen stay out of the scramble when the getting is good? We seem, then, to be well on the way to a complete unionism.

But what I wish to be told—preferably by the wisest union leader now engaged in leading—is what will happen then. I see as plainly as they do that wages are raised and conditions for certain workers bettered here and there by strikes. On broad impersonal grounds I applaud the wit of the New Hampshire corn cutters who strike for nine dollars a day and win. I applaud the reporters of that New England city who struck the other day. I like their spirit; I didn't think they had it in them. Thanks to the bolstering their union now gives them, some of them may work up out of the class of mere reporters and become book reviewers or dramatic critics at a living wage. Possibly a few may even hope to become writers.

### *When the Big Union Comes*

AND there is the new actors' union. We all know actors who are too good to need the bolstering of any union, but on the other hand it must be said of the majority of our mimes in all kindness that they do need a union, even as the garment maker needs one, and I rejoice that they now have it. I am only sorry their strike broke before certain of their opponents—the managers—got a fraction of what was coming to them in the way of punishment for having imposed upon a particularly helpless class of only moderately skilled labor. But again I wish to be told by the wise labor leader what will happen when we have all been thoroughly affiliated.

To a thus-far innocent bystander it would seem that when we are all one big union there will be no one left to strike against. And if it be conceivable that we shall then become so uncomradely as to strike against ourselves, what labor leader will then decide when the shoemaker has by strikes raised the price of shoes sufficiently high to the striking engineer? Will the engineer continue to strike for more money to pay the ever-upward price for shoes—which the shoemaker must ever demand because of the mounting price of transportation? Not forgetting the farmer, even if we are not now in Congress and would dare to do so. The farmer, having to pay more for shoes and more for his coat and to ride on the steam cars and to ship his wheat, will have to have more money for his wheat. And the farmer is a mean man to annoy. Under our present wise laws he is free to do things in the way of combination that would get a mere manufacturer into very serious trouble.

So when the big union comes—and who will say it isn't on the way—shall we be where we started? Will the farmer then indeed strike against the engineer and the shoemaker and the rest, or will someone in authority call a truce, and if so, who? Or will the gladsome era of rising wages go on and on? Will it continue to be thought that if wages can only be raised high enough the cost of living will be left far beneath? In short, will it help matters to double the pay of all of us? Am I wrong in suspecting that the cost of living would also be doubled—and not by a miracle or freak of Nature beyond understanding? Would it be like doubling the price of chips in a game of cards called draw poker on the blithe assumption that twice as much money would then be won? And if so, have not expert statisticians demonstrated that—no matter the amount won in a given game—an equal amount is lost?

I am groping, to be sure, but I am curious about the behavior of the big union that will have affiliated us all by next year or the year after. Will it then be a matter of determining if the farmer is more important than the engineer or the steel worker? And would not this be a difficult problem? I can see a pair of hands declining to convey food to the mouth—going out on strike because the hands do all the work and the stomach is a mere fat ultimate consumer producing nothing. And I can see the eyes and the ears and the feet striking in sympathy with the hands to bring that slothful capitalist, the stomach, to terms. But are not these striking members in some measure dependent on the well-being of the stomach? And how long would they exist without the head above them all? I have not specialized in physiology, but one may gather, even from the Sunday editions, that without a nourished head the organism now known to us as human would deteriorate.

A young thinker, who delights to wear a cravat of defiant hue and whose emotions are generous but sometimes curdled, here tells me that I willfully confuse the real issue; that I am—and very probably for reasons not unconnected with the lucre of a venal press—seeking to divert attention from the one great crime of industrialism, which is capital. He says that when labor—"the people"—have taken over capital, which is its real aim and its only recourse, there will be no more strife; then will ensue the day of golden plenty for all, when the hands and the feet through pressure upon the stomach have brought the head to terms.

*The Farmer Is a Mean Man to Annoy*

The young thinker is heatedly certain about this. It is so simply apparent to him that he believes it is simply apparent to everyone else and that no one will deny it except for a price. He declares that even these hirelings would no longer dare deny it if we had here a free press and the right of free speech. It is one of his curdled moments and he points valiantly to Russia, where freedom is now enthroned and capital is no more. And he sounds almost convincing, but not quite—especially about capital. For it does seem to me we have learned from Russia that capital is a peculiarly elusive thing that can be destroyed, but can never be taken over.

### *Inherent Rights*

CAPITAL seems to be so much more than mere money. It seems to have qualities that escape a mere blunt talker. Nor am I quite persuaded about freedom of press and speech in that model land. I suspect this particular thinker could hardly be as anti-Bolshevist in Russia as he is anti-United States here, and get away with it. I doubt if his favorite periodical would flourish happily in Petrograd if it opposed the government there as it opposes the Government here.

Trustworthy reports from that center of enlightened progress indicate that critics of the prevailing régime are dealt with vigorously and without those more or less formal delays of the law guaranteed them under our own despotism. Still he insists that in Russia the people now have their inherent rights. And I cannot deny it; I can only retort that thus far they have not inspired me with envy. There the eyes and ears and hands and feet have struck against the stomach and withered the head—but can they survive the head's loss?

The thinker says that this is pitiful talk and only shows that even if I am not a hired minion of capital I am at least shockingly ignorant, inasmuch as it shows me not to have read Karl Marx, who explained everything clearly, regardless of how things may look in Russia just at this moment. He affirms further that labor has an inherent right to what it produces, which I am not prepared to dispute; I only wish to be assured that labor produces what it says it produces. I gather from this intellectual's handling of the phrase that our railway employees have an inherent right to the railways because they produced them. I also gather that my typewriter may at any moment strike to enforce an inherent right to what it produces. Is not this writing composed of words?

*(Concluded on Page 85)*




*Stubbornly Across My Mental Screen Intrudes the Image of a Running Man in the Sunlight. He Is Running to Get Ahead of His Shadow*

# THE CHANCE

## By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

*He Stopped and Looked at Her, and the Glasses Fell From His Hand, the Lenses Shattering to Pieces on the Iron Floor*

STEELBURG MILLS had a new Old Man; the old Old Man had left, quit, resigned—gone to take a bigger, better job with a bigger, better company. That's what he had said, anyway. They all say that when they leave, quit, resign: "Going to take a bigger, better job with a bigger, better company." Sure! It's surprising, it's really astonishing how many bigger, better jobs with bigger, better companies there are waiting for bigger, better men.

Steelburg Mills was glad the old Old Man had gone. From Dick Sloddy, the pit-cover boy at the bloomer, earning his twelve cents an hour, to Jerry Crane, the assistant roller at the rod mill, dragging down his twelve dollars a day, Steelburg Mills was glad. Perhaps that is why the mills coughed up twenty-eight hundred dollars to buy the departing Old Man a present—because they were glad he was leaving. And perhaps that wasn't the reason. Maybe Lafe Murdock had something to do with it.

Lafe Murdock was assistant general manager at Steelburg Mills. Lafe didn't like old Teller any more than Clancy or Smith or Olinsky did, but to watch him a while you'd think he loved him—always dogging his steps, meeting him at the gate when he would come into the yards, whispering in his ear, taking him by the arm when he was crossing a dangerous spot about the mills, running to meet him with an umbrella when it rained, smoking the same brand of cigars he smoked, looking over his big gray car and keeping it rubbed down and in trim—he was a prize lick-spittle. The way Lafe Murdock hung round and honeyed round the Old Man made everybody tired.

Lafe knew that he wasn't going to be the new Old Man, not if he had been A. G. M. for ten years; he knew that even the chances for his keeping hold of what he had at Steelburg Mills weren't very fat, with old Teller gone. So with an eye to the future—there might be a place for him with Teller in that bigger, better company—he engineered the raising and the spending of the testimonial fund.

Lafe was necked like a bull, lipped like a horse, browed like a rooster, eyed like a pig, mouthed like a hippo. He wasn't to blame for these physical idiosyncrasies of course, but he was to blame for the two rows of fourteen gold teeth that lighted up the front of his gape. He might have grown a beard, raised a mustache, affected the need of horn-rimmed glasses or worn a stand-up collar, but he didn't—not much! Lafe liked Lafe as he was.

With certain employees about Steelburg Mills Lafe had a way; and with certain other employees there he didn't have a way. It was from the first of these that he pulled the twenty-eight hundred.

He'd go up to Yakabowski, sledging in a slag hole or shoveling in a scale pit or digging in a sewer ditch, and say: "Look here, John, the big boss is going to leave us and we want to make him a little present. How much are you going to give—two dollars, hey?" And Yakabowski, looking up from his work, and catching a glimpse of those fourteen gold teeth, the bull neck, the pig eyes, and so forth, would say promptly: "Oh, shee-ure! Two dollar? Dot's all right, Meester Murdock!" And then he'd start in to cuss away and loaf away five dollars' worth of the company's time because he had to give up nearly a day's pay. Lafe had a way with fellows like Yakabowski.

But when he'd approach Jones, melting steel at the Open Hearth or rolling rods at the rod mill or heating ingots at the rail mill, and attempt to touch him for five dollars, and Jones would look him straight in the pig eyes, unscared by the neck, the lip or the gold teeth, and would bellow out "What's that? Me give my money to buy a present for that old red-necked something-or-other? Not on your life-belt!" Lafe would saunter on. He didn't have a way with fellows like Jones, somehow or other.

But he raised twenty-eight hundred dollars, for Steelburg Mills employs an army of men, and Lafe had a way with a whole lot of them, and he and Benny Bean and Joe Easley constituted the committee that went downtown to buy the present. Present? It was presents. For they found they were unable to spend twenty-eight hundred dollars on one present. So they bought a yellow diamond the size of a pullet's egg, to be set in a tiger's-claw ring, for twelve hundred; a big yellow-diamond shirt stud for five hundred; and then they wore themselves out buying gimcracks, kickshaws and gewgaws with the remaining eleven hundred. But they saved enough from it to purchase for old Teller's wife a bunch of flowers so big it required two men to carry it.

Lafe engineered the testimonial meeting, too, and succeeded in getting together a fair-sized mob, over in the open yard back of the Bessemers, for not only those with whom he had a way came but many of those with whom he didn't have a way were there also. They didn't want to miss anything good. Lafe made the presentation speech, and it was mellow as mush all the way through. Old Teller made a mealy-mouthed rejoinder, thanking the mills for their loyalty to him through the many years he had been associated with them, wishing them good luck and Godspeed, and promising all of them good jobs if they ever needed or wanted good jobs. Then Lafe called for three cheers, and mighty sneery little cheers they were. After which old Teller loaded up his plunder and departed, and the mob scattered.

Out of sight behind the blast furnaces, Jones, who was heading one division of the dispersing mob, stopped and held up his hand. "Fellers," he said, "I propose that we give three bustin' cheers and a tiger because the old red-necked something-or-other is gone!"

They gave them, and there was nothing sneery or little about them either.

A shipping clerk hurrying by the place at the time stopped and with enthusiasm joined in the lung exercise, after which he hurried on, crossed a depressed track, ran up a long flight of stairs, hastily descended another long flight, and rushed into the tin shanty of the stout, very stout stock clerk of Susie Blast Furnace, Randolph U. Jackson, known about the mills only as Tootsy.

"What d'ye know about that, Tootsy?" demanded the shipping clerk, dropping into a chair by the stock clerk's desk. "Honest, now, Tootsy, what d'ye know about it? Here I've just been over watching Lafe Murdock present the present to that old stiff of a Teller, and say, it took two cabs to haul the junk away! What d'ye know about that? Honest—two cabloads! And a bunch of posies for Ma Teller that Benny Bean and Joe Easley could hardly lift!

Twenty-eight hundred dollars of us dubs' coin to buy presents for that old pot-bellied crab!

"I had to cough up three plunks myself, and I suppose they tapped you for two or three, eh? But what could a fellow do? Here comes that Klondike-faced Lafe Murdock and says: 'Well, how much for the Old Man's present, Bob? About three dingers, hey?' And I says: 'Sure, Mr. Murdock, glad to give it. Mr. Teller's been a fine Old Man.' What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? Got your spit-quick fine-cut with you? Let's have a pinch. What'd happened if I hadn't coughed? Why, Lafe would have had me on the tramp in no time. When a fellow with Lafe's title gives you a gentle hint that it's time to dig up it's time to dig up. Isn't it so, Tootsy? It's all right enough if you've got a good job and guts, and don't care which way the wind blows your hat, and know how to sling the come-back.

"Take Bixby, over at the Bessemer. Bixby told Lafe where to head in when he went to touch him for a donation. Did he tell him? I'll say he told him! But Bixby doesn't care, you know—he doesn't have to care. And they can't afford to lose a man like Bixby. But reflect on it, Tootsy—twenty-eight hundred berries! What d'ye know about it?

"And just tell me what old Tellerinsky ever did for any man about this dump, except Lafe Murdock, a half dozen or so of his nephews and cousins, and some sons of big guys that he played croquet with up on the Heights? Why, man, he wouldn't give a fellow a pleasant look—not if it was Christmas morning and he'd hung his sock up the night before and got it full. I heard Al Dickey say once that he'd go in the cold-storage business if he knew he could hire old Tell, for he'd just have him walk up and down in the storage building and wouldn't have to use any ice. What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? Pretty good, eh? Ever hear about the time he drove the blue drake in the duck race, with pink ribbons for lines, at the society stir-off his wife gave up on the Heights? That's good chow for thought too; but more of that anon, as Shakspere says.

"Nice day, isn't it? Take the case of Wally Gay. There's a deucedly clever chap. He's sharp, he's cute, he's nobody's damn fool. But old Teller wouldn't give him any show—I should say not! McNutt and Devoe and Belmore all spoke a good word for Wally, and I'll be danged if Teller didn't order him sent down to the scale hole at the ingot mill to work with old Nicker and Dicker. Tellerinsky figured it out that Nicker and Dicker were nearly due to kick the pail, and then he'd have Wally, the goat, down there, all broken in on the dirtiest, toughest job on the dump, to take Nicker's and Dicker's places—one man for two, see? What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? Wally always was the mills' goat. Ackerman fitted a saddle to him and everybody rode him. Some of these days Wally Gay's going to turn over, wake up, and give some of these wisensteins in this plant a jolt that will jar them. I think you came to work here while Wally was out West, didn't you, Tootsy? Probably you never heard much about him.

"Isn't it hot to-day? You see, old Joe Gay, a labor foreman, found Wally in a soap box in a car of pig that was shipped in here—a baby, you know, two or three days old. What d'ye know about it? He took him up to Vinegar Gully, where he lived, adopted him and raised him. He grew up to be the toughest little nut in the Gully. Gosh, they say he was so tough you could have made a straightening maul out of his head. He went to school a little, not much. Old Joe and his wife died when the kid was twelve or fourteen, and he lived up there in their shack after that by himself does yet. Different from any kid I ever heard about. He worked all over Steelburg Mills—all kinds of jobs. Nearly got killed once at the rod mill.

"Then Ackerman took him and made a roustabout of him. I'll be durned if it wasn't a shame the way Ackerman handled him, but Wally didn't seem to care. I guess I was the first one to discover that Wally wasn't all dub. I found out that he could figure and write like a machine. Honest, Tootsy, the way he could handle the figures and sling a pen with ink on it was a caution—regular wizard. I spoke to Calla Lily, our cultured chief clerk, about giving him a chance in the shipping department, but Calla Lily said he was too coarse, too unrefined. What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? Wouldn't it give you a pain in the necktie?

"Take me, Tootsy. I've been working for this shebang for eight years and better. Why haven't I got somewhere in that time? Simply because I wasn't refined enough for Calla Lily. And I know the very day I stewed my gosling too. You know, Tootsy, how dirty that part of the yard is where my office stands, and how the dirt and dust is always blowing through the doors and windows? Well, I sent in a requisition one day for a little two-gallon sprinkling can, so that I could sprinkle the floor now and then and lay the dust. Calla Lily turned down the requisition and wouldn't let the storehouse send it over—said he had to keep down expenses. What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? Well, one morning I was busy at my desk, and I was shooting some pretty snappy tobacco on the floor—old Slobowsky had forgotten to bring back the cuspidors after sweeping out—when Calla Lily blew in. 'Robert,' he said, 'that is a most reprehensible practice of yours—expectorating on the floor. I shouldn't think you would countenance it.'

"I came back: 'But I sent you a requisition, Mr. Calla, for a sprinkling can to use to settle the dust round here, and you turned the requisition down. I've simply got to keep the dust laid in this dump or I'll choke and not be able to get out the work.'

"Tootsy, I've stood still as a tombstone ever since that day! What d'ye know about it? Just like Wally Gay—no more chance of getting ahead than a jack rabbit with three legs bit off by a bear.

"Well, Wally muled in that scale hole a long time, helping Nicker and Dicker, and one night he got sleepy or sick or something, and he crawled into a box car loaded with wire and went to sleep. Somebody came along, locked the door of the car, and it was shot out to the Midline. Wally didn't get out of it till the car was out in Dakota or Idaho or some place out there. Then a fellow heard him yell, busted open the door and pulled him out, nearly dead from hunger and thirst—all in. What d'ye know about that? This guy was a wheat buyer, owned an elevator or something, and he gave Wally a job. Just as I did, he found out that Wally was there with bells when it came to figures and the pen, and he had him help him out with his own work. Then the guy got sick and Wally did all his clerical work for him. Then the guy died or something, and another wheat gink blew in from Buffalo and offered Wally a job in Buffalo. Wally got on a train and started east, and when he got this far his train was blocked by that big wreck they had up here on the Midline; you remember it, Tootsy—that night Jim Foot got his head cut off. Wally got off the train to take a snoop round, and when he found he was in Steelburg he was tickled silly. He sneaked into the yard, went down to the scale hole and lammed into the work, scaring seven years of growth out of Nicker and Dicker, who thought he was dead; and there he is yet. What d'ye know about that, Tootsy?

"Well, I've got to go—got a raft of work ahead

(Continued on Page 126)

*The Madman Leaned Far Out of the Cab and Gazed Down at the Struggling Man on the Chain. "Hi, You!" He Yelled. "How Much for Chance to Get Loose? Two Dollar, Hey?"*

# THE PROWLING PRODIGAL

## By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Phœbe wuz a feeble baby bee.
Phœbe maybe sting you
Lake she done stung me.

HOW come you niggers can't keep step past de office when cap'n looks out de do'?" Sergeant Vitus Marsden, the Military Wildcat of the Fust Service Battalion, A. E. F., preached at his gang on the way to work in the Mauvais railroad yards.

"When I columns you lef', you heads fo' de work an' not to'a'ds de kitchen. Column—lef'! Lef', I says! Lef'! Head dat squad roun', co'p'al! Follow dat mascot!"

The Wildcat's platoon scattered to the four winds of France. "Rally roun' Lily; rally roun' dat mascot!" After five minutes' work the Wildcat accumulated his platoon and headed them toward the scene of the day's work.

"Wuz sweat worth a nickel a quart to-day you niggers makes fo' bits apiece. Ah never seed such slew-foot triflin' outfit. Follow dat mascot—dat's all I tells you!"

"Sergeant, Ise lame. Kin I route step some?"

"Lemme see yo' laig—is you lyin' Ah'll lame you!"

"Kain't see is I; iodine whut de doctor painta me wif don't show. I tells yo' Ise same as a cripple."

"Ceptin' in de appetite. Ah seed you at brekfus'—wuz po'k chops swellin' you couldn't git into a box car."

The marching platoon passed a detail of German prisoners carrying railroad ties. "Rustle dem ties, white boys!" one of the Wildcat's charges called. "How is us gwine to win dis wah if you-all don't he'p us?"

*Phœbe wuz a fliah,*
*Come f'm Ten-o-see.*
*Phœbe lit a fiah*
*Where she lit on me.*

"Wisht I wuz in Ten-o-see 'stid of in dis wah! Wisht I wuz in heaven."

"Only way you'll git to heaven is wuz heaven a jail an' some white man knowed you like I does."

"Never seed such a lastin' job. Wondeh when de end of de wah'll be, Wil'cat?"

"Front end done been; hind end'll come when ol' Republicans starts winnin'."

"Some Democrats is all right; cap'n's a Democrat."

"How come you-all knows so much 'bout cap'n?"

"I knows. I seed him walk home f'm de banquet 'thout no he'p; rest o' de officers had to be carried. Lootenant's a Republican; had to wateh him an' bed him down like a mule. Cap'n sho' is Democrat; he's outdrunk ev'y officeh what showed up so fah."

"Cap'n sho' kin ca'y his gin ration; sho' kin ca'y a load."

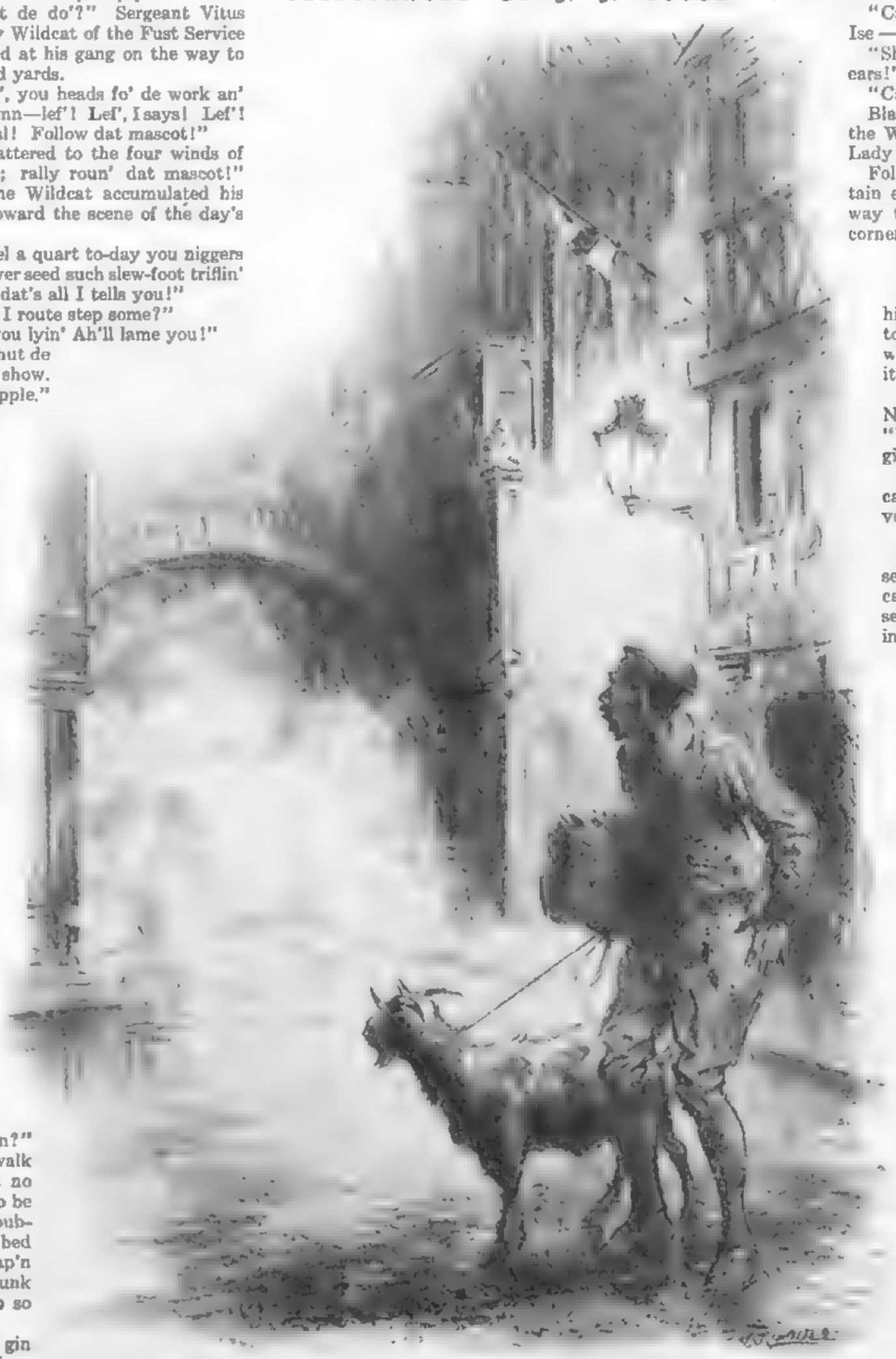
"I'll say he kin; he may be old but he's got kid gloves."

"Detail—'tenshun! Detail—halt! Scatteh out an' see kin yo' earn yo' rations. Tie dat mascot in de vineyard an' leave him eat grapevines."

"Betteh tie him to de track an' see kin a train kill him. He et two pairs of shoes an' de linin' out of a ovehcoat yistiddy. Neveh seed such a goat f'r raiment lunch. Wuz he attached to ol' supply sahgent f'r rations he'd figgeh he'd landed in heaven!"

The platoon languidly began the day's work. The Wildcat figgered a little rest would help him some. He called to a waterboy. "Roust me out afteh Ise laid a couple hours." He coiled himself up in the shade of a pile of lumber and was asleep before his head hit the ground.

No sooner was the Wildcat asleep than several members of his crew gravitated about a push car which stood beside the track. In the group were Cube and the Backslid Baptis', De Witt Massey, The Lizard, Moon Eye, and half a dozen more domino gallopers.



*"Us Sho' 'ts Had Plenty, an' Then Some! Lily, You Mascot, See Kin Yo' Laigs Rattle a Gallop. Git Out o' Town. Le's Go!"*

"Lemme see de dice; I knows you, Baptis'."

"Seven—li'l lady love—whoof!"

The Wildcat moved uneasily in his sleep.

"Ace an' a dooce; loses nuthin' but yo' money, Moon Eye. Roll 'em!"

The Wildcat sat straight up. In four seconds he had elbowed himself into action. "Gimme dem dice! Gimme dem dice! Shoots ten francs—whuf! Five an' fo' is nine—an' a six-tray. Lay dead. Shoots twenty—fade me is you reckless. Mawnin', seven; I lets it lay. Shoots forty—Lady Luck, I aims to run yo' ragged. Fade me, field han's, fade me! Money, rally roun'! Whuf! Two top sides says 'leven!"

"Ten-shun!"

The captain, fifty feet away, gazed calmly at the group.

"Wildcat, come here!"

"Cap'n, yessuh! Me an' dese boys wuz jes waitin' fo' ——"

"You won't have long to wait for what's coming to you. Come back to camp. Rest of you boys get to work."

The captain's voice was singin' low like a boiler just before she busts. The Wildcat began to worry about himself.

"Cap'n suh, whut is it whut's comin' to me? Ise ——"

"Shut up before I knock you loose from your ears!"

"Cap'n, yessuh!"

Black clouds obscured the four quadrants of the Wildcat's horizon. "Cap'n's foamin' agin. Lady Luck, whah at is you hid?"

Followed by the drooping Wildcat the captain entered the battalion office and made his way to a smaller room partitioned off in one corner of it.

"Come in here!"

"Cap'n, yessuh."

Five minutes later the Wildcat dragged his remains to his quarters and put himself to bed. "Wuz they one stick o' stove-wood wif my name wrote on it cap'n sho' foun' it."

Cinnamon, the captain's striker, a brunet New Orleans boy, drifted in with his guitar. "Wil'cat, you likes music; nex' time cap'n gits th'oo 'ith you I'll play at yo' funeral."

"Boy, snatch me Memphis Blues. Ol' cap'n ain't hurt me none—'ceptin' I bust my voice yellin' so's he'd think so."

Having accomplished the first success in a series of battles with the triflin' Wildcat the captain proceeded to frame an elaborate series of charges, which his clerk incorporated in a court-martial.

"What date do you wish to have him up?" the clerk asked.

"Right now—this minute—as soon as I can sign my name. I'll break that nigger of shootin' craps in public or kill him! Send an orderly after him and we'll have his trial now."

Cinnamon, who had drifted to the office, was dispatched after the Wildcat. "Cap'n says burn a shoe. He's waitin' fo' you in his office."

"Hope he ain't foun' no more stove wood—neveh seed such a heavy club."

Cinnamon laughed derisively. "I bet we gits a holiday to-morr'—an' a band an' marchin' an' ——"

"How come?"

"Funeral p'cession, Wil'cat—us marches slow and you leads."

"Boy, you makes me sick." The Wildcat started for his doom.

"'Fo' long you gits some flowehs readin' 'Rest from now on.'"

The court-martial was fast business. "Guardhouse for three months, forfeits three months' pay, reduced from grade of sergeant to private, effective to-day."

The Wildcat dragged himself over to report to the sergeant of the guard.

"Cap'n sho' learned to speak his piece by heart."

The Wildcat languishing in the guardhouse rapidly established himself in the mixed company therein. Before he had been within its walls an hour he had become the financial center of his little world. Prisoners are not supposed to have money with them, but under the surface discipline the Army is an informal aggregate of fractured rules and busted regulations, known and overlooked by the governmentalities who wear the stars and varnished boots of rank.

Pretty soon the Wildcat became a medium-good languisher. The guardhouse was humid and warm and except for three or four hours' work round camp each day the prisoners had nothing to do but eat and sleep and gamble. Cinnamon, observing this, came to envy his associate.

"Cap'n has me draggin' roun' f'm sunup to when de owls hoot," he complained. "Wisht I could git me th'ee months whar at ol' Wil'cat is." He analyzed the process by which Wildcat had accomplished his nominal punishment.

"Me—Ise neveh knowed Lady Luck to fail me," he announced blandly one evening after supper. "Gimme dem dice. C'me out heah whah I kin roll 'em wild." He selected an area of high visibility in front of the barracks and talked loud. "Shoot five francs."

The cap'n responded under forced draft. He suddenly appeared in front of Cinnamon.

"Boy," he said to his striker, "at nine o'clock to-night maybe I'll kill you. Report over to the guardhouse under arrest."

The thankful Cinnamon picked up his five francs. "Cap'n, yessuh," he said. He walked rapidly to the sentry outside the guardhouse. "Cap'n of us boys Fust Service Battalion odehs me repo't heah under arrest."

"Corporal the guard!" the sentry bawled. "Git inside, boy, before I shove this gun through you."

"How come you heah?" the Wildcat asked in greeting.

"Me? Wil'cat, I has me a drag *avec* ol' Lady Luck. *Ness pah? Oui, oui.*"

"Us sho' is rollin' strong, Cin'mun! Me—I stays heah goin' on 'leven weeks mo'. Ol' wah ain't so bad dis way. Wisht I could stay heah f'm now on. Us kin——"

"Vitus Marsden!" The Wildcat heard his name called by the sergeant of the guard, who stood in the doorway.

*In the Rays of a Street Lamp the Wildcat Strutted Past His First M. P.*

"Dat's me." The Wildcat stepped importantly toward the source of the summons.

"Report at once on parole for duty as personal orderly for the captain of the First Service Battalion."

"Cinnamon, dog-gone you, heah you is—an' Ise persecuted with yo' job draggin' roun' mawnin' an' night fo' ol' cap'n. Lady Luck, wuz you a rabbit I'd gallop you to death!"

The A. E. F. was long on moral and physical cleanliness. On Sunday evening the Wildcat was exposed to forty minutes' preaching, under orders.

"Lootenant preacher 'spounded 'bout a boy he called Mis' P'odigal's son," he later explained to Cinnamon. "Sho' wuz plumb dead f'm his collah o'naments up. Boy et shucks 'n' fed all de cawn to some hawgs. Me—I'd et me a cawn pone an' could I get me a barlow I'd butcher me a hawg and have me some po'k chops an' side meat an' ham an' spah ribs an' gravy an' chittlin's an' mebbe some mo' ham. Wondeh whut time dinneh'll be ready."

"Mebbe them hawgs wuz penned up neah a house—an' watched close. Ol' constable calls it stealin' if you is ketched."

"Ain't been yit—an' I aims not to be. Hawgs don't care who owns 'em—killin' day's boun' to ketch 'em anyhow, come Thanksgivin' time or mebbe Christmus."

A messenger interrupted the conversation. "Wil'cat, cap'n says whah in hell is you."

The Wildcat adapted his pace to the tenor of the summons.

"Cap'n—whut wuz it, suh? I wuz hangin' yo' light unifohm on de line an' ——"

"Tell Cinnamon to report to the cook for K. P. duty," the captain said. "Give the sergeant at the guardhouse this paper."

The Wildcat carried the glad tidings. "Yo' gits fo'teen hours a day roun' de kitchen. Ise et worse'n I has lately, but I depen's heavy on you, Cinnamon; 'long as you an' me is frien's an' you is he'pin' in de kitchen. Mos' all de time Ise hungry."

"Boy, we eats heavy, *ness pah?*"

"Sho' do. How come you sez *ness pah* all de time?"

"*Ness Pah* is sho't fo' sayin' wuz Lady Luck a bird us has a handful of tail feathers."

In Washington, behind an elaborate mahogany bulwark, a quartermaster colonel calculated an intricate soap problem affecting the epidermis of several million men. "Ultimate strength of three million in the Zone of Advance, Watkins; put down three millions—multiplied by the number of days in two years. Say three million by seven hundred. What does that give you?"

"Twenty-one hundred millions."

"Very good. Say they use an ounce of soap a day—more than that up there where the insects are thickest—means twenty-one hundred million ounces. Get a requisition out covering that at once. Liquid soap—twenty-one hundred million ounces of liquid soap to be shipped immediately to the commander in chief, A. E. F., Hoboken to Cameraux, for distribution from the Mauvais Storage Depot."

"Yassir."

Watkins sought his own refuge and began winding the red tape about the soap. He discovered that the liquid-soap order amounted to more than sixty-five thousand tons of material without considering containers.

"Ten shiploads—sure is a big war."

And on a morning when everybody from the front lines to the base ports in France went hungry at breakfast time because the subs had sunk five or six shiploads of food the first four cargoes of liquid soap sailed from an Atlantic port bound for somewhere in France where the cooties grew wild. An order issued from G. H. Q. covering the theory that cleanliness is next to loaning money to the sentry at the pearly gates.

"Daily bath, hell! If I had water enough for a bath I'd drink it." The A. E. F. was thirsty.

At Mauvais open storage spaces and warehouses rapidly filled with steel drums full of liquid soap. The Fust Service Battalion detailed to unload the trains arriving from the docks near Cameraux sweated and heaved and grunted day after day at its endless task.

"How come so much soap?" Moon Eye complained. "Neveh seed so much soap. Wuz it sorghum sweetenin' they might be some sense to it, but us needs soap 'bout like a cootie needs wings." Moon Eye scratched himself and swung onto another barrel of soap.

Over at the captain's quarters the Wildcat was busy straightening up the site of a poker battle which had waged throughout the night.

Close in his wake followed the goat Lily, nominally mascot of the battalion but in reality the personal protégé of the Wildcat. Lily, munching contentedly on the nine of clubs and a shredded face card, gave forth a plaintive bleat.

"Shut up! No wondeh yo' insides hurts. When you eats th'ee socks and a cigah an' half a deck of cyards yo' has yo' mis'ry comin'. Leggo 'at papeh!"

The Wildcat finished his work and proceeded to the battalion office adjoining the captain's quarters. The room was untenanted at the moment, and while the Wildcat swept the litter that lay about into the dark corners of the room where it might accumulate unnoticed, Lily grazed here and there at will.

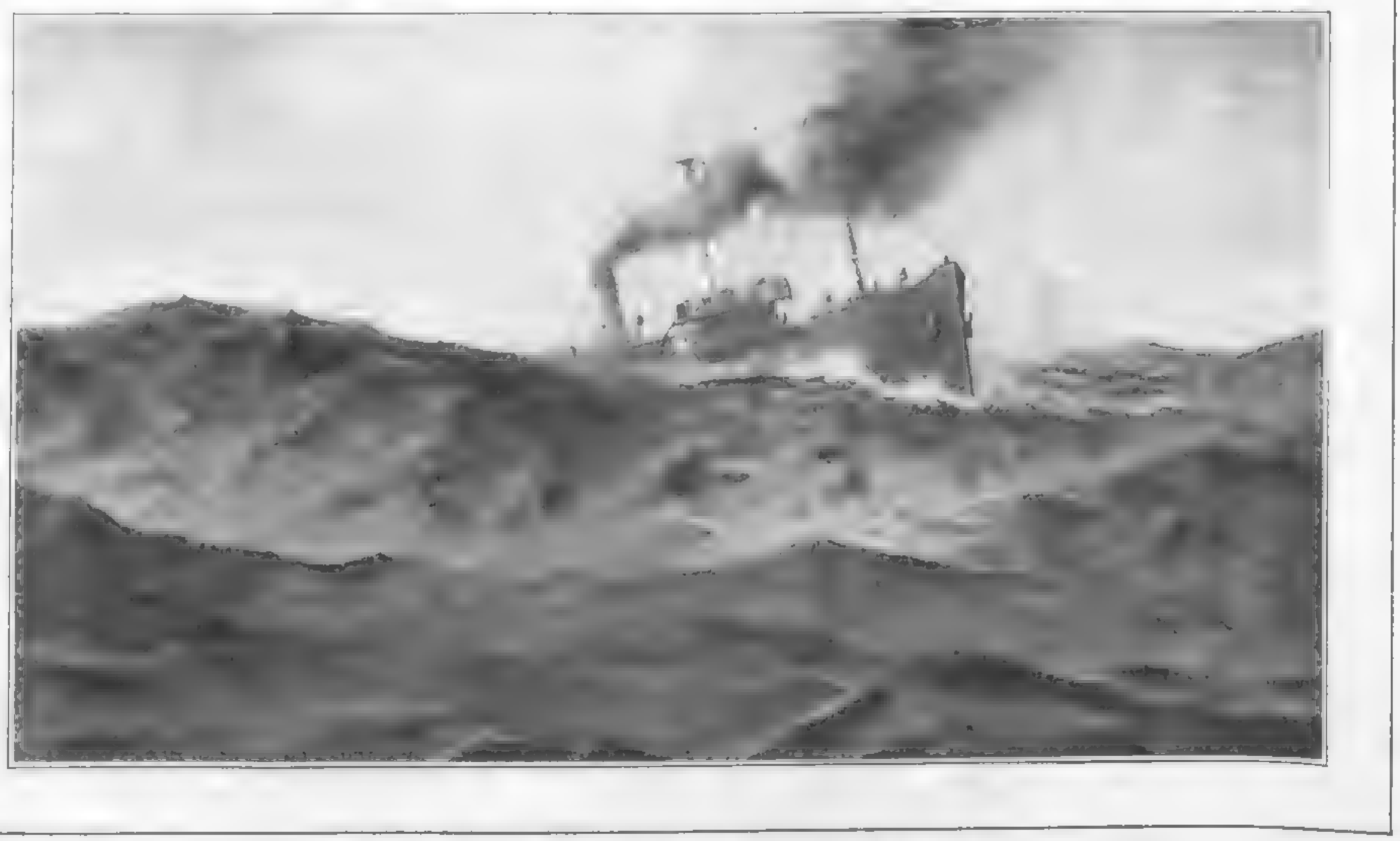
"Neveh seed such a ol' goat f'r eatin cigahs. Lay off 'at long one—I aims to smoke 'at cigah myself afteh me an' Cinnamon eats us a li'l' snack." The Wildcat stowed the half-smoked cigar in the left pocket of his shirt and made his way to the kitchen, leaving Lily safely confined behind closed doors. "Stay theh an' walk yo' post whilst I 'cumulates some rations."

Lily walked a staggering post for a few minutes until a neatly cultivated garden of service records attracted her attention. In the midst of the alphabet she found a menu to her taste. She browsed lightly on the documentary evidence covering the military biography of Moon Eye and the Backslid Baptist. Of Vitus Marsden, the Wildcat, she ate all but the two wire staples which bound his folio. She gorged on Cinnamon, Lizard and young Cube Calvin. From the captain's desk she partook of a cellulose dessert

*(Continued on Page 173)*

*"Gimme Dem Dice! Gimme Dem Dice! Lady Luck, I Aims to Run Yo' Ragged"*

# World Trade and Our Ships



## By Edward Hungerford

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

FOR more than half a century Great Britain stood as the undisputed mistress of the seas. In all that time her foreign policy has been dominated by the necessities of her merchant marine. Because a coal-burning steamship can rarely go more than five thousand miles without refueling—more frequently not more than four thousand—her imperial policy provided British strongholds—British coaling stations if you please—at intervals the world over of not to exceed four thousand miles. For these she schemed and fought and treated and garrisoned. They formed, in truth, the very foundations of her national prosperity. And because at this late day it was physically and politically impossible for any other nation to gain footholds the world over at four-thousand-mile intervals England's immensely valuable supremacy of the seas seemed, as late as five years ago, to remain forever undisputed. Even the restless and growing commercial genius of Germany could not overcome the political advantage which the long-sighted vision of British commercial ability had taken—some of it more than a century and a half ago.

The average Briton is more than frank about this.

### A Merchant Marine With Oil Fuel

"WE SIMPLY are compelled to have the commercial supremacy of the seas," he will tell you, "because with the single exception of Japan we are the one nation that is absolutely dependent upon the lanes of the ocean for our mere sustenance alone. So it is that the moment that supremacy is threatened England's very existence is placed in the balance."

So it was, too, that England in the long ago became a land of seafaring men, that she showed a remarkable facility and progress in the craftsmanship of the sea. And when a little less than sixty years ago our own dominance of the sea began slowly but surely to wane, our far-famed clipper ships to disappear, the yards which had wrought them to fall into decay, Great Britain regained the ocean mastery which we had wrested from her hardly two decades before. She deserved to regain her power, for she it was who first perceived that the commercial ocean carrier of the future was the steamship, and she it was who translated her vision into definite and permanent policy, and changed her imperial foreign policy so as to obtain and hold for herself not merely trading stations but coaling ones.

Now the scale has changed once again. England no longer is the undisputed mistress of the seas. She still has the largest tonnage of merchant marine, but a new fleet born overnight has risen to challenge hers. It already has grown to more than eleven million tons gross, as compared with her registered tonnage of about sixteen millions; and the gap, despite the frantic efforts of Great Britain to get her disorganized labor at hard work again and her shipyards into quantity production once more, is gradually being lessened until the probabilities are that the newcomer—unless the entirely unforeseen shall come to pass—will reach the size of the British merchant marine in another two years or so.

The new fleet to which I refer is ours—the new merchant marine of the United States, born of war emergency, and because of the possibility of future war emergencies to be retained as a permanent and important part of our national establishment.

"But," you interrupt, "how about the coaling stations? Have you not just said that the imperialistic policy of Great Britain for more than half a century past was based upon her necessity of obtaining and protecting her coaling stations? And that so she had succeeded in obtaining a commercial advantage that even the business enterprise of the Germany before the war could not wrest from her?"

I said that very thing, and meant it. But I shall presently show to you how the great commercial advantage that England long ago gained in the establishment of her coaling stations all over the seven seas works no disadvantage to us whatsoever. For our new merchant marine is to be free of coaling stations—forever it is to be hoped. Our American fuel is of a different sort—fluid, flexible, self-feeding. It is oil.

With oil in her bunkers a ship may sail easily ten thousand or twelve thousand miles without refueling. She may sail across the Pacific from San Francisco or the Canal Zone to our Yankee port at Manila without stopping for a moment's worry as to her bunkers. She may cross from New York to the Mediterranean, gather fuel in a few hours in our newest little dot of the U. S. A. just off the coast of Northern Africa, and then go on to Manila without further delay for a similar purpose. These are performances out of the question in a coal-burning ship—even of the most modern and the most economical type. They are the performances that will enable our ships—our new merchant marine, please remember—to come back; to come back strong. In due time we shall consider them in considerable detail. But first let us give thought to the thing that comes first—the ships themselves.

"How about those ships anyway," you demand—"those wondrous craft that were to come dropping off the launchways each calendar day?"

### Is American Shipbuilding a Lost Art?

HERE is a question that creeps up now and then and again these days. It has a rather unpleasant habit of insistence. And one frequently can detect the note of fine irony in the way in which it is put. Nor does the criticism of the great war-emergency plan of the United States Shipping Board end with anything so delicate and so refined as mere irony. Frequently it becomes frankly brutal.

A man backed me up into the corner of a hotel lobby a few weeks ago and expressed his mind with utter frankness.

"They're rotten. I know that they are rotten," he reiterated. "Some of them were so rottenly built that it is only God's mercy that they did not founder—without ever coming within gunshot of a submarine or floating mine or an even moderate mid-Atlantic gale."

The man in the hotel lobby was right; and also he was wrong. Some of the ships were rotten—as much as he imagined, and then probably a good deal more. In the first place we had all but ceased to be a nation of shipbuilders. The cunning and the great skill in which our grandfathers had fashioned the clipper ships and swift-sailing brigantines seemingly had departed from us forever. We had to start at the beginning and learn it all over again. With half the world aflame and beseeching us to come to its salvation we had to combat ignorant and reluctant labor. No wonder

(Continued on Page 66)

# MELANCHOLY MALLARD

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE San Lucas Desert country leaned to the opinion that Bodie Mallard was a trifle underweight intellectually. In Two Buttes, the town of his adoption, the opinion was supported in a measure by the outstanding facts of his career there. Even his arrival, five or six years before, had been subnormal, in a manner of speaking. He had walked in from Sandoval Junction, a distance of seventy-eight miles by the narrow gauge. Taken by itself, this fact is inconclusive; when you consider that every superheated foot of that distance is raw and naked desert you must agree with Two Buttes that there is something missing about a man who will walk it when he does not have to. Apparently Bodie had not been under any compulsion, for immediately after his arrival—as though to forestall old Phil Nuss, the town constable and a hard man on penniless transients—the stranger had gone into Charley Dick's barber shop, bought it outright and then engaged Charley to operate it.

The barber was almost tearfully grateful for this quixotic business venture on Mallard's part. Mrs. Charley Dick had been ailing for a long time and badly needed a trip to the coast. Probably the barber had conveyed this information to the newcomer while the latter was being shaved. Dick was not the complaining sort, but he was as garrulous as any of his guild and topics of conversation in Two Buttes were sometimes limited in scope and number. At any rate the deal, which Mallard had proposed on his own motion and without hint or warning, put the little barber into a condition of delight bordering on hysteria, and Mrs. Dick left Two Buttes a few days later, crying a little when she tried to say good-by and thank you to Mallard. The latter gazed at her solemnly.

"There's some mistake here," he said in his melancholy voice. "The shop was a bargain at the price, and your husband is a good hand at a shave and hair cut, ma'am. Hope you strike fine luck. And maybe you'll excuse me now. Got a hen on and have to keep moving."

He was the longest man Two Buttes had ever seen—long-legged, long-armed, long-framed, long-jawed. His movements were slow and taken as though only after due deliberation. Certainly he was not handsome, though he had a certain mark of distinction on him. But the most characteristic thing in him was his sadness. He was chronically lugubrious. Even when he did a kind and generous thing he did it abstractedly, lost in dolor, and sometimes the recipients of his favors were thus beguiled of appreciating them. Puzzled people said that he did not seem like a man with a tragic past, borne down by some great sorrow; merely he was temperamentally atrabilious. If he had mourned to his neighbors he would have become a bore; since he only registered grief he became distinguished. There was a definite flavor about his melancholy.

But it was notable that while it drew children to him and some mothers of children it was an obstacle to his acquaintance with young women. They thought him a harmless and gloomy fool and very old. He was thirty-two.

Why he chose Two Buttes as his habitat no one ever knew; it is doubtful whether he himself knew. But he stayed. He had no regular employment and yet he was busy. In the background somewhere there was always some project engaging him—he spoke frequently of "having a hen on." But no one fathomed this. The outward and visible signs of his enterprises were strongly confirmative of the first impression people had of him, namely, that he was slightly off, for he went into one venture after another that was foredoomed to leave him profitless. For example, just after Charley Dick bought back the barber shop at a discount Jeff Bridger's partner absconded with the partnership funds and left Jeff high and dry with his teaming contract for the borax company. Bodie Mallard heard of Bridger's trouble and offered to buy the Manson share in the business. Bridger accepted hurriedly before Mallard could change his mind, and this saved the Bridger family from total financial wreck. In time the teaming contract came to a profitable end and Bodie Mallard was compensated for his interest, whereupon it became known that Dixon Steele, owner and editor of the Two Buttes Bugle, always hard pressed for cash but now on the verge of dissolution, had been successful in a two-hour interview with Mallard and that the melancholy man had become part owner and associate editor. Someone remonstrated with him. Mallard heard him through with sorrowful gaze fixed on the floor of the Eagle House porch. Then he said:

"Maybe you're right, neighbor. But I always wanted to own a real paper."

"You got deceived twice in one deal then, Mallard," his counselor snorted. "You've sunk your cash and you ain't connected with a journal that comes anywheres nigh that description."

"You can't tell," Bodie objected sadly. "Maybe all the old horn needs is a little silver lining. I guess she'll blow up a pretty good tune from now on."

Marvelous to relate, the Bugle did indeed sound clearer notes thereafter. The associate editor took no active part in its management, but he was generally in the office, and something about his big drooping frame, his slow, mournful voice and his dry, almost lugubrious comments worked magically on Editor Steele. The Bugle improved from issue to issue both in form and substance. Eventually Bodie Mallard was repaid dollar for dollar and given a double-leaded two-column editorial encomium on the first page besides.

Judge Stillhouse Brown commented on this matter at the evening meeting of the Eagle House porch habitués.

"Time for some other wreck to be washin' up out of the eternity of space for Bodie to salvage now," he concluded.

"Yes," Constable Nuss agreed, "he's fattenin' up to be plucked again."

But Luke Simonson, cashier of the Fay and Stowell Bank, interrupted. "You old leather jaws don't want to go away with the idea that Bodie Mallard is an easy mark. He may be foolish, but you may have noticed that he only backs men that need a chance to make good. If some more of us were built the way he is Two Buttes would be pulling up into notice some day."

"Well, Bodie won't never get to ownin' Borax, Incorporated," Phil Nuss observed.

"He won't," Simonson agreed. "But where he's got the advantage over a lot of you front-porch experts is that he hasn't any ambition to own it. If he would put his money into mortgages and talk nonsense about national politics and spit tobacco juice all over the sidewalk every evening Bodie Mallard would be one of the leading citizens of Two Buttes and well thought of."

"You ain't gettin' personal, are you, Simonson?" Judge Stillhouse Brown rasped, giving his wide hat an angry tilt.

*The Man in the Wide Hat Flung Himself on Them. He Was Like an Avalanche. He Smothered Them*

"Well, judge," Simonson retorted, "if my powers of description seem to be failing I can mention names."

Whereupon the judge turned his back on the cashier, thus summarily closing the debate.

Gradually Bodie Mallard came to be looked on as a fixture in Two Buttes. For the most part he was dissolved into the atmosphere of the place by reason of his colorless nature, his habitual quiet and calm and his unobtrusive but perpetual sadness. He was not a misanthrope or a hermit. He knew everyone and newcomers usually met him within a few days. One of these, a very sick young man, once told Bodie that the desert country needed organization—suggested a chamber of commerce and trade. Bodie absorbed the suggestion. Presently he passed it on to Cashier Simonson, the Bixel boys, and Moganstern, of the borax company; and when he agreed to finance the institution until it was a going concern they gave it their approval and the chamber became a reality. Bodie fitted up a part of the Bugle offices for headquarters and presently Two Buttes found young Albright, the sick stranger, installed there as secretary and manager. A good deal to the surprise of everybody, including Bodie Mallard probably, the chamber proved a useful institution and Albright a notable addition to the population. Someone tried to compliment Bodie on his astuteness and public spirit.

"Me?" the melancholy man inquired pensively. "Wasn't my scheme. Albright's. Wouldn't have struck me."

"Anyway it was a grand idea," his interlocutor persisted. "You put up the money, Bodie, and you ought to get the credit." This impatiently.

"Credit? No use to me. Have to be going, if you'll excuse me—I've got a hen on. So long!"

*Almost the First Envelope That Caught His Eye Was Addressed to Himself*

Thus always Mallard avoided acceptance of any reward for himself. He had proved several times that he had no wish to make money out of his enterprises; now it seemed that fame had no fascination for him. Then the day came when the powers in the county seat decided that Two Buttes—for political reasons—must have the naming of the next representative for the county in the legislature. The Bixels, leading merchants and cattle men, Moganstern, of the borax company, the La Due boys and some others met the two county-seat men in conference and spent three hours canvassing the field. At the end of that time, with absolute zero marking their progress, Billy La Due yawned and said:

"Well, that checks off everybody in the county but Bodie Mallard."

He had made the remark wearily, being tired of the subject, but before he had spoken the last word he realized that he had said something. The Two Buttes men all sat up.

"By Jupiter," Moganstern cried, "he's just the man!"

"Mallard! Why not?" said Simonson. "He's got sense enough to keep his mouth shut, anyhow."

"That would be a distinct novelty at the capital," Falk Bixel declared. "You can put me down for him."

"Who is this Mallard?" the visiting politicians demanded.

"He's the saddest man in the state," Simonson answered. "Don't ask me what makes him sad, because I don't know. But he is popular and he has more dignity than the undertaker standing on the front steps. He would be a credit to the county."

They agreed on that and the matter was settled. But when a committee went to Bodie's two-room cabin on Arapahoe Street—with most of the citizens of Two Buttes trailing along—to notify him they met with a surprise.

Bodie came out to meet them in his nightshirt, standing beside the prickly-pear bush that grew at his doorstep. He was more long-legged than ever, with his one scanty garment flapping about his thin shanks, and he seemed unusually lugubrious. They told him the news and raised a cheer. He gazed at them sadly. Then he said in his slow, mournful voice:

"Well now, folks, I'm much obliged to Senator Billings and Dix Steele and everybody, but I ain't going to the legislature. 'Tain't in my line. There's a cactus needle in my heel—so I'll say good night."

And without further eloquence he withdrew.

Judge Stillhouse Brown was the first to speak.

"Why, it ain't in nature not to want to go to the legislature!" he cried. "Drag Bodie out here again and I'll reason with him."

"Shucks, judge," Bert La Due interjected, "you might as well try to reason with a bull calf. Let's go home."

This incident seemed to dispose of the theory that power was what Bodie Mallard craved. The only reasonable assumption as to the motives that prompted him in his social intercourse with his neighbors was that he couldn't be induced to do anything except kindnesses for others.

Unusual as such a course is, Two Buttes began to believe it was Bodie Mallard's. And in a way the crowning event of his career supported this theory.

It happened that the state went Democratic and Martha Nedderly, who had been postmistress since the death of her husband, whom she had succeeded at least a decade before, was moved to resign as an expression of her indignation over this turn of affairs. Also the widow lady refused to parley or temporize about the matter—when she said resign she meant resign. The post office was closed and locked.

And then the subject of a fit person for the place became a burning one.

At first no one would have it. Two Buttes was a ninth-class office, or thereabouts, and the salary attached was negligible. The two mail trains each day were fourteen hours apart, which meant that the postal agent of the community was hard worked as well as underpaid. It began to look serious. Then Bodie Mallard came forward.

"Looks like just what I want," he said. "I'll take it."

They tried to dissuade him, pointing out the obvious disadvantages of the position. Bodie was not to be convinced. And Two Buttes was relieved. Now at last the post office would be swept and mail distributed on time and postal cards would go out when deposited in the bag instead of lying over until such time as the officer in charge could get to read them all. They sighed with satisfaction and gave Bodie their unanimous indorsement. Within a few days his appointment was returned and he took office.

There was no new excitement in Two Buttes for months thereafter—not until Nes Wallace defaulted with a hundred dollars belonging to the narrow gauge and disappeared. This, in fact, was scarcely more than a two hours' sensation, for Nes Wallace had been mouthy, offensive and unpopular. The only person in Two Buttes who did not forget the young freight clerk within a few days was Bodie Mallard, and that because Nes, it proved, had been a very liberal patron of the post-office department. He was one of those youths who answer advertisements for free information. Such always get free information, usually in loads. Nes was no exception. His mail accumulated rapidly. Such of it as he could, Bodie Mallard returned to the senders. But some of it began to pile up under the counter. There it was an eyesore and a nuisance. Bodie could find no rules for his guidance in the premises, so he adopted the eminently safe course of doing nothing. Weeks went by, and months. Occasionally a circular or a booklet would add itself to the collection awaiting communication from Nes Wallace, and meantime the routine of the post office went forward smoothly and Bodie Mallard began to rust in his rut. Then that happened which was destined to happen.

## II

ADDRESSED to Nestor J. Wallace, Esq., Two Buttes, there came one day a letter marked "Urgent" in staring red letters.

Postmaster Bodie Mallard picked it up a little crossly, stamped "Not at this address" across the face and threw it over toward the mail bag for return to the sender at such and such a post-office box, Chicago. Early the next morning in placing the empty bag under the letter drop for the day's business Bodie found a letter and envelope lying on the floor. He picked them up. The envelope, which had been mailed unsealed in the first place, probably through carelessness, was the one on which "Urgent" had been so prominently printed. The inclosure—a typewritten sheet—had slipped out as Bodie had tossed the piece over toward the bag on the previous afternoon. Usually Bodie had no curiosity, but that red-stamped "Urgent" piqued him. To be brief—no matter what you think of his culpability—he succumbed and read. It began:

*Dear Sir:* The rapid growth of our business in your territory compels us to open a detective office there immediately and we are considering appointing you as manager.

If you will send us five dollars we will mail you an emergency appointment as one of our detectives and send your instructions.

As we have written you before, the public police and other officials are very jealous of this agency, therefore we must insist that you consider all our negotiations confidential and tell nobody about your appointment.

In the meantime we will expect your favorable action on this matter at once. Yours very truly,

ROYAL DETECTIVE AGENCY,
Per J. D. Rath, Mgr.

If Bodie had had compunctions about reading another's mail—and he had—he palliated his offense with those first lines of the letter. The Royal Detective Agency was an organization for the frustration of crime and the apprehension of criminals—obviously—and conditions were such in Two Buttes that an office and a manager therefor were required immediately. The letter said so. Bodie considered. He had heard that the borax company had lost upward of a thousand ore sacks several months before; there was that matter of a heifer belonging to the Bixel boys; and Bud Heffner had said in Bodie's hearing that he himself had recently missed several worn casings and a miscellany of tools from his garage. The year before the desert had given up a mystery—the death of a lonely prospector, who might have been murdered or who might have died of extreme old age. It was an undetermined question. And in Gould Valley there had certainly been two or three fights between the Portuguese and the miners over water holes. Bodie had not considered these unconnected incidents in this light before, but when all was summed up it appeared that the situation might reasonably be called grave.

In such emergency action was called for. But Nes Wallace—irrespective of whether or not he would have been the proper person for the management of an agency to deal stringently with the criminal classes—was gone, where no man knew. The need of an appointment was evident—*prima facie*. Bodie pondered the subject all day. In the evening he sat down, sucking a reluctant pen, and composed a letter to the Royal Detective Agency, setting forth all the facts and frankly confessing his own dereliction in the matter of that violated message marked "Urgent." His effort seemed to him to meet the crisis. He sent it off special delivery, inclosing a money order for five dollars.

In the course of ten days his answer came. The Royal was pleased and relieved to hear from Two Buttes. It was quite apparent that they were at last in touch with the very man for them. They were inclosing Mr. Mallard's emergency certificate as a detective and his appointment. But:

We must call your attention to the fact that this appointment cannot be made permanent until you have taken our regular training course and have our diploma. This course takes nine weeks at the rate of five dollars a week. However, in view of your emergency appointment we will make you a special rate of twenty-five dollars if you enroll in our unparalleled training department within ten days.

And trusting to hear from him promptly, they signed themselves truly his.

On thinking the thing over Bodie decided that the request was reasonable and mailed the amount demanded under the special offer. His lessons arrived promptly. They seemed a trifle sketchy—even to him—but he puzzled his way through them faithfully. Before the last of the course instructions reached him there was a new suggestion made—namely, that he should equip himself for his work with one of the agency's special outfits, comprising one nickel-plated revolver, ten dollars; one pair best steel handcuffs, two dollars and fifty cents; one high-grade leather-covered slung shot, one dollar and fifty cents; one manual of detective procedure with special appendix covering the serving of papers, one dollar; and one Royal Detective Agency star, two dollars and fifty cents; total, seventeen dollars and fifty cents. For cash with immediate order, fifteen dollars. Bodie sent the amount.

This equipment came. Bodie had some familiarity with revolvers, though not much. His outfit seemed to him to have a tawdry and tinny look that discounted its worth materially. Nevertheless, he remembered that in cities men might look on these things differently—a sort of magnified pea shooter like this .32-caliber revolver, for example, might be to them a creditable arm. The handcuffs looked as though a healthy child would injure them beyond hope of repair in play, and the billy, or slung shot, had a fragile appearance that weakened its claims as a

deadly weapon. On the whole, however, Bodie felt that he was equipped now, even if somewhat inadequately, and he went on with his course of training, hoping for early activities.

Nothing developing, he wrote at last to the agency asking when—in their opinion—he would be in a position to begin work. Their reply, prompt and courteous, suggested that he send ten dollars for a special examination as to his capacities, assuring him that his successful negotiation of this grade would start him on the way to fame and fortune. Also, they recommended his subscription—at ten dollars a year—to the agency's "Service Bureau," a department which collected and collated information concerning all crimes reported anywhere in the United States where a reward was offered for the apprehension of the criminal. This, it was delicately hinted, would put Bodie into immediate touch with business—it was not unlikely that he would find some of the much-wanted fugitives in his very neighborhood. Bodie sent ten dollars for the special examination and ten for the service-bureau information. He felt that now a career was opening ahead of him.

One unfamiliar with the matter might have said that he was right—that the preliminaries were now completed. But one would have been mistaken, as it turned out. It appeared that learning to be a detective in these modern times was not what it once was. Preparing oneself for the high enterprise of detecting crimes and capturing criminals was much more complex than all that. So far the rudiments alone had been disclosed; now the fine points were to be touched upon and revealed—at an additional expense to the learner. There was, for example, a study of chemistry, a course in which would cost twenty dollars; and a law course, without which any detective might find himself wasting all his reward money in paying damages for mistakes he had made; and finally a course in the science of taking and recording and comparing finger prints—an absolutely essential branch of detective work without which no man could even hope to make a start. Twenty-five dollars would cover this course—if mailed immediately. Bodie growing a little weary of this perpetual treadmill pursuit pricked up his ears now. He had heard of the use of the finger print in the pursuit of the lawless and his taking of this bait was prompt and cheerful.

The paraphernalia consisted of an ink pad, a cheap magnifying glass and a set of one hundred cards for registration of prints; also there was a booklet on the subject of finger-print taking and its potency in detective work that was more interesting than instructive. Bodie learned in an hour how to make a clean-cut impression of the finger prints of his own hands, but it took him many days to devise a system by which he could get what would be obviously indispensable to a detective—the finger prints of others taken without their knowledge. At last, combining hints from the booklet and the results of his own experiments, he found that if he could get a little oil onto the finger or thumb of an intended victim and obtain a print from that oiled digit it was easy to bring out the configurations of the mark by dusting lampblack over it and blowing off the superfluous powder. Patiently he set one trap after another, getting the finger prints of half of Two Buttes and giving himself infinite satisfaction with each successful effort. His next step was to lay traps for strangers—though there were but few such passing through the desert town—and he worked out a method at last by which this could be accomplished. Then he began to burn midnight oil in earnest.

For he had discovered, or thought he had, that he could tell a man's occupation or profession or trade from his finger print. This surprising and interesting theory resulted in a similarity he thought he saw between the finger prints of Will Zedd, the hardware man and plumber, and of Bud Helfner, the garage owner. There seemed a resemblance, too, between the lines on the thumb pad of Luke Simonson, of the bank, and of Charley Muir, cashier for the borax company. Something in common he believed he could make out in the prints made by the fingers of Miss Sterner—procured by trick and device—and those made by the hand of old John Nixon. Now Miss Sterner taught the Two Buttes grammar school's lower grades and John Nixon had once been a college professor. The study developed in Bodie Mallard latent tendencies for the fine distinctions, the close scrutiny and the intolerance with undemonstrable conclusions that stir in the minds of true scientists—he became obsessed with his theory. When it did not prove out he went patiently at the task of reconciling contradictions. The two Bixel boys, for example, though partners in merchandising and the cattle business, and as like as two peas to the casual eye, had finger prints widely variant. This seemed to be explained when Bodie learned that Falk Bixel had always been a business man, while his brother Basil had once had leanings toward the arts. And Bodie was triumphant when a Sunday newspaper supplement brought to his eye a finger-print story in which was discussed—with pictures—the thumb prints of famous actresses, all of which seemed somewhat similar and with one of which he found a family likeness in Basil Bixel's print.

After that the mere business of being a detective—or for that matter the mere business of being postmaster at Two Buttes—palled on Bodie Mallard. He was not conscious of the scientific urge; he only knew that he had found something that fascinated him. As a matter of fact, the criminal business in the desert country was exceedingly slack. Criminals appeared to be avoiding the town. The Royal Agency, finding Bodie cooler, began to lose interest in him. Tentative appeals to his cupidity or greed for rewards failed to rouse him. After a general follow-up campaign covering two or three months they dropped him. Bodie did not care. He had decided that they were small potatoes anyway. But he did develop a growing appetite for a field in which to operate with his new pastime. Outside of criminology the subject seemed to have no call. At last he decided to write to two well-known detective agencies asking them what possibilities there were for finger-print experts. His claims for himself were modest; what he wanted was an opportunity to show what he could do.

From the Sterns Agency he heard exactly nothing. But the Pendleton Detective Bureau, famous in four continents, was more responsive. On impressive stationery Bodie received a prompt reply. It was so prompt, so enthusiastic and so encouraging that it would have made a more sophisticated countryman suspicious. Not Bodie. He took at face value the Pendleton letter, which assured him that men of his stripe were very much in demand and that a place would be made for him on the staff at the earliest possible moment. Meantime it urged him to pursue his studies locally and to forward to the offices of the concern any prints he had of Two Buttes people who might be considered in any sense suspicious characters. It even added that the mayor of Two Buttes might himself be the man who was wanted in Canada for counterfeiting Bank of England twenty-pound notes. Bodie studied that suggestion thoughtfully, but saw no guile in it. He only answered, first, that Two Buttes had no mayor; second, that it was exceedingly unlikely that a man as clever as the counterfeiter would waste his talents in so isolated and unpromising a spot as the middle of the San Lucas Desert.

This reply delighted the Pendleton agency—or so it seemed. His keen mind was revealed in his letter, they said. His powers of deduction were unquestionably superior. All he appeared to need was training of a practical nature. If he would be good enough to forward his certificate of graduation from the detective school he had mentioned in his first letter ——

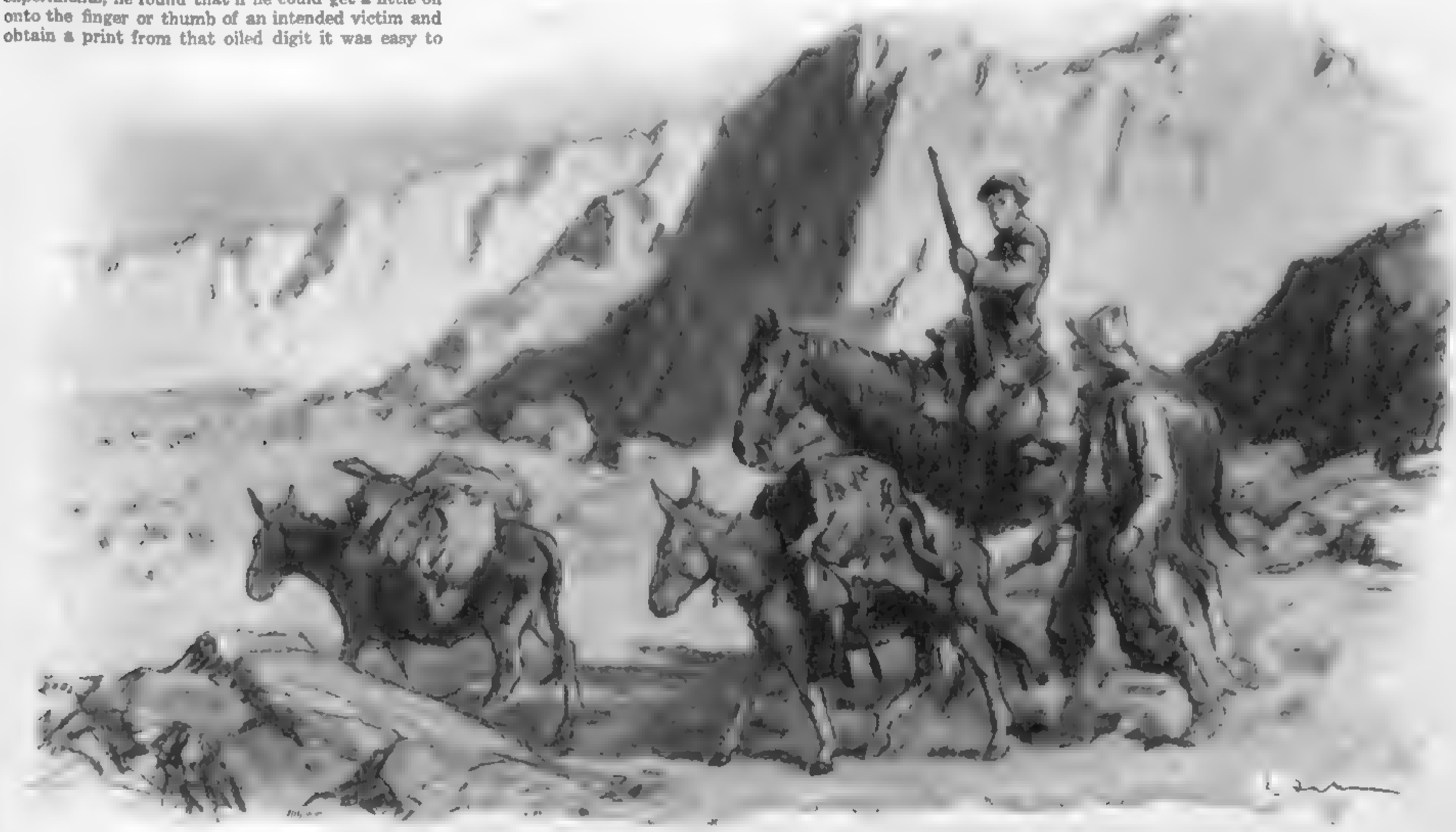
To be brief, someone in the Pendleton Detective Bureau kidded Bodie Mallard into a state bordering on excitement. He lost some of his wonted sadness. He forgot his melancholy. He was even heard to whistle now and again. He whistled very badly—but he whistled. And Two Buttes marveled.

And well they might. Bodie Mallard was becoming a changed man. His career was made for him. He was almost happy. All he awaited now was the chance passing of some desperate criminal, a moment with some internationally famous murderer, the finger print of his own capturing of some notorious desperado—and then, ah, then he would show them!

Judge Stillhouse Brown shook his head sagely at the evening gathering on the Eagle House porch along about that time.

"'Tain't in nature for Bodie Mallard to be so upriz," he said sagely. "Somethin's wrong—you mark my word.

(Continued on Page 141)



*In the Morning, Almost Without Words, the Two Started Back Toward Barstow, Driving the Pack Burros Before Them*

# MYSTERIES OF MAKE-UP

## By Kathleen Howard

HE WAS small and very Jewish in type; his back was bowed in a chronic stoop, though he was young. His eyes were a wonderful translucent green, with their racial hint of tragedy, but his nose was terrific. He had to play the young dashing Barber of Seville, and a lesser man might have been bothered by the handicap of his distinctly typical nose. Not he! He was an Austrian with the traditions of his country's stage and he knew that he could paint it out. Players of his type think you can paint anything out with grease paint. So he blackened the long bulbous tip three-quarters of an inch from the end and went on the stage quite happily, sure that his profile was perfectly Greek, the black nose tip a mere saucy shadow.

Make-up has grown to hold an exaggerated place in the actor's mind. Many of them think a heavy coat will do just what they want it to, if exaggerated enough; and they lose the fine sense of proportion—if indeed they ever possessed it—which tells them just how greatly the distance between themselves and the audience and the brilliant footlights will aid or handicap them in getting the most out of their facial expression. The idea of painting the face is as old as Time. One finds it in all countries—chiefly as an adjunct to beauty. Cleopatra and the Pharaohs certainly used it, the women to enhance the beauty of their skins and accentuate the brightness of their eyes, the men braiding their hair and beards and anointing their faces. There are ancient sheep's-wool wigs in European museums, said to have been worn by Egyptian queens, who perhaps preferred the golden hair of an *ingénue* to their own vampire locks.

The masks of ancient Grecian times were worn to give a desired facial expression and to suggest the passions and emotions of the actor. It was unmistakable to make an entrance wearing a huge mask painted to simulate an enormous grin—the naïve audience at once was in the mood for comedy. Our tragic and comic emblematic masks with their huge gaping mouths are relics of these times.

But the Greeks seem to have used masks only at the time the decadent Roman influence affected their stage. In the beginning of the fourth century the costumes were designed to give great freedom in action. This is shown in the vases and sculpture of the period, also in reading the plays of the fourth and fifth centuries, with their passionate, emotional moments of grief, rage, love, mourning—all the triumphs and despairs to which their art was harnessed.

The high-soled boot, almost like a stilt, was used in the Roman period, as were the huge masks, the chest pads and stomach pads which were all part of the tragic costume worn by the Greeks under the Roman influence.

### *Joseph Jefferson's Grease Paints*

THE Greek theaters were so enormous that neither mask nor make-up could be seen probably and in the huge Athenic theater it can easily be imagined that much of the facial expression must necessarily have been lost.

The Chinese and Japanese also used these masks in their dances in much more recent times, some of the Japanese masks being seven feet in height and ranging from that to the size of the ordinary face mask.

The first actors, we read, to leave off the Grecian masks were some strolling Roman players. Whether because they had their baggage stolen or pawned it or just naturally got tired of lugging them round we do not know. They then concocted dyes and stains from leaves and berries and used these as make-up.

The monks in the Middle Ages used paints of some sort to give a semblance of naturalness to their religious and allegorical plays. These were at best so stilted that they employed all the limited means at their control to aid the illusion.

Shakspere's first interpreters had no make-up to aid them. We read of their attempts to find some practical way of disguising their features, but they were unsuccessful. Even the costumes worn were all of the period and the stage must indeed have been natural to the point of everydayness, but the plays of the young author were distinctly good, and the public seems to have been attracted. To be sure Pepys does say in his immortal diary that he had seen "Midsummer Night's Dream, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." But then he didn't even like Romeo and Juliet, so perhaps he considered Shakspere highbrow.

In Sheridan's time make-up was used by both men and women, the young fops of the court using it freely and the women making the best of what few cosmetics they had. White wigs were very trying unless one was touched up, and a tiny bit of court plaster, black and clinging, cut in shape of a heart, a crescent, a tiny coach-and-four, or even a simple circle, did much to help beauty's eyes flash.

From then on the progress of the art of make-up was very slow. American actors of fifty or sixty years ago had very little means at their command. Burnt paper was rubbed on the face to simulate a beard and burnt cork was the chief stand-by for black. Lines were made by holding a hairpin or some such instrument over a candle to accumulate black enough and then applying it to the eyebrows.

A ball of chalk, a paper of Chinese vermilion, a stick of India ink, were the contents of the actor's make-up box. These he applied with a camel's hair brush or any pet tool of his own inventing. James O'Neil says he first saw grease paints when he was playing with Joseph Jefferson. Someone had sent him a box from Germany, and Jefferson was showing them to the curious company, who were not much impressed. Years later Jefferson said of grease paint, "I never use them—they destroy expression. I had a box long ago, but I threw it away." He used red, black and white, carmine, burnt cork and chalk. He was right, of course; they do detract from facial expression. But the lights have grown in intensity since the great Rip Van Winkle, and we are forced to use something or look like victims of recent illness.

Richard Mansfield was famous for his wonderful make-up and was largely aided by his talent for drawing and painting. It is much easier for the actor who has some skill in that way to paint his face realistically.

Grease paints are said to have been invented in Germany by Carl Baudins, or Baudin, a member of the Leipzig theater and an admitted master of character make-up. At first they were bad for the skin, containing oxide of lead. Now they are made of vegetable dyes and fats and are absolutely harmless. In using them a good rule is to use as little as possible. Some are much more transparent than others, and experience is needed to find out just which ones look dead and which lifelike in surface.

In making up for a small theater one must never forget that the people in the front rows are almost on the stage with one, and therefore the amount used must be small, the art with which it is put on

*Your Headdress Will be Seen From All Angles and Will Undoubtedly be the Most Noticed Part of Your Costume, If You Spend Time and Thought on It*

correspondingly great. In our great Metropolitan Opera House it is almost impossible to use a subtle, suggestive make-up. Exaggeration is necessary. But it must be gauged to a nicety or its very intensity makes it ridiculous. For a burlesque one may let one's fancy fly and wallow in broad effects, but even then subtlety counts largely, and the further you get away from anything typical and obvious the better your work is.

It is most interesting and helpful to study physiognomy wherever one finds oneself—in the subway, on street corners, in audiences.

If you have a part to create, think yourself into that character deeply and see what face and expression unconsciously occur to you. Then try to create that with your paints. Did you feel that your mouth should be large and loose, make it so; did you feel that the eyes were naturally squeezed up at rehearsal, the mouth pinched, make them so. The make-up must come from the brain, not the pallet. Study mouths and how feelings shape them—the sensual mouth, the bad-tempered one, the hundreds of varieties. Choose the one most suited to the character of the person you must portray.

The contents of a make-up box are infinitely fascinating. In mine are grease paint sticks, thick and capable looking; among them, pale pink, creamy white, white, yellow-white, sallow, healthy color, middle-age sallow, middle-age hearty, gypsy, Egyptian, sunburnt—all for foundations. I have powders of all these shades and then some more I have mixed myself. Personally I never use that deadly heavy German pink so generally accepted as beautifying. To me it is utterly dead and disfiguring, and hides all change of expression. Then I have trays of lining paints—little sticks of gray, of brown, red-brown, blue—light and dark—black, scarlet, old red. Artists' stumps are most useful for making lines and I always have a supply.

### *The Box of False Noses*

A BLOCK of dry black with a little brush, generally used for eyelashes, I use for wrinkles on my hands, as it does not rub off. For this I use also the brown in this form. A metal pencil is full of spirit gum and I stole it when I was at Covent Garden. It is used for applying false eyebrows. I have a rabbit's foot for rouge, cakes of which are also there. Tightly braided strands of crêpe, in gray, white and brown, are waiting to be unraveled and used for eyebrows. Beards I suggest on old women with a heavy stick of gray paint. Scissors, of course, are there, and soft old towels—Turkish and plain—sponges for applying liquid make-up. One dark brown from the stain, one still white from the liquid white for arms and shoulders. I never use the latter as I don't have to. Little *batons* of lip rouge, scarlet for beauty, dark red for middle age, lie beside a button hook and nail file. A nongreasy cream for wiping off the face before I begin to make-up is beside a tin of luscious cool creaminess, which I slather on before I go home to remove all the paints and stains from my skin. Nose putty is in a little tin box—a treasured old soft bit with all the grains worked out long since has made me many a nose. False noses I keep in a pasteboard box, and the several pairs of specs I use for different periods.

The usual woman opera singer does not need half this equipment, but it has been my luck to play a tremendous range of parts and I revel in it. If she is a soprano she will merely need everything to make her beautiful; a tenor usually has the same needs and ranges from types of dark magnificence to blond blandness.

The barytone and bass will need more brains and more make-up, for they are sometimes swarthy villains or fair heavy fathers and are apt to run into different racial characteristics of feature.

The stage is so naïve. You couldn't be nice if you were hideous—all the audience knows that. Suppose I put on a make-up for you. I won't turn myself into a beauty, because if you will believe me that is not nearly so difficult as it sounds. I'll go through the steps of a rôle I created last year at the world première of Puccini's Gianni Schichi.

*(Continued on Page 165)*

# THE HAPPY SPENDERS

By Edward G. Lowry

MY UNCLE JAMES, who lived down in Gwinnett County, which is a mighty fine county in Georgia named after old Button Gwinnett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, discovered just when the Civil War was coming to an end that he didn't have enough money to go down to Augusta and buy a pair of shoes and a coat, which he badly needed, but he did have enough to paper his dining room. And after the surrender he did the whole room with Confederate bills. I disclose this bit of family history to show you that this is not the first time prices have been high.

I take it for granted that you are interested in the present prices we have to pay for things. One of the reasons why prices are so high is that there are so many people here in this country who do not care whether things cost much or little or whether the quality of what they get is good, bad or indifferent. They do not ask the price; they just buy. They are happy spenders. The busy marts of trade and the retail shops are full of them. Some of them are women and some of them are men.

A little while ago I told in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST about the plight of the ultimate consumer, who could not buy—though wishful—because his salary had not kept pace in the upward flight of the cost of what he had to buy. His lean pocketbook kept him on the side lines and out of the scramble of purchasers. Though the ultimate consumer was temporarily out of it, all the retail stores everywhere were full of people buying. The whole list of commodities from anchovies to zinc was in demand. In the face of the high prices, and despite them, retail buying was never more brisk and more thoughtless than it is just now. I went out and got some actual instances and incidents. They were easily found.

In one town in Connecticut, where numbers of girls were employed in a factory that during the war had been turning out war material, one hundred and fifty girls receiving a weekly wage that averaged about $15 bought fur coats at $250 each. They made small cash deposits when they got the coats and agreed to pay a dollar a week. At that rate it would take nearly five years to pay for one of the coats. The seller apparently figured that it was good business, even if the girls did not complete their payments, to rent the coats at a dollar a week.

*They are Making More Money Than They Ever Dreamed of Making Before and They Have Got More Money to Spend*

### *Tangible Symbols of Prosperity*

THE other day a colored workman, apparently from one of the shipyards near Baltimore, came into a first-class haberdashery shop in the city and asked to be shown some silk shirts. The clerk showed him the cheapest silk shirts they had in stock. The price, I think, was about $4.50. The colored man scarcely looked at them. He said he wanted better ones. The clerk showed him a shirt that was priced at $9. The man said that he would take a dozen of them, and counting out $108 took his parcel under his arm and walked out as if such a transaction was entirely usual with him.

Early last spring a girl employed in one of the departments at Washington doing temporary war work bought a spring suit for $65, paying for it on the installment plan. The suit is not fully paid for yet. At the end of September she decided that she must have a nice coat for the winter. She chose one—and she only looked at the best—that was priced at $175. She bought it on the installment plan too. To make the first payment she gave the storekeeper a hundred-dollar Liberty Bond.

A blacksmith in a small West Virginia town came into the local "gents' furnishing" store and said without preface, "Show me some of your ten-dollar silk shirts." The shopkeeper had them and plenty of them. In 1913 the highest-priced shirt that he had in his place sold for three dollars. The blacksmith looked over the lot that were displayed for his approval until he found ten whose color and design appealed to him. He paid down his hundred dollars and walked out with the shirts under his arm. Neither he nor the shopkeeper saw anything unusual in the transaction.

Now there are two distinct types of these happy spenders. One of them I understand and have every sympathy for. The others have a streak of yellow in them and are ashamed to say they cannot afford to buy. Here are cases. A jeweler told me this story:

"We put a silver set in the window, an old-fashioned sort of thing in one way. It was a silver pitcher, six silver goblets and a silver tray. The whole thing made a complete set. We used to sell a lot of such things, but in the last ten years they have rather gone out of fashion. People don't buy them so much as they used to. One time silver goblets and a silver pitcher were quite the thing. They were used for ice water and lemonade. To own a set was a symbol of being substantial. We had had this set in stock for some time and I put a price of $400 on it.

"The other day a woman came into the store and asked to look at it. She was very simply and plainly dressed. She did not even have on a hat, but wore a shawl over her head. That meant, of course, that her husband was a working man and she was not claiming or reaching for any social standing in the community. But the clerk got the pitcher and the goblets out of the window and showed them to her and was mighty polite about it, too, because you never can tell these days who will buy the most unexpected things. We have been surprised too often.

"The woman looked at the goblets and at the pitcher. She handled them all. I could see that she wanted them and that it was the sort of thing she had wanted a long time. But she went out of the store without buying. She said she wanted to talk to her husband first. She came back after the noon hour and her face was all lighted up.

"'My husband says I can have them,' she told the clerk, and out of her purse she took four hundred dollars and paid for them. We marked the set with her initials and sent it down to her house. I found out that her husband was a first-class riveter and was making probably twenty or thirty dollars a day—maybe more, for all I know."

Now that is the sort of extravagance I can find it in my heart to approve and understand. The woman had wanted in her house some symbol of prosperity, something that was not necessary and that gave her pleasure. A social value attached to the ownership of a silver pitcher and silver goblets that was worth more than she had to pay. She got a deep inward satisfaction out of the mere ownership of such luxuries, and if the worst came to the worst she could always sell them for a little less than she paid for them. The mere silver had a certain substantial value.

But there is another type of spender for whom nothing can be said. The other day in Chicago a doctor on foot was making his way across a downtown traffic-congested street to make a call. He was in a hurry and he was dodging between the trucks and the wagons and the motor cars. The roadway was wet and muddy. A passing truck spattered him from head to heels. He reached the curb and found that he hadn't a handkerchief to wipe the spots off his clothes. He went into a haberdashery store on the corner and asked for a handkerchief. The first one the clerk showed him he liked. It was of generous size and good texture.

The doctor said, "I might as well have a dozen of these. I am always needing handkerchiefs."

Not until the clerk handed him the parcel did he ask, "How much?"

The clerk said, "Thirty-six dollars."

"But," said the doctor, telling this story afterward, "I was game. I never said a word. I took them."

Now, to my way of thinking, he wasn't game at all. He was a plain sucker. He could not afford to pay $36 for a dozen handkerchiefs and he knew it. But he lacked the moral courage to let the clerk know it and to ask for cheaper handkerchiefs. It is that sort of thing that makes panhandlers out of Coal Oil Johnnies.

### *Two Dollars an Inch on Shoe Prices*

A WASHINGTON, District of Columbia, shop merchant said that in 1914 he figured that about ten per cent of his trade could afford and would buy novelty shoes, meaning by novelty shoes, shoes of extreme styles. To-day he says that ninety per cent buy novelty shoes and only ten per cent conservative standard styles. Housemaids, he said, for example, think nothing of paying as much as $18 for a pair of fancy shoes. This dealer has on his shelves now a stock of shoes for women bought in 1914 with tops six inches high and with Cuban heels. He can sell them for from five to eight dollars a pair. These are what he calls conservative shoes. A novelty shoe this season is nine inches in height and costs from twelve dollars upward a pair. Every time a half inch is added to the height of a woman's shoe from one to two dollars is added to the price. But the buyers keep coming.

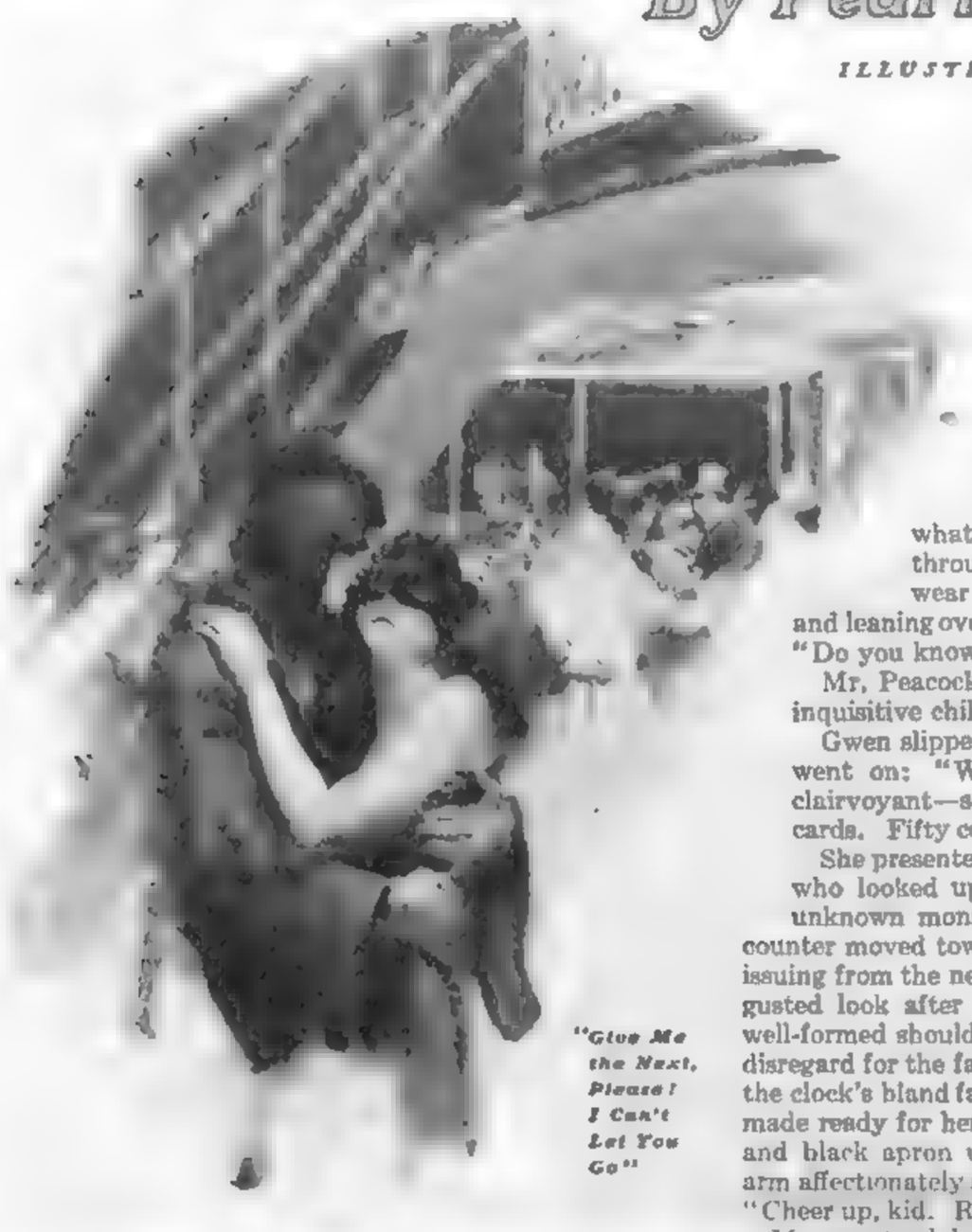
I sought and found in a representative city of about 200,000 people actual typical cases of what women who work are paying for their clothing. A man who is interested in the subject of promoting thrift sent one of his women employees out to discover from her friends, also working women, the actual cost of the clothes they stood in when they came downtown to work in the morning. She got the figures from eight women. Two of them were teachers, three were stenographers, one was a head stenographer and two were clerks. The result of the investigation was amazing and illuminating. Each of the women questioned told what she had paid for the things she had on at the time. These women had dressed themselves for business at a cost for an outfit ranging from $61.25 to $217.50. The girl who made the least money, a girl at a thousand

*(Continued on Page 181)*

# ROSA ALVARO, ENTRANTE

## By Pearl Lenore Curran

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON



"Give Me the Next, Please! I Can't Let You Go"

TO MAYME LADD the morning had dragged through mechanically, the hours mere incidents of commerce—incidents which had necessitated the insertion of her nervous hands into various qualities of hosiery innumerable times; incidents which claimed her disinterested attention, threatening to sap her remaining strength after a sweltering night at Mrs. Winthrop's home boarding and rooming establishment.

Gwen Applebaum watched her narrowly and quizzically as she Frenched a stray strand of pale hair which had extracted itself from one of the hornlike protuberances at either ear, and chewed ruminatingly a bit of paper, at the same time irritating an elderly patron of Goldman & Co. to exasperation by her air of condescension assumed in answering an inquiry for cotton lisles at thirty-five cents the pair; murmuring as she resumed her chewing and Frenching after the patron's departure: "Don't they know they was a war?"

Her keen eyes soon returned to Mayme. Watching the drawn face with concern she said: "What ails you, Mayme? 'Tain't Peacock, is it? You'd think he owned this dump the way he struts up and down them aisles. He gits my goat. Hand me them eights—and Mayme, wait for me at State Street 'entrance t'-night. I got that henna Georgette $7.45, and Jim's coming out to take your little Gwen bye-bye. Cheero, kid." Then, addressing a tall spinster: "Three for a dollar-twenty-five. . . . Seconds of course, at that, deary."

The spinster retired, indignant.

"Can you beat it?" asked Gwen. "And me givin' service as is service! Go on, smile, kid! It's grub at 'leven-fifteen, and back at it. What ails ye?"

"Nothing, Gwen; nothing but this," answered Mayme, concluding with a little futile gesture. "And this and this," she went on, snapping three boxes of nine-and-a-halfs one on top of the other by way of emphasis. "There's nothing but this forever. I'm sick of seein' stockin's and thinkin' feet." She turned to hide her trembling lips and her hand shook as she slipped it through the leg of a black silk, extra size, for flaws. "Goldman's God. Anyway he's got my soul. I ain't nothin' but a stockin' box, and when I'm empty y' can find me in the dump. And that's it, Gwen; I'm nearly empty now. I'm all in and there ain't no way out. I know every day by heart and they ain't nothin' more for me to learn."

"Ain't you the morgue, though! Cut that stuff, Mayme, and tuck this under your dome: The world owes you a livin' and all you gotta do is collect. You don't find your little Gwen holdin' private Bullshevik meetin's. No, sir! It's the lively stuff for me.

"Mr. Peacock! Mr. Peacock!" Gwen's voice trailed out siren sweet. "A charge take, Mr. Peacock. O. K. it, will you? Lady's waiting. Thank you, Mr. Peacock. Here's the parcel, ma'am. Sorry to keep you waiting, ma'am."

Mr. Peacock leaned against the counter watching the departure of the charge-take customer with interest. Gwen also watched the somewhat overdeveloped figure make its way through the crowded space between footwear and ladies' undergarments, reflectively, and leaning over addressed Mr. Peacock confidentially: "Do you know who she is?"

Mr. Peacock smiled tolerantly as one might at an inquisitive child, and shook his head in the negative.

Gwen slipped her fingers about her trim belt and went on: "Well, that's Madam Martin. She's a clairvoyant—sees things, you know. I got one of her cards. Fifty cents a see. D'ye believe in fortunes?"

She presented the card to the elegant Mr. Peacock, who looked upon it as one might look upon some unknown monstrosity, and laying it down upon the counter moved toward the direction of another siren voice issuing from the neckwear department. Gwen cast a disgusted look after the vanishing figure and shrugged her well-formed shoulders in a manner that bespoke her total disregard for the fallacies of man, and turning her gaze to the clock's bland face announced that it was her relief and made ready for her departure. She tossed her sales book and black apron under the counter, stopping to slip an arm affectionately about Mayme's thin waist and whisper: "Cheer up, kid. Remember, the world owes you a livin'."

Mayme stood dully looking out upon the seething aisles, making sales mechanically when they presented themselves, but with no show of being conscious of the world about her. The little card which Mr. Peacock had left lying upon the counter gleamed whitely. Her hand idly took it up. With the same dull expression she read upon it:

MADAM M. MARTIN

CLAIRVOYANT

Advice in love and business

Why trust to luck? KNOW the future. Your fortune for 50 cents. Life readings, $2.00

Come to-day

TELLS THE PAST AND FUTURE

"Forward! Forward, please!" The voice of Mr. Peacock. "Miss Ladd, hose."

Mayme slipped the card into her blouse front and moved forward, her hands taking up a stack of boxes and setting them in order as she confronted the customer. Her expression had changed from disinterested tolerance to a semblance of interest. Her cheeks had flushed and there was a certain eagerness in her manner. The very tone of her voice had changed. Even Mr. Peacock noticed it and glanced keenly at her as he delivered to her service a rather confused gentleman who made a purchase of silk hosiery, to be charged and delivered, and who left a card with his address. Mayme copied from the card to her check: "Dr. McDermott Drew, Blank University," and stopped to read in small type: "Chair of Psychology." Thus engaged she was interrupted by the return of Gwen, who hung over her shoulder, reading with interest.

"Chair of Psychology—how do they get that way, Mayme? What's psychology?"

Mayme shrugged and laid the card upon the counter. "I dunno, Gwen, but they say psychology finds the reason of things—why the wheels go round."

"Huh, Mayme, they ain't no reason of a fella buyin' six pairs of three-dollar black silks for his ma. That's him. He does it regular, and there ain't no psychology in that, fer there ain't no reason; and if psychology's reason it can't be if there ain't no reason. You're wrong, kid, on psychology. It ain't got no reason. When you git psychology you're dippy. I read about a girl that had it and thought she was somebody else and they had to tame her."

Mayme's eyes narrowed as she listened, and made out a check for two pairs of white lisles for a befrilled miss. As Gwen reached for a box she asked: "Say, Gwen, was she happy?"

"Naw, just dippy, kid. I dunno though; maybe she was happy. Lots of folks are that way. If they was sane they'd hang themselves."

Goldman's ground out the remaining hours, laden with confused labor; and five-thirty stopped the grind. Goods were covered, stragglers hastened toward the entrances, the aisles smelled dusty and the empty spaces echoed tired voices and shuffling feet. Later a long file of employees moved through the exit, passed the inspector and out into the sweltering heat. The pavement was scorching and the tall walls gave up blasts of fury as the crowd passed. At the State Street entrance stood Gwen, burdened with a small parcel which contained the henna Georgette.

She showed no sign of the day's weariness as she called to Mayme, who came uncertainly from the yawning doorway: "Righto! Chicago, kid! Come on. Jim's coming at eight, and it's us for the gay white way, eh?"

Mayme shook her head and hung in a withered manner to the proffered arm.

"No, Gwen," she said, "I ain't goin'. I got an engagement."

"You're leadin' a double life, woman! No use! You're to the bad. Listen: I got a deviled crab from Cooper's and a bottle of maraschino cherries. Us for a feed. Cheer up, kid, don't boob the act."

The two made their way to the Elevated station with no further conversation, sank into a seat and watched the dingy hot walls slip by until Thirty-third Street was called. Gwen led the way out from the station toward Wabash Avenue. Mayme followed, seeming absorbed in her thoughts.

"The World Owes You a Living. All You Got to Do Is Collect"

At the door of Mrs. Winthrop's, Gwen delivered herself of her pent-up emotions: "It ain't no use trying. You won't jolly up. Lord, do you think I ain't got a grouch? You bet your life I have, and I'm tired, but I ain't tellin' it. It don't do the world no good to know your business. You petted a sulk all day and now you come home to put it to bed and nurse it all night. Well, I'm through! Little Gwendolyn has aspirations, and they ain't in these walls."

The front door shut upon the two—the irate Gwendolyn and the quiet unanswering Mayme.

Sometime later it opened to let forth Jim and Gwen, bent upon high life; and a little after that it gave up the rather timid figure of Mayme—Mayme with an air of indecision, which gave way to one of determination as she walked across Thirty-third toward Prairie Avenue, following the narrow street to a certain brownstone front upon which was a small gilt sign reading: "Madam M. Martin, Clairvoyant"

Madam Martin ushered her prospect into a living room which was a confusion of movie sets ranging from ancient whatnot corners to drapes and incense burners, with fixtures from leopard skins to stuffed canaries. The madam was possessed of an Oriental aura and a State Street vocabulary.

"The minute you rung the bell I felt the vibrations," she confided, shuddering. "You're psychical, ain't you?" Madam Martin polished her glistening nails upon her palm and closed her penciled eyes. "My," she went on, "the vibrations tells me you're psychical, very-psychical. I have a feeling here." The madam seemed to forget herself, for she rippled off into a rather cracked childish gurgle, shook herself, clutched at her throat and opened her eyes, to see the stony stare with which Mayme was regarding the performance.

"Don't be afraid, deary. It's Laughing Water, little Laughing Water, the dear little thing. She wants to ——" Madam Martin shuddered more and began: "Me want talk lady, pitty lady. She lost—she lost—she lost——" The remainder of the sentence trailed off to nothing, much as the voice of a ventriloquist who runs howling dogs down streets. The sound was brought to an end by another giggle and finished: "Lost herself, herself—me too weak."

Madam Martin mopped herself with a heavily scented handkerchief and swayed from side to side. Finally with a guttural sigh she said pantingly: "The conditions is strong. Miss, will you have a life reading? You oughta. What I sees for you is worth it."

She held her hand forth and the shaking hand of Mayme laid two dollars therein. "Thanks," said the madam, beaming. "I said right off when I seen you ——" She stopped and hiccuped, then spilled: "Herself, she lost herself." She smiled and went on easily: "Poor Laughing Water! She thinks you are lost. She's such a child. Why, last week she took me and slid down the banister for a young reporter from the Post. Be still, Laffie. After while you can talk to the paleface.

"Shall I trance? All right now, just you be in rappert. Now hold my hands and think a question. Don't be scared. Laughing Water won't hurt you. She loves paleface." Here the voice again assumed the cracked childish tone: "Me like lady paleface. She be controllum by big long-time-dead Spanish lady, name Rosa, Rosa Al-Al-Alvaro, Rosa Alvaro.

"Rosa say why you wurra? She say she help paleface lady. She say what you ask dis medium, nothin' to what she do for you. You get Rosa controllum you. You homely. She lovely. She make you Spanish bootiful. You come Madam Martin; she develop you strong. You lost, you lost out youself. You b'lieve Laughing Water? Ha, ha, ha! Good-by."

Madam Martin struggled and became her beaming self. After more mopping she continued: "You know, I don't know what goes on in a trance. Did she tell you something?" Mayme nodded. "You ought to develop, deary, I sees groups and groups of 'em round you. You could raise out of your vibrations and be happy. Do you know, deary, that us psychical people are that sensitive that we have to bathe ourselves to get rid of the vibrations; they settles on us like dust, you know. I feel your soul sphere is so high that you suffer. You was born in aqua. That's water, and that's what ails you. I sees the spirit of a beautiful Spanish lady. She says her name is Rosa Alvaro and she was a child of Napolyun Bonypart. She says she has watched over you since you was a child. Rosa says you must follow her to avenge her mother. She make the world acknowledge you. You will be big lady, Laughing Water say."

Mayme sat with her dull eyes staring straight into the shifty ones of Madam Martin. Something in their directness seemed to stop the prophecy and the madam led off in another direction: "Do you want to ask any questions?" she asked.

*"Señor," Rosa Tiptoed, Whispering, "Rosa Nevair, Nevair Weel Say to You Adios. You Sabe, Señor? Nevair, Nevair!"*

"Yes," Mayme answered. "Will I succeed?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the madam. "You will, deary. I see you successful, and they tell me you will meet a blond man, changin' your fortune. I sees lace and silk and gold, and sees you laughing. Any other question?"

"No." Mayme had risen, the dullness settling once more upon her.

"You should develop, deary. I ain't nothin' to what you'd be."

Madam Martin was opening the door and the hot street gleamed grayly under the street lights as Mayme descended the stone stairway and walked toward Wabash. She moved listlessly along until she reached Mrs. Winthrop's, climbed the hot stairs, opened the dusty screen, entered the dimly lit, musty, hot hall and climbed the stuffy padded stairs to the second floor. Walking the length of the long hall she opened her own door with its ridiculously large key, lighted the gas and sank into a chair and passed a shaking hand over her dripping brow.

Through the window at the end of the room came the tinny sound of a piano cart playing what sounded a little like Sicilian Rose. Mayme got up wearily and began to undress.

The card bearing Madam Martin's name fluttered to the floor. She stooped and took it up. "Know the future," she read, and smiled wanly, placing the card upon the dresser and slipping into a dull kimono and sitting before the window to listen. Presently she rose, procured a tablet and pencil, reseated herself and wrote with a swift hand upon the white surface: "The world owes you a living. All you got to do is collect."

After sitting for sometime considering the line she got up and pinned it to the frame of the looking-glass, stood for a moment silent, then flung herself across the bed and sobbed brokenly

II

MAYME LADD boarded a street car at her usual embarking point, one of a crowd of early morning passengers who would start the sleeping heart of the city beating. She was pale and limp and her eyes betrayed sleeplessness. Her thin crêpe blouse clung to her flesh, accentuating her thin lines. She was swept about among the crowding passengers like a bit of waste, for she let them do their will, seeming not aware that she was trampled and swerved about, accepting it without interest as though it was quite to be expected and borne

"Fare. Fare, you!" Dully she took in the fact that the conductor was addressing her. Then is when it happened.

The small head lifted, disclosing a face that was transformed. The thin lips spread in a timid smile which played over the drawn lines queerly The eyes, half veiled by their heavy fringed lids, raised lazily to meet the scowl of the conductor.

"Don't take all day, you!" he said.

The veiled eyes opened ever so little wider and bestowed a glance which pleaded confusedly, while Mayme's lips drawled upon a purring voice: "I no spik Inglis, please." The car lurched, sending its passengers together in a mass, eliciting loud expressions of ill will in general. A burly workman rested his weight upon one of Mayme's slender feet. She winced and righted herself, repeating: "I no spik Inglis," and smiling broadly up into the conductor's face.

"Wop," he remarked, forcing a weak grin, then glowering at the offending workman and venting his ire: "Stand offen the lady's feet, you! Don't ye know how to treat a lady?" Then murmuring: "Them wops sure has eyes!

"Thoity-foist!" Kajang, kajang, kajang! The recording bell marked the toll on human baggage.

The remainder of the downtown ride was eventless. Mayme swung to a strap and watched with smoldering interest the effect of the incident. Men put down the shields of their morning papers and stared at her, some even admiringly and interestedly. Women looked kindly at her and smiled. One even made signs in pantomime offering to assist her if needed.

It was done. The first plunge was a success. Mayme's head was lifted and in her eyes shone a gleam of new brightness like a candlelight reflected in the water of a deep well. When the car stopped at Goldman's State Street entrance there emerged a young woman who walked with confidence and who turned and smiled back at the conductor as she sped toward the employees' entrance with alert feet.

The figure which passed the inspector was slightly under average height, of graceful lines though spare. It was Mayme's figure, but in some way changed. The usual air of dejection had given place to an assertive manner. The dark head was carried well up. The lazy eyes held mystery within them, and the long sweep of the black brows beneath the simple coiffure which left the forehead bare added to the face an individual charm. Even in the cavernous interior of the great store the lips still retained their queer calculating smile. Clerks descending from the locker rooms to their various departments exchanged greetings, abbreviated formalities with no real reason or value, a sort of verbal agreement with the day.

*(Continued on Page 88)*

# IN ENEMY COUNTRY

## By George Pattullo

*Brigadier General George H. Harries, Head of American Section of Interallied Commission for the Repatriation of Prisoners of War in Germany*

APENWEIER, GERMANY. Here we are at last, with a place to sleep. Intended stopping in Offenburg to-night, but on arrival there round eight o'clock discovered that the town was full—not pickled, but crowded. We were told that two thousand refugees arrived in the place to-day from Alsace, part of the large numbers of persons of German extraction and sympathy who have either been expelled by the French or have left from choice or caution.

They narrate some harrowing experiences, and many of them looked rather hopeless. Probably half of their stories are lies—you have to take all refugee tales and the yarns returned prisoners tell you with plenty of salt. Nevertheless, it appears as though the French were making newly won territory safe for the future by getting rid of all doubtful elements. And so it goes—seesaw, seesaw!

A gorgeous beauty in a blue uniform and miles of gold braid is downstairs drinking beer. He stared hard at me while my companion and I were eating supper.

"A general?" I whispered.

"Works for the railroad," was the answer. In this country the railroad officials dress like Knights of Pythias on parade.

A young German has been traveling with me through force of circumstances—or design. It may be the latter, for he is pretty keen and so obliging to the stranger within the gates that I cannot understand it, unless he was assigned to watch and ascertain what I wanted by entering Germany at such a time as this.

We had a fair supper of cold veal and sausage, potatoes, a salad and *Ersatz* coffee for seven marks each. At the present value of the mark that amounts to forty-two cents, but in the country districts the Germans still estimate the mark at almost its old value, it would appear; so probably the landlord thinks he is getting one dollar and seventy-five cents for each meal.

### *Politics and the Peace Conference*

THE Germans seem to travel about a lot. Every train is crowded. In our compartment seven of us stood up for five hours. Among the passengers was a nun; a young soldier who must have guessed my nationality, for he carefully avoided looking at me; three or four farmers and their women folk; several young girls carrying small milk cans; a Swiss professor; and a Swiss drummer. All the Germans discussed politics and the peace conference. A fat old woman was bitter in her denunciation of the peace.

"Ah, yes, it is the French! I know! I know!" she cried. "They are trying to exterminate us. They need a slap in the face about every fifty years, these French!"

This sentiment met with universal approval. Sounds hopeful for the future, doesn't it? From that she progressed to home politics and in this field encountered opposition. I could not understand more than the drift of what she said, but a young matron, whose appearance suggested a comfortable position in life, hotly disagreed with her, and they argued for an hour. At last she turned to me and demanded my opinion. In vain I shook my head; she persisted, and of course as soon as I opened my mouth they knew I was a foreigner—if they hadn't guessed it before.

"What are you?" she demanded sharply.

"American."

Oo, là, là! The compartment was immediately all agog, but instead of rousing their hostility the information seemed to stir only their curiosity. They pressed round me. What was I doing there?

Luckily my knowledge of German is practically *nil*, so argument was out of the question, and they contented themselves with haranguing me instead, three or four all speaking at the same time. It speedily became apparent that they entertained the most fantastic hopes of the United States. They actually looked to us to save them from the penalty of their crime against the world; also to feed them and lend them financial aid.

The extraordinary selfishness of their viewpoint amazed me. They were so utterly unconscious of it too—but then selfishness always is oblivious. Here are the Germans looking confidently to a nation which they deliberately flouted and outraged, which they drove from a position of neutrality into war, for friendlier treatment and greater benefits than they could reasonably expect from an ally! How do they get that way?

*Frankfurt-am-Main*—Sometimes I have thought that certain portions of the United States had reached the limit of development. But the surface has barely been scratched. When America's possibilities are developed to the degree reached in the Fatherland, the United States ought to be able to take care of three hundred millions of people. The old prodigality must go, but there would be plenty.

Crops look splendid. And the Germans are working. If they ever heard of a forty-four-hour week in these parts they have forgotten it. We hear of strikes in the coal mines and in factories and on railroads—also of thousands of idlers who prefer to draw government aid instead of looking for jobs, but out in the rural regions they are going at it like ants, whatever the radical elements in the larger cities and industrial centers may be doing.

I don't believe these people are so hard up for materials as they have so loudly proclaimed. We have seen from the car windows enormous parks of war material lying idle in the fields—wagons and carts, steel girders, pig iron, great quantities of lumber. However, what any observer may see in a country represents but a flyspeck against an empire's needs; so it is possible that a disastrous dearth of materials may exist.

However, I hear from every German with whom I have talked that Germany owns enormous stocks of cotton and rubber and copper, and so on, in the Americas, which she bought before the United States entered the war and will import as soon as the Allies—or Great Britain, as they always say—lift the blockade. They made the majority of these purchases with a view to using them after the war in their industries, knowing well they could not be imported while the British fleet held the seas. They seem to have planned far ahead, these hoches, and were already organizing for peace competition long before fighting had ceased.

The country has not a run-down look at all. They have kept everything fairly well up to the mark—a wonderful achievement, considering the drain their war efforts must have put upon them. Germany suggests a land all set to go and only waiting for the word.

When I crossed the border from Basel they warned me to carry plenty of food or I should starve to death, so I bought a bag of sausage and bread and veal sandwiches; also a few cakes of chocolate. They wouldn't permit me to carry more than fifty francs—Swiss—out of the country, and I changed my money into marks. Had about a thousand marks in each pocket of my trousers and coat and vest, for the rate of exchange was three marks for a Swiss franc. The Swiss, by the way, hold their money to be worth more than American and will give less than five francs for a dollar, though in France we are getting 6.45 francs at this writing.

### *May Day in Old Heidelberg*

LUCKY thing I brought along my own chow, for they have discontinued dining cars on the railroads and I should have had nothing to eat from early morning until late at night. A fellow passenger, who spoke English, struck up a conversation en route to Heidelberg and growing confidential confessed that he had smuggled in a lot of chocolate and other contraband stuff in a false cover on his suitcase. The admission made me suspicious. Unless he had wanted to draw me out along the same line, why should a perfect stranger tell me something which might land him in jail? I suspect that petty smuggling is fairly general between Germany and contiguous neutral countries.

The guards at the frontier did not strike me as being very strict. Their examination of my luggage and papers was cursory—the same with the other travelers. One man they did search thoroughly, however. Probably they had reasons for being dubious of him.

Spent a day in Fribourg. Unfortunately it rained, but I moved round town just the same. Fine old university town; students everywhere, all wearing caps. Football games advertised, with ridiculously small prices of admission—about eleven cents in our money. They were putting on opera also.

They told me that the universities sent practically all their students of military age and even younger to the war, which now necessitates completion of a deferred education. Patriotism among them was at fever heat. To-day they are bitter and unbeaten in spirit. I have listened to some hair-raising denunciations of the British and the French—they laid off the United

*Crowd in Front of Morgue*

States to spare my feelings. Toward the Italians they exhibit contempt; also toward their Turkish allies and in a lesser degree toward the Austrians.

Struck Heidelberg on May Day, which is the big day of the year for labor in Europe. It corresponds to Labor Day with us. The university was closed. The exterior of the buildings is very disappointing. From hearing so much of Heidelberg I had foolishly expected some imposing old stone edifices such as you find at Oxford.

The ruins of Heidelberg Castle, however, are the most magnificent I ever saw, towering high on a hill and bluff above the town and river. A small party of Germans was going through them and I trailed along. The old woman guide instantly spotted me for an American and directed most of her explanations my way—in the usual hope of a generous tip. The Germans did not resent my presence among them in the slightest. They tried to converse in English and volunteered a lot of information about the town.

We saw the famous three-hundred-thousand-liter wine cask and climbed to the platform on its top. But it was the colossal scale on which the castle had been built that fascinated me, even more than the wonderful stone carving and lace and figures and gargoyles. Only the shell of the castle remains; all the rest was destroyed and burned.

"Who did it?" I inquired.

"The French under King Louis XIV," the woman guide replied.

It has been give and take, back and forth, between the Germans and French for centuries and centuries. Napoleon crushed Prussia, but they fooled him in his efforts to destroy them as a military power for all time, and came back with a bump. I have a notion they will repeat and that one of these days there will be another reckoning.

The Heidelberg ruins reminded me of what an eminent psychologist of Princeton once remarked to me on board a steamer.

"The Germans are dangerous because they're sentimentalists," he said. "Sentimentalists are always dangerous, because they're so apt to run wild. You ought to see a group of Germans amid the ruins of Heidelberg Castle on a moonlight night—you ought to hear their 'Achs!'" If all sentimentalists are dangerous the bulk of Americans ought to be locked up, for when it comes to boiling sentimentality they take the cake.

There were general expectations that May Day would bring serious disturbances throughout Germany, but it seems to have passed quietly. What demonstrations took place were in marked contrast to the occurrences in Paris, where severe street fighting went on, requiring the employment of a considerable force of troops.

### *Falsified Census Figures*

I HAD seen in a newspaper that trouble was anticipated in Heidelberg, where the Socialists had arranged a parade. The German newspapers make a practice of playing up city after city as hotbeds of unrest and Bolshevism to give the impression in Allied countries that the peace conditions mean plunging the Fatherland into anarchy. But I have noticed that no general uprising of the Spartacides ever occurs. One day it will be Berlin; next week it will be in Munich; following that, another city far removed. The outbreaks come in rotation; they never seem to flare up simultaneously, as revolutionary movements usually do.

I went to get a look at the demonstration in Heidelberg. It was about the tamest affair of its kind it has ever been my fortune to witness.

They marched with banners and the flag of the new republic; also a band. Then they gathered in the principal square and several orators harangued them from a balcony.

No disorder; no incendiary speeches. It was raining and the dense crowd waited patiently in the drizzle while a bull-necked gentleman denounced the blockade, "which is killing our women and children by thousands." He also demanded the immediate return of the German prisoners of war held by the Allies. The demonstrators applauded now and again, but without much show of feeling.

The Germans have scant sympathy for quack political nostrums. Also they require something more substantial from leaders than a repertoire of catch phrases.

The demonstration broke up in good order—or, rather, it simply melted away. It's hard to sustain fervor with the rain dripping sadly on your Sunday clothes and your stomach crying out that it is supper time. So these stout Socialists of Heidelberg drifted off homeward. The crisis of May Day was over.

Every American who has been in Germany since the Armistice is struck by the large numbers of able-bodied men. The Fatherland's losses must have been appalling in the war, and therefore it comes as a surprise to see the high proportion of men of military age in the populations of the smaller cities and towns. France can show nothing to compare with it—poor broken France.

The explanation probably lies in a lie. Evidence accumulates that the Germans deliberately falsified their census returns to deceive other European countries as to their population. Our military experts used to speculate whence

*One of the Riots in Front of a Berlin Printing House*

came the new reserves Germany was able to put into the field after staggering losses, and our Intelligence Section finally concluded from the information available that Germany's population exceeded by ten millions the figures of the census.

In all the towns occupied by the American Army of Occupation we noticed this discrepancy between official figures and the apparent size of the populations. Places which were credited with four thousand inhabitants were quite as large as communities of six thousand in the United States.

Frankfort, Goethe's birthplace, is a remarkably fine city.

"This place is very American," I remarked to the hotel porter.

He grinned and led me on a trip over the hotel. The elevator was of American manufacture; the chair in the barber shop bore on it, "St. Louis, U. S. A."; and "that telephone and these electric lights, they are all American inventions," he said.

In my wanderings I have seen many articles of unmistakable American manufacture—such as typewriters and office furniture—which bore the stamp of German make. A manufacturer I met in Paris had warned me what to expect.

"They buy lots of things from us, then put their own labels on them and resell them as German articles," he asserted.

At the outbreak of the war Frankfort was one of the principal railroad centers for mobilization of troops on the Western Front. Train after train ran through the city at ten-minute intervals for fifty days, carrying the German hordes which were to fall upon France. Not one accident; never a blockade of traffic, hardly a hitch in handling those millions. And all the while the populace cheering itself hoarse with patriotism and hopes of speedy victory.

"No, they are not cheering now," remarked a merchant sadly as I was buying some collars.

### *A Fairy Tale of Revolution*

*LEIPZIG.* Met with the first signs of hostility from Germans to-day. First a police official bawled me out when I went to register.

"*Was machen Sie hier?*" he kept bellowing, and told me the place for Americans was back in America, and not in Germany. He was a little, straight, alert, cocky fellow with a pompadour—thoroughly representative of the old order—the sort who will strut and lord it over everybody when they have the whip hand, but are humble enough if you are in a position to strike back. He would doubtless be obsequious were he in the occupied area, or even close to it.

Three hoodlums ran after my cab as I was driving out to see the awesome statue in commemoration of the Battle of Leipzig, yelling "Get out," and "*Schweinhund!*" As the driver did not appear to be worried, I judged this was a reception committee and waved acknowledgment. Moreover, they did nothing but shout.

They tell me that Leipzig is a hotbed of Spartacism and was recently in the hands of the revolutionists. They said the same thing in Frankfort.

"But everything seems to be moving along well. Business about as usual and most of the people working?"

"Yes," assented my informant. "But all the working people have arms in their homes. They will behave as long as the authorities do what they want. But if they don't do what they want—pist!" And he waved his hands.

Sounds like a fine fairy tale. Imagine real revolutionists in possession of arms and the power to enforce their will leaving the authorities against whom they had risen still in control!

In spite of this talk that the city is sitting on a volcano which may erupt at any moment, they are holding their celebrated *Messe*, an exhibition to which manufacturers from all over Europe were wont to send their products in peacetime. The fair is a big success this year, with greatly increased exhibits and attendance.

Both here and in Frankfort they had many idle men early in the year. Now the situation has improved and the majority of idlers are those who remain so from choice. Was surprised to learn that many large corporations in Germany continue to pay their employees despite the closing of their plants owing to the lack of raw materials. This has been done for self and national preservation—to head off revolution. How long can they keep it up?

Every afternoon the tea room of this hotel is crowded with well-dressed men and women. They seem to have plenty of money to spend and deny themselves nothing, even at the low purchasing power of the mark. The theaters are open, the opera is on and there are plenty of movie places running to capacity. Heaven forbid that one should judge German tastes by German movies, for what a verdict against America could be brought in that way! But they are inexpressibly boring—morbid, often indecent—given to portraying disease.

These people amuse themselves, though at this very moment their fate as a nation hangs in the balance in Paris. It is the way of life. All you hold dear may be lying dead in the next room, but supper must be got and eaten.

*Berlin.* Putting up at the Adlon, remarkable just now for the heterogeneous character of its guests. We've got

(Continued on Page 116)

# THE FIGHTING MACHINE

## By John D. Swain

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

THE recent death of Barnabas Pritchard was practically unnoticed outside of scientific circles. Some thirty of the societies of which he was a member engrossed resolutions, but as Professor Pritchard left no relatives these carefully worded and framed testimonials were, I suppose, hung for a time in various lecture halls, laboratories and committee rooms, and then disappeared to wherever it is such useless lumber goes.

"G'wan, Kid! The Roughnecks Would Eat Ya Alive! Yer No Scrapper"

Pritchard was a great physicist, biologist, chemist and inventor. Many of his contrivances are known to millions of users; but his patents being invariably sold outright few associate his name with any of them. At the time of his death he was at work on a soundless phonograph, whose vibrations were to convey to the listener—to speak loosely—the impression of music or speech, minus the noise.

I find myself the only living being familiar with a certain curious phase of his career, and feel it to be my duty to answer a few of the questions so often asked as to the facts concerning what was known as the Fighting Machine. Pritchard's name was never connected with his activities as a pugilist, and I am aware of the difficulty of persuading his venerable associates in abstruse research that he ever appeared in the squared circle, clad in tights, and wearing five-ounce mitts. Yet he did so, many times!

His motive was the simplest possible. He needed funds, being at the time a poor student paying his way through Harvard. We roomed together, and I alone shared his secret.

Barnabas Pritchard possessed only one natural qualification for the fighting game; and this one would not have led anyone but a scientist to suspect that he could succeed in it. I refer to his remarkable reaction time, as developed during the course in experimental psychology.

Everybody knows the simple apparatus that indicates the speed with which muscle answers mind. An impression is registered by one or more of the senses; the brain decides what action to take in the matter, and by the nervous system moves the necessary muscles, which move the limbs.

For example: Seated with a score of fellow pupils about a long table, each with a finger resting on a registering key, the instructor turned on a series of colored incandescents. When, let us say, a green light followed a blue one each student was to press the key. Invariably Pritchard beat his fellows.

There were of course other and much more elaborate contrivances, demanding more complicated mental processes, more perfect coördination. The result was the same. Pritchard outthought any other man in the class by an average of about one-sixteenth of a second.

In great athletes, as he observed, this ability was almost invariably present. It is found in the sprinter, who beats the pistol; in the tennis champion, who outthinks his opponent and instinctively, as we say, finds himself properly placed to receive his return; and superlatively in the skilled boxer, who meets the lightninglike moves of his assailant without conscious thought or without even being able to tell why he did what he did.

Apart, then, from what athletes call speed Pritchard had no equipment for the ring; nor indeed for any violent sport. He was merely a healthy normal young man, without unusual muscular development on the one hand or physical defect on the other. He never touched alcohol, and I can recall seeing him use tobacco but half a dozen times. One of these occasions, however, was so curious that I shall have occasion to refer to it again.

Of course though nobody ever heard of Barnabas Pritchard as a contender for welterweight honors many thousands of devotees followed the Fighting Machine, from gallery and ringside seats or in the sporting columns. He was the sensation of the day during the brief time he fought. He retired for as elemental a reason as that which led him to the unsavory and uncongenial ring. He patented and sold a few simple inventions, which brought him more money with an outlay of less energy.

He was the coldest man I have ever known; the applause of the pit never moved him in the slightest degree. He was unsocial, phlegmatic, almost inhuman.

You may have seen his Washtub Cultural Course advertised. That alone made him independently rich. There is no occasion when the brain is more vacant, more receptive, the mental pores wider open than when the body is engaged in some monotonous task. A mechanic who all day long performs over and over a few simple manipulations with a lever or a wheel, a washwoman over her tub, a slop-shop tailor, do not have to think about the work in hand. It is done automatically.

Pritchard devised a simple phonographic course for such people, embracing clearly enunciated world's masterpieces, poetry, great musical compositions, practical lectures on elementary history, economics, politics, astronomy. The records were copyrighted, sold at a fine profit, yet at a cost within the means of everyone, and when bought only half a dozen at a time entailed no single great outlay. Upon completing the course a simple written examination was given, and an ornately engrossed diploma sent free. There are thousands of them hanging on sitting-room walls, over cobblers' benches, in dingy sweatshops.

There were other inventions, too many to enumerate, all of them profitable. Pritchard invented one of the first sanitary drinking fountains, the application of the flashlight to the barrel of a pistol, and a simple wooden screw to keep the drop leaves of folding tables always trued up, since he had observed that after a few months these leaves invariably sag. It is Pritchard the Fighting Machine, in the days before his inventive genius had begun to function, that I know most about.

There are at least a dozen trainers who claim they taught him all he knew. They are sincere about it too; and all wrong. In the true sense he never had a trainer.

When he decided—after seeing, quite by chance, a photo film of a championship fight—to go in for professional boxing he proceeded to take half a dozen lessons from as many instructors. I may remark that not one of them considered him to be anything but a joke. He observed with scientific accuracy their uncouth admonitions, and then proceeded to draw up a chart.

"It stands to reason," he told me one night in our room, "that a sport which had its terminology and its traditions well established more than two thousand years ago, and has been in more or less constant practice ever since, must have certain axioms upon which I can safely rely. I can't bother to investigate these; I've got to have some starting point."

He found upon completing his chart that each of his six instructors had his own method, his prejudices and idiosyncrasies. So far apart were they that at first any attempt at correlation seemed hopeless; but Pritchard was able to point out that there were a few basic things upon which they all agreed.

That the weight should be chiefly balanced on the right foot, the left advanced; that when a hard blow is struck the whole body must move simultaneously with the arm and not slightly in advance, telegraphing the intention, as they say—nor slightly after, taking away the force; that the impact is doubled when the adversary is countered as his own body comes in; a few of these principles which Pritchard was able to demonstrate by his chart, and to confirm by further investigations, were axiomatic and unassailable.

There was a secondary list of rules on which practically every professional agreed, and which Pritchard also accepted, holding that the exceptions represented the personal peculiarity of an individual. To explain what I mean, he found one man who instead of looking his opponent in the eyes gazed steadily at his feet. He promptly rejected this freakish idea, though pointing out to me that it possessed a certain psychological merit, since it tended to distract the other fellow's eye.

Having, then, satisfied himself as to the basic principles of the art of pugilism, he engaged the best man he could find, and insisted that he be perfected in them. For days he permitted himself to do nothing in his short lessons but practice the straight left for the head, with the proper guard. Later he took up footwork, learning how to move round like a dancer without allowing his feet to cross or get tangled up. He never bothered much with swings or hooks, uppercuts or chops.

"It's this way," he explained, drawing rapidly on a blackboard with a crumb of chalk: "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points; and that holds for time as well as distance."

None of his instructors could evade his straight left, once he had mastered it; his reaction time held just as good on the gymnasium floor as in the laboratory. Always by a sixteenth of a second or so he could beat them to the lead. And for the same reason he could avoid their own blows. Possessing an intelligence far superior to those of his teachers he could read their intentions better in their eyes, and the response of body to will was more perfect.

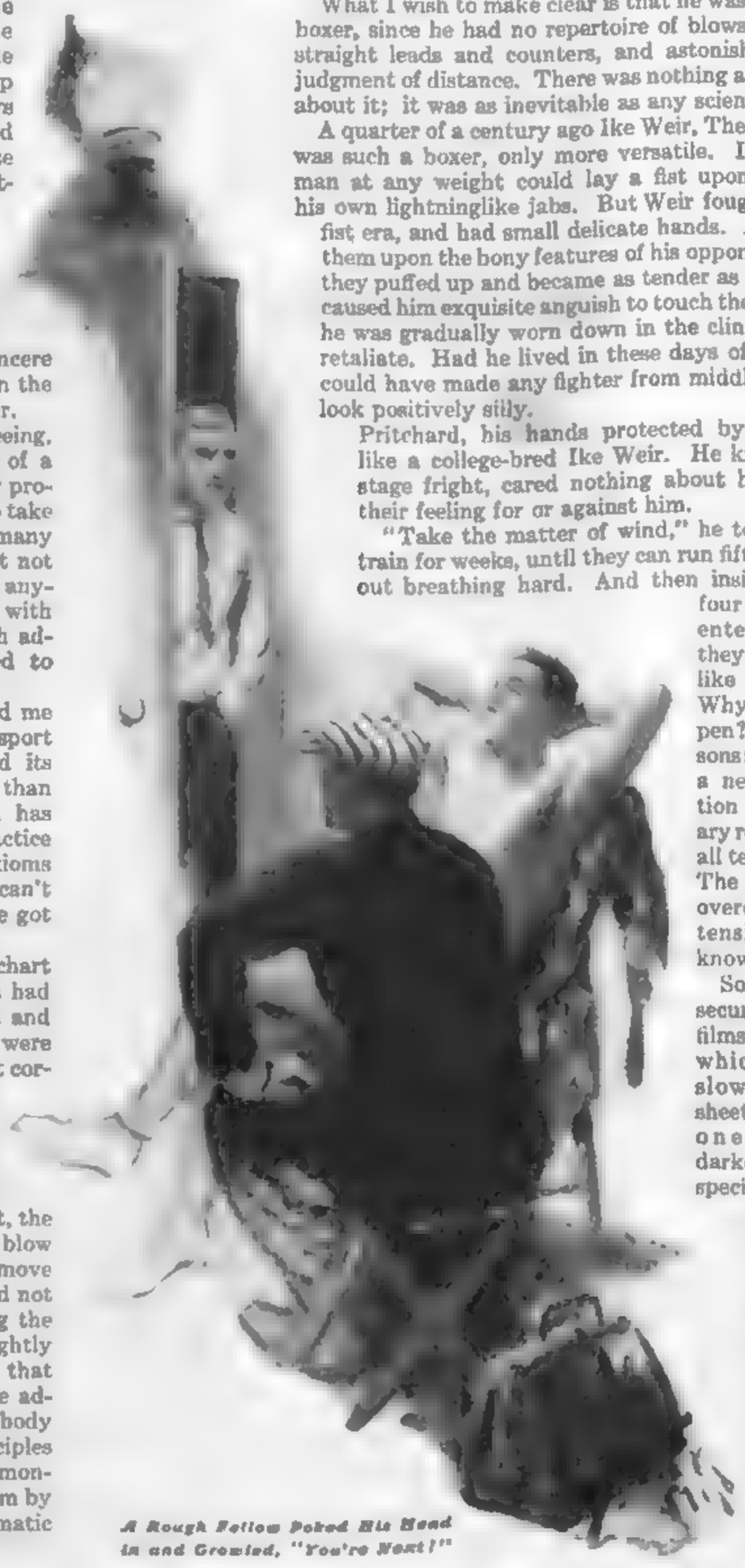
What I wish to make clear is that he was never a skillful boxer, since he had no repertoire of blows. He had only straight leads and counters, and astonishing speed and judgment of distance. There was nothing at all mysterious about it; it was as inevitable as any scientific deduction.

A quarter of a century ago Ike Weir, The Belfast Spider, was such a boxer, only more versatile. In his prime no man at any weight could lay a fist upon him or avoid his own lightninglike jabs. But Weir fought in the bare-fist era, and had small delicate hands. After battering them upon the bony features of his opponent a few times they puffed up and became as tender as boils, so that it caused him exquisite anguish to touch them at all. Then he was gradually worn down in the clinches, unable to retaliate. Had he lived in these days of soft gloves he could have made any fighter from middleweights down look positively silly.

Pritchard, his hands protected by gloves, boxed like a college-bred Ike Weir. He knew nothing of stage fright, cared nothing about his audience or their feeling for or against him.

"Take the matter of wind," he told me. "Men train for weeks, until they can run fifteen miles without breathing hard. And then inside of three or four minutes after entering the ring they are wheezing like an old horse. Why does this happen? For two reasons: bad air and a nervous contraction of the pulmonary region. They are all tensed and rigid. The bad air I can overcome, and the tension I shall not know."

Soon after this he secured a lot of old films of prize fights, which he ran off slowly on an old sheet hung across one end of our darkened study. A special camera has recently been invented which has made these slow-ups familiar to movie audiences, who behold famous baseball pitchers, tennis players, wrestlers, boxers and so forth in action, reduced grotesquely in



A Rough Fellow Poked His Head in and Growled, "You're Next!"

speed. Pritchard lacked the proper apparatus, but secured a jerky approximation which served his purpose. He spent a great deal of time studying pugilists in action, slowed down to a point where he could make accurate time and distance measurements. He pointed out to me that without exception they used up a vast amount of unnecessary energy.

"In parrying a blow," he explained, "all that is necessary is to remember that 'a miss is as good as a mile.' It is not merely as well to evade a blow by a fraction of an inch as by two feet; it is far better. It conserves energy and it leaves one in position to counter. Otherwise you have to get set again."

He paid much attention to this idea, parrying closer and closer or moving his head just the inch or two necessary to let the swing or uppercut thrash by or over, throwing the other completely off balance as his terrific lunge met empty air.

One rainy night we were examining the ten-round fight in which a great heavyweight champion lost his title.

"I wish you particularly to note the knock-out punch," he said, "which we are coming to now.

"There! Look! The big negro is starting it, from position, as it should be delivered. He could unquestionably knock a man out, you know, without drawing back his arm at all."

The blow, seen under the conditions, was strangely ludicrous. Slowly, craftily the great black forearm began to straighten out from the crook of the elbow. On perfect line for the jaw of the massive champion it continued its snail-like progress, the other man standing motionless. Not until it had moved a full eight inches did he begin to extend his own left arm to parry it. Inch by inch the black piston advanced; and inch by inch, but obviously too late, that other arm moved to ward it off; and now by infinitesimal degrees the champion's head also began to turn aside.

"The slow-moving brain has got it at last," commented Pritchard.

Finally the lethal glove pressed gently, almost lovingly upon the unprotected jaw; simultaneously the entire body pressed in, the vast dorsal muscles bulging, the weight shifting from the right foot, its heel in air, to the flat left.

The guarding arm was still eight inches behind, and a queer baffled expression dawning upon his heavy face the champion began to drift easily backward, his eyes to close, his arms to drop. Presently he toppled over, light as thistledown, and lay crumpled upon the canvas floor. It seemed preposterous that the blow should have hurt him; that we had indeed beheld the mechanics of a knock-out.

"By taking into account the degree to which we have slowed down the action, and making a few perfectly simple calculations, I find that the negro beat him by exactly one-sixteenth of a second. Or, let us say, the champion was spending time at the rate of ninety-six million dollars a minute. The fight cost him a hundred thousand, you know. Some little spendthrift—what?"

Pritchard projected the round over again, at normal speed; "cranking sixteen," as the camera men say. Seen thus the fatal blow was so swift that it was difficult to follow; and it appeared that the attempted parry started simultaneously. He repeated it over and over, until my eyes were able to detect the slight difference in starting.

"You see, it is all a matter of reaction time," he said.

The Fighting Machine never trained at all. He merely lived his usual sane normal life. Always a cold tub on rising, simple and wholesome food in moderation, long walks, and on rainy days half an hour on the gym apparatus. He had followed this routine ever since he matriculated.

His work with boxing instructors was soon completed, because he had, as he said, learned all they could teach him. He never tried to show off before them, and the warmest praise any of them ever vouchsafed was, "Kid, ya got a swell left! If ya had a punch and the old scrappin' instinct I could make a good prelim fighter of ya!"

Therefore, when he approached one of them, a hanger-on at the Armory Club, and requested his influence in getting him a chance in one of the next preliminaries, Muggsy O'Brien gasped in amazed protest:

"G'wan, kid! Them roughnecks would eat ya alive! You've got a nice left, an' handles yer feet swell; but yer no scrapper. Take it from me, an' lay off o' that stuff!"

Pritchard pleasantly insisted, and offered a ten-dollar bill as an inducement to O'Brien to get him matched.

*As the Butcher Tore in He Was Met With the Stiffest Punch He Had Yet Received, Square in His Left Eye, With the Added Force of His Own Onrush to Drive It Home*

The retired pug was a good-hearted lad, and hated to do it; but the ten dollars intrigued him. It was a shame to take the money, and he loudly and even profanely said so; but he saw the Armory officials, and not without some difficulty arranged to have the unknown put on against Kid Flaherty, who had cleaned up the Boston waterfront and won half a dozen three-round preliminaries already, and was regarded as a comer.

Barnabas Pritchard had borrowed money to take his boxing lessons, and also to rent the fight films. Had the charitable old gentleman who took an interest in his education dreamed of the manner in which his funds had been spent it is probable that he would have sought to have the student interned in a sanitarium.

Now a preliminary bout is a pretty small item in a boxing bill. The loser gets nothing, and the winner rarely more than ten or fifteen dollars, even in a big club. In smaller places he may get as little as five dollars, and take a cruel mauling as well.

I was not present at the début of my friend. Though I thought I knew him pretty intimately, and admired his mentality, to tell the truth I had taken not the slightest stock in his theories about fighting. I even begged him to give up the idea, and went so far as to offer to loan him enough money to relieve him from all financial embarrassment while pursuing his studies.

When he smilingly refused and took the Harvard Square car for Boston in company with the pessimistic O'Brien I sat alone in our room dreading the hour when a clanging ambulance would draw up before our dormitory and the battered remains of my chum would be tenderly borne in.

Instead he ran blithely up the stairs shortly before midnight, and when he entered the room there was not so much as a scratch upon him.

"I stayed on to see the other bouts," he explained. "I got only ten dollars—but it is merely an introduction anyhow. Later on I shall earn plenty!"

He refused to discuss his own bout, pleading the need of sleep because of an early lecture next day; and I was obliged to wait for the morning papers.

He was dismissed with a few lines stating that "The Fighting Machine, as he calls himself, a pale, studious-looking lad, proved too shifty for Kid Flaherty and made that promising North Ender look like a beginner. The Machine had no punch, but won easily on points."

"They were an amazingly clumsy lot," Pritchard commented while we were breakfasting at a little one-arm lunch.

Considering that the bill had included one New England champion and a pair of coming New York lightweights who were hot after the national title I thought this rather harsh criticism.

"By rule of thumb," Pritchard said between mouthfuls of toast, "I estimated that in the main bout alone there was over seven hundred feet of unnecessary ducking and parrying. Their heads were flat, like reptiles', and their reaction times pathetically slow. And the air! Fifteen minutes of it is enough to poison any man. Stirred the foul mess up by waving unsanitary towels. Whisky, onions, tobacco, perspiration, moth balls and bay rum, with a trace of a number of other ingredients! Gasoline, for instance."

About his own work I could not get him to say much of anything.

"It was tiresome. Not so interesting as the punching bag. That at least can be counted on to come back on a straight line, and as fast as you hit it, deducting friction and air pressure. Flaherty was helpless as a child. Strong and willing—but a clumsy moron."

I sat at the ringside the following week, and the week after that, and not being in any sense a fight fan or an expert I can only say that Pritchard moved about the ring with a sort of deadly calm, wasting not an ounce of effort, his attention never distracted by the catcalls and drunken songs from the audience or the devices of his opponents.

He looked weak and pallid under the powerful arc light, as compared with his brawny, hairy-chested, sunburned adversaries; but during all the three rounds his left licked out like the tongue of an anteater, stinging them on nose, eye, mouth, wherever he chose; and their hearty efforts seemed to graze his own face and body each time, but left no mark. He was careful to avoid clinches, in which rough work or a stealthy foul might count against him.

Illness in my family called me home for a couple of months that year, and I forgot about Barnabas Pritchard. On my return I learned that he had won a dozen more preliminaries on points, and had suffered nothing worse than two or three jolts delivered in breakaways.

He occupied quite a little space in the sporting columns now, but could not be said to have earned any popularity with the fraternity of fighters or the audiences which followed them. He despised them, and took no pains to conceal it. He never repaired to any of the sporting bars after a fight, to buy or accept drinks. He refused to be interviewed or to accept a manager or even a handler. He was called a tight wad, and a Willie boy.

(Concluded on Page 72)

# Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXI

## By BARON ROSEN

*Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States*

THOUGH I had no longer any connection with our Far Eastern affairs after my recall from Tokio in 1899 and could not have any expectation of ever being called upon to return to Japan, I could not help following with deep interest the course of events in that part of the world. The beginning of the year 1902 had been marked by an event the importance of which from the point of view of our interests in the Far East could not possibly be overrated—I mean the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. It meant the realization of a political combination the possibility and extremely dangerous character of which I had pointed out in the memorandum I presented to our government in March, 1897, and which elementary prudence should have caused us to have tried to forestall by every means in our power. That such means had been within our reach can hardly be gainsaid.

However, we not only failed to avail ourselves of such means, when literally thrust upon us, but by our nonacceptance of the perfectly fair and advantageous offer made to us by the Japanese Government in March, 1898, we actually did our best to push Japan into the arms of Great Britain. As to the latter power, instead of seeking a friendly understanding which might have eliminated all causes of mutual rivalry and friction in regard to Asiatic affairs, an understanding which presumably would have been welcomed by the British Government at a time when Great Britain had her hands full with the Boer War, we chose to join the ranks of those powers whose senseless and futile animosity found expression in gestures correspondingly ineffectual but nevertheless sorely irritating to a proud and powerful nation.

It is but natural to ask oneself the question: How was it possible that our government should have failed to take advantage of such a manifestly favorable conjuncture of circumstances? To attribute this failure exclusively to the incapacity, the want of foresight or the irresolution of those in whose hands was placed the direction of Russia's foreign policy would not be fair. We must never lose sight of the fact that the government of Russia, though nominally an autocracy, or rather an autocratic bureaucracy, was very far indeed from being invested with that omnipotence which one is wont to associate with the idea of autocracy or tsarism. Besides being—in the words of one of our wittiest statesmen—"a powerless federation of independent departments whose relations to each other were not always friendly or even neutral and sometimes partaking of the character of almost open hostility," our government had to reckon with what was considered to be public opinion.

This element of public opinion was, so to speak, a newcomer in our polity. Up to the end of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas I—that is to say, up to the middle of last century—what is commonly understood by the term "public opinion" could hardly be said to have had any existence, let alone influence, in Russia. Every government under the sun, even the most tyrannical, will, of course, always have in its own interest to take into account to some extent what it supposes to be national or popular feeling as far as the drift of such a necessarily vague feeling is capable of being ascertained.

So it also had been in Russia till about the middle of last century, when the educated classes, the so-called intelligentzia, began to acquire some weight in matters of foreign policy which enabled it—mainly through the growing influence of the press and of the more enlightened part of the vast army of the bureaucracy, itself part and parcel of the intelligentzia—to create the illusion of a "public opinion" of Russia, though constituting itself but an infinitesimally thin layer of high-grade civilization floating on the surface of an ocean of more or less uncultured and politically quite inarticulate masses below. This public opinion on the whole favored a forward, or let us call it imperialistic, policy; the great majority only in regard to the Near East, in connection with the "Great Slav Cause" and Constantinople and the Straits, at the same time being opposed to all political adventures in the Far East, whereas the extreme jingoistic wing of the intelligentzia, represented by the most widely read nationalist organ of the press, the Novoe Vremia, was wedded to an aggressively anti-Japanese policy, as I had occasion to convince myself when at our Legation in Tokio in the summer or autumn of 1898 I received the visit of a representative of that paper—a gentleman who signed his articles with the pseudonym of "Sigma," under which name he had acquired quite a notoriety in Japan—who blandly told me that he considered that he, or rather his paper, was rendering a most meritorious service to our country by exciting public opinion in Russia against Japan.

*Manchurian Farmers Driving Their Water Buffalo to Seoul Over the Famous Peking Highway*

But all parties were agreed in believing Great Britain to be the arch enemy whose opposition and antagonism we were encountering everywhere, blocking the way of our forward policy in the Near East as well as in Persia, Central Asia and the Far East. Whether it was really necessary for our government to take into account the vagaries of this so-called public opinion to the point of suffering itself to be influenced not to take the decisive action one way or the other required by the conjuncture of political conditions and clearly indicated by the dictates of reason, or whether it was simply an effect of the natural trend of the national mentality averse to clean-cut decisive solutions of any problems, is a question which it would be useless to discuss at present. The fact, however, remains that a unique opportunity was let slip to render our recently acquired position in the Far East secure for some time at least by a friendly understanding with either one or the other of our two rivals.

This policy—or rather absence of a definite policy—might have done fairly well, but only under two conditions: First, if we had been prepared to defend with all the military resources of the state and against all comers the extremely precarious position we had so recently acquired in Manchuria; and second, if we had been willing to abandon entirely the aggressive policy we had been theretofore pursuing in Korea. Neither of these conditions we were prepared to fulfill, as I was soon to find out when, after spending a delightful summer in Switzerland, we went to St. Petersburg before returning to my post in Greece.

Before proceeding with my narrative from this point it will be necessary to revert to a subject but lightly touched upon in one of the preceding chapters of these reminiscences—I mean the forward policy we had begun to pursue in Manchuria as a consequence of the successful intervention of Russia, France and Germany which deprived Japan of the principal fruits of her victory over China. In this connection it should be kept in view that Prince Lobanoff, our Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had taken the initiative in bringing about this joint intervention, was pursuing but one object, and that a purely political one—namely, the retrocession of the Liao-tung Peninsula with Port Arthur to China, his object being to prevent

*Seoul, the Capital of Korea*

Japan from gaining a permanent foothold on the continent of Asia, a contingency which he conceived to be replete with dangerous possibilities for Russia as well as for China.

In the pursuit of this policy Prince Lobanoff had the fullest support of his colleague, the Minister of Finance Witte; and in his turn he supported Witte in the negotiations they carried on jointly with Li Hung Chang during the coronation festivities in Moscow in May, 1896. But I very much doubt whether he had had any share whatever in the conception of the far-reaching plans in regard to Manchuria of his financial colleague to which the convention—concluded with Li Hung Chang granting us the right to prolong our Siberian Railroad on Chinese territory across Northern Manchuria to Vladivostok was to serve merely as the entering wedge. I rather think that the entire credit for the conception of these vast plans should be allotted to Witte, as well as a large part of the responsibility for their ultimate failure.

This was the subject—I mean our Manchurian policy—a fundamental disagreement in regard to which became the cause of the feelings of hostility toward me of that great statesman and patriot, which lasted until we were brought into intimate and friendly relationship as joint plenipotentiaries for the conclusion of peace with Japan, when we were able to work in entire agreement and cordial harmony for what we felt and knew to be for the best of our country.

As our disagreement concerned some most important questions, or I had perhaps better say, guiding principles in the conduct of international politics, to which he was a comparative stranger, whereas I had made them the study of a lifetime, I considered myself entitled to hold and to express on these matters an independent opinion, however much it might happen to be in conflict with the views and the policy of even such a great statesman as Witte was in my eyes.

In proceeding now to explain exhaustively the considerations which impelled me to take up the position in regard to the Manchurian question which gave rise to this disagreement I must mention that until then I had met Witte only once, when I had a brief interview with him concerning some business of our legation in Serbia, of which I was then the head, and that I had always avoided seeking his acquaintanceship so as not to lay myself open even to the remotest suspicion of having anything whatever to share with the ambitious intriguers who were toadying on the then all-powerful minister. I also feel bound to state that, having spent all my life in the service of my country abroad, I never had taken any interest in the manifold stories current about intricate intrigues which were said to surround the throne and therefore was totally ignorant of the fact—of which I was to learn only much later when I had arrived already at Tokio on my second mission to Japan—that a certain clique, having the ear of the sovereign, was engaged in a struggle for power against Witte on the battle ground of the Far Eastern question and that the position I had taken up had served to some extent to bring water to the mill of the clique hostile to him. Of course the knowledge of the latter fact, if it had come to me in time, would not have deterred me from expressing my views with the same unreserved directness, and I mention this circumstance only to show that if Witte at the time suspected me, as seems to have been the case, of having been a party to the intrigues directed against him, he did me a grievous injustice, of which, I think, he became convinced himself when we came to know each other better during the Portsmouth conferences.

The Manchurian question, as far as Russia was concerned, is covered by the general question whether territorial expansion practiced by a strong power at the cost of a weaker one is morally justifiable or not, a question which cannot be answered offhand, nor can it be answered categorically either in one sense or in the other. This is a question which can only be dealt with specifically in each case on its own merits.

*The Crowded Waterfront at Chemulpo, Korea's Principal Seaport*

What, for instance, has been the history of the phenomenal growth of these United States but the tale of the gradual expansion of the original thirteen states until they cover now the best part of the North American continent, an expansion achieved originally at the cost of the gradual extermination of the savage aborigines or by treaties with friendly powers, such as the Louisiana Purchase and the purchase of Alaska, or else by conquest, such as the acquisition of Texas, New Mexico and California? But who is there to deny that this expansion, howsoever achieved, has been an unmitigated blessing to all the parts of the continent absorbed into this great Union? Then again, take the British Empire, whose colossal expansion includes now some eight hundred thousand more square miles absorbed as a result of the world war, if the British Prime Minister's recent speech in the House of Commons is correctly reported by the newspapers. But blind prejudice alone, or such international hatred as has been bred by the world war, could deny that absorption in the confines of the British Empire has proved an inestimable boon to the countries and peoples brought under British rule and has powerfully advanced their material and moral welfare. Such of them as India and the former Boer republics have shown their appreciation of the privilege of living under the shelter of the Union Jack by their eagerness in joining the British colonies who were rushing with such enthusiastic unanimity and patriotism to the assistance of their mother country in the hour of her need.

In this connection I remember a conversation I had some thirty years ago on board a Pacific Mail steamer with a fellow passenger who happened to be the head of one of the important German firms at Hong-Kong.

He had been holding forth on the subject of the German colonial policy—of which he was a convinced opponent and he wound up his discourse by saying that if by any chance Hong-Kong ever became a German colony he would the very next day emigrate and set up his tent in another British one.

Or could there be found anyone willing to deny that the French expansion in Africa and Asia has been of incalculable benefit to the native populations brought under France's sway and has converted such barbaric states as Algeria and Tunis into highly prosperous civilized communities?

When we come now to Russia we find that the colossal dimensions which the Russian Empire had reached before its downfall and suicide through the war and the revolution had been the result of the gradual expansion of its original nucleus, the comparatively small and insignificant Grand Duchy of Moscow. In the course of three centuries this expansion had been going on in three directions—to the west, the south and the east—at the cost of weaker neighbors or savage aborigines, as in Siberia.

The question of Russia's expansion to the west, of its causes, its result and its justification, is a subject which I shall have to treat in another chapter of these reminiscences.

As to our expansion to the south, the expulsion of the Turks from South Russia and the Crimea, of which little need be said, and as to the acquisition of Transcaucasia and such parts of what is known as Armenia which had been under Persian and Turkish rule, every fair-minded judge of historical developments will, I think, agree that the populations thereby brought under Russia's sway have derived from it all the incalculable benefits which a stable and powerful government, guaranteeing law and order and security of life and property, was able to confer on populations torn by perennial sanguinary race feuds or on helpless victims of Persian or Turkish tyranny.

To the beneficent effects of the extension of Russian dominion over Transcaucasia I am in a position to testify

*(Continued on Page 154)*

# THE CROSS PULL

## By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

THOSE who believed in the famous legend of the lost herd are gone and few men know the truth. History records the fact that when the last big herd of bison moved into the North on the spring migration it never returned. The hide hunters watched in vain for the southward movement in the fall, for it never came. The big gray buffalo wolves, too, had suddenly vanished from the plains. Strange rumors were heard about this mysterious evaporation of the shaggy horde—rumors which gave birth to the fable of the lost herd that would some day come grazing down out of the North.

Not only in legend was it lost, but lost in truth. Rather than once more run the gantlet of the guns along the Arkansas and the Platte the last herd departed from the customs of untold centuries and sought refuge in the hills. It chose the Land of Many Rivers in which to make its final stand.

The snow that falls in one small tangled mass of peaks and valleys feeds the headwaters of a score of rivers. The Wind River and the Grey Bull; the Gibbon and the Fire Hole; the Shoshone, Yellowstone, Green River and the Buffalo Fork of the Snake—each finds its source in one wild whirl of interlacing tributary streams.

*A Sound Floated Up to Him as He Trotted Along a Crest and He Moved to the Edge and Looked Down*

Here in the Big Horns the Tetons and the Sunlight Peaks the herd scattered in small bands through the high mountain valleys in one last effort to exist. The bleached white skulls that dot the green meadows on the head reaches of Thoroughfare River and the basins of the Upper Yellowstone mark the spots where they died in the deep snow of the high country while the buffalo hunters of Dodge still waited for the fabled return of the lost herd.

Stockmen grazed their cows on the old range of the bison, pushing farther to the west each year until their cows fed on the first roll of the hills; farther north until they came to a spot where Nature, as if exhausted from piling wonder upon wonder with lavish hand, had left the bad lands of the Little Big Horn and the desolate foothills of the Grey Bull nestled under the very shadow of the Rainbow Peaks.

Then great wolves appeared, coming down out of the hills and taking heavy toll of the cows on the ranges; wolves of a kind the stockmen had never known—larger even than those of Siberia. Ranchers spoke of a new and savage breed. They distorted the word "logo"—the Shoshone Indian name for the bald-face grizzly—to "lobo," meaning grizzly wolf.

The ranchmen organized a war of extermination against this savage lobo tribe, placing an ever-increasing bounty on each one until an even hundred dollars was posted as the price on every scalp.

This created a new occupation for men, and soon the professional wolfer was scouring the brakes of the bad lands with poison, trap and gun for the last few survivors of a vanishing breed.

Old Dad Kinney was a wolfer and he had reason to believe that a single family of lobos were denned somewhere within forty miles of his spring camp. He knew, too, that Clark Moran was in the bad lands on the same quest.

Between them was an agreement whereby Kinney felt there was no possible way for him to lose. If either of them found the den Moran was to have one pup alive and Kinney was to draw the bounty on the rest.

Moran seemed more interested in some lost herd that had died fifty years before than in bounty rewards—in some theory that this was not a new species, but an almost forgotten kind that had followed the lost herd into the hills and had now come back to the edge of its old range; that the rare lobo of the present was the buffalo gray of the past.

As Moran and Kinney lay rolled in their blankets ten miles apart, they formed two points of a human triangle of which Ash Brent, far up the slope of the hills, formed the third.

In common with most men who live their lives in the open, Kinney and Moran had come to draw a certain sense of companionship from the night sounds of the hills. But there is one note to which a man may listen for a thousand nights and on the next he will inevitably nestle a trifle closer into his bed roll when it sounds and feel the same chilly prickling of the skin along his spine. The far-off note of a lobo always carries an added ache of loneliness to the man in the open.

A lone lobo raised his voice, and as if connected by a mysterious current the three widely scattered men each felt the same sudden tensing of the muscles and tingling of the skin. In the reaction only did they differ.

While Kinney calculated a probable profit, Brent cursed fretfully at the wolf shiver which shook him at the sound, and Moran smiled over a pet theory of his own. He knew that any beast when angry or alarmed bristles his back hair into a roach along the spine. He felt that this was a heritage handed down to him through a thousand generations from the time when his primitive ancestors, garbed in hair instead of cloth, had bristled with a mixture of rage and fear at each call of their enemy, the wolf; that this sprouting of goose flesh between his own shoulder blades at the lobo call was but the age-old instinct to bristle the hair where hair had ceased to grow.

As always, the dread cry was followed by a vast, tense quiet, as if each dweller of the open hesitated to shatter the silence with his own voice and thus draw particular attention to himself. This was no paltry wolf—no straggler from the north, but an old dog lobo on his home range.

There was an answering call, and both Kinney and Moran raised on their elbows to catch the sound better. The starting note was a hoarse imitation of her mate's, but seemed to break into the tremolo of the coyote. Both men arrived at almost the same conclusion, but in different ways. Kinney linked the strange note with a renegade Scotch sheep dog he had seen traveling with the coyotes two years before.

"That she wolf is half coyote and half dog," he said.

Moran, too, had noted the coyote shrill and also that he experienced no wolf shiver from the sound.

"A cross," he reflected. "Part coyote and part dog."

The lobo does not call often, and not until half an hour before dawn did the sound come again. It wakened the three men, and each prepared his breakfast and was off upon his business of the day.

While Kinney and Moran resumed their tireless, systematic search for the wolf den, Brent headed his horses for a far divide. Beyond it lay the Land of Many Rivers, where for a hundred miles there was no human habitation known to men, yet Brent had twelve horses packed out with flour and supplies.

Ten days later Moran sat cross-legged on the ground with a third-grown wolf pup between his knees. The lobo pup was wrapped securely in a sack, tied round and round with heavy cord and with only his head protruding from the roll.

"There goes the rest of your family, pup," said Moran. "You're an orphan now."

Kinney, leading two pack horses from which dangled the remains of the rest of the wolf family, was just disappearing in the direction of his camp, and the last den of lobos in the bad lands had fallen victims to the ranchmen's bounty war.

The father was a mighty lobo, almost a packload for one horse; the mother was a half-breed, crossed between a coyote and a dog. The rifled den had yielded a freakish lot of pups, as if each clashing strain of ancestry had struggled to perpetuate its own. One was a fluffy yellow coyote pup, two a strange mixture of wolf and dog, and the fourth was a blue-gray Scotch sheep dog with shaggy face and a white splash on the breast. The one which Moran held between his knees was pure lobo from tip to tip. Only in his yellow coyote eyes did a trace of off-color strain crop out.

"You're the prize pup of the lot," said Moran. "How about it, old fellow, are you going to make friends with me?"

For answer the lobo pup writhed round in his wrappings and made one swift slash at his captor's face.

"You're a game little youngster and as quick as a flash," said Moran. "That's what I'll call you—Flash. Come on, Flash, let's be pals."

For more than an hour Moran tried to win the confidence of the lobo pup, rubbing and scratching his neck and head behind the ears where the white fangs could not reach his hand, and talking to him in an even, friendly tone.

Even a very young pup reads the intonations of the human voice sufficiently to distinguish between those men who care for animals and those who don't.

The wolf pup felt the first stirrings of the inner conflict—the battling for supremacy between the wild blood and the tame—that would influence his every move through life. It was as if the different elements of his ancestry had established cross currents in his veins, exerting a strange cross pull upon each thought and deed.

The wolf and coyote in him revolted at the man scent, but the dog strain responded to the friendly voice and thrilled to the touch of exploring fingers which scratched his neck and ears. He lay passive and made no protest at the touch.

At last he felt Moran's hand slip slowly round beneath his chin, rubbing his throat and lower jaw. His throat muscles contracted at this new move and he withdrew his head turtlewise as far as possible within the sheltering roll. The yellow coyote eyes were bright with suspicion; the sensitive lips writhed up, exposing the ivory fangs of the wolf, but the yearning of a dog to be loved by man held him from sinking them deep in the hand that was now within easy reach—the first compromise between the wild and the tame.

The glare gradually died from his eyes, the lips settled slowly back and covered the fangs, and Moran knew then that he had won.

"Come on, Flash, let's go home," he said.

II

HARMON was away and for two days Moran had the forest ranger's cabin on Spring Creek to himself. He spent the time trying to wean Flash from his early training and induce him to eat by tempting him with morsels of fresh meat.

The first day the pup shrank away from it; on the next he sniffed it hungrily, but still refused to eat. He craved it with every fiber of his being, but there was one thing he knew: He must never touch one bite of meat other than that which he himself had freshly killed—and after once leaving that he must return to it no more.

In his few hunts with his parents they had pulled down a fresh beef each trip. At first he had seen no reason why he was not allowed to go near other food, but gradually he had seen many things which explained it all.

One night the wind had borne the scent of stale meat, and with the odor had come a clanking, grinding sound. A coyote leaped at the end of a chain and ground his teeth against the steel thing that clamped his foot.

Later they had passed near a steer his father had killed two nights before. Two coyotes lay there dead and bloated, while a third ran in crazy circles and went into a series of horrible convulsions with a rattling cough in his throat before he died. He knew then that it was unsafe even to return to previous kills of their own.

All over the range the wolf family had found tempting bits of meat and fat. Flash had not known that each rider was furnished with strychnine to poison the carcass of every dead steer on the range; that they cut off those bits of meat, filled them with the deadly crystals and scattered them about for the coyotes to pick up.

His parents had known—and a wicked snap had warned the pups away from every such tempting morsel that they found. One of his sisters had broken over and swallowed just one tiny scrap, flattening her ears in anticipation of feeling her mother's teeth at this infraction of the rules. Instead, agony had clutched her from within. The rest of them had watched her die as the mad coyote had.

From these things Flash had come to know that the scent of cold meat meant not food, but death, and that only warm, quivering flesh was safe to eat.

Once more the blood of his ancestors exerted their cross currents in his puppy heart. Hunger and the doglike affection he was beginning to feel for Moran spurred the desire to take the food; wolf suspicion of man and the things he had seen of their works against his kind combined with his dread of the cold-meat scent to hold him back. He compromised by licking the meat Moran held out to him, but refusing to take it in his mouth. Evening of the second day found Moran still patiently tempting him to eat.

A horse clattered into the yard and Ash Brent dismounted before the house. His horse flinched nervously away from him as he stooped to loosen the cinch and Brent jerked savagely on the reins until blood trickled from the ends of the heavy spade bit.

He strode to the door and stood looking in—a big man with a too-small head set low upon wide shoulders. His light eyebrows showed up white against the baked red of his skin and from beneath them a pair of cold blue eyes peered bleakly forth upon the world and saw no good therein.

"Hello, Moran! I want to see Harmon," he said by way of greeting. "Is he anywhere round?"

"I'm looking for him any minute," said Moran. "Come in, Brent. Come in and wait."

The cordiality of the invitation masked Moran's vast dislike of this man—this maltreater of horses and cows. Moran was but a visitor at the ranger's, and Brent's business was with his host, so he could not reveal his real feeling for the man.

But toleration passed for friendship with Brent. Even in this new country peopled by hard men no one of them accorded him a warmer regard than that—and he paid them back in kind.

Rough men whose own hands were by no means light with horses shook their heads, disgusted by each new tale that was heard on the Grey Bull of Brent's frenzied atrocity when roused by some nervous or refractory horse.

"What have you drug in now?" Brent asked as he entered, jerking his thumb at the wolf pup.

"That's my new dog," said Moran. "What do you think of him?"

Brent's mouth expanded in a mirthless grin.

"He's a sulky little brute," he said. "Can't you make him eat?"

"That's intelligence," Moran explained. "His early training taught him not to gulp down everything he sees. I've only had him a day or two. He'll come out of it as soon as confidence in me overcomes that wolf caution of his."

As the two men talked the wolf pup noted their difference of tone. Then, too, they gave off a different scent. Moran's was friendly and quieting, while Brent radiated an atmosphere of cold-blooded cruelty toward every living thing. His only ascendancy over beasts would be the rule of fear.

Flash was already beginning to classify the world of men. Those who do not know speak of animal instinct

(Continued on Page 103)

"There Goes the Rest of Your Family, Pup," Said Moran. "You're an Orphan Now"

# THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

## By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IX

SUGDEN, at his desk in the club, which was growing so rapidly that it now occupied three big floors, reported five hundred members instead of four hundred; and a thousand associates; and a gross business that had once run close to $100,000 a week.

"But, of course, the overhead's increasing all the time," said Sugden, "and clerical help costs like fury. And the directors insist on my hiring a lot of people I don't want. You made a bull, John, when you framed your by-laws so I couldn't spend more than a fixed amount for overhead without their permission. They don't give me permission unless I let 'em name the personnel. And I ordered twelve more telephones a month ago, and they haven't come yet, so our delivery cost's getting atrocious."

"Well, what'll the rebate be?"

"Twenty-four per cent, I hoped. But the directors mauled me into some bum contracts, and your friend Kellogg's doing some plans for an eighth-of-a-million-dollar building, and the directors are talking about a building fund, so they may have to cut the actual rebate down to ten."

Mr. Bangs flinched.

"What's the architect's fee, Walter?"

"Oh, he volunteered to cut his rate for the club, but they thought it wasn't fair. Regular fee—five per cent."

Mr. Bangs bottled up his rage, which accrued to him partly because Kellogg was going to earn a fat fee, partly because the club had refused to accept a cut, and principally because Henry hadn't said anything about the windfall—but he reflected that, at the worst, conditions were hardly better than they used to be. He moodily resolved to delay as long as possible the employment of the cook, but Sylvia barely glanced up from her accounts.

"This is funny, Bruno."

"What is?"

"Why, this bunch of bills. Did Mr. Sugden say what our rebate would be? Because if it isn't at least twenty per cent, it's going to cost us just as much a month to live as it did before. And it was taking all your income for us to get along then."

"That's the car," said Mr. Bangs shortly.

"Yes, but I'm not counting the car. And besides, we bought it on what we figured we'd save! And it looks to me as though we'd bought an awful lot of other things out of what we saved. And it was only a hundred and fifty dollars anyway."

Mr. Bangs gritted his teeth. "Still, it's a lot better than being robbed by the retailers. I see another butcher shop closed today. By George! I'm glad of it! With thirty thousand people in Wellington we didn't need half as many shops as we had. The ones that are left will have a decent chance to make some money. Have a good time to-day, honey?"

"Not very."

"Play bridge?"

She looked at him sidewise. "The bridge club's disbanded, Bruno."

"Disbanded!"

Sylvia nodded. "Announced this morning. Oh, Bruno, I'm not going to be silly about it, but honestly it hurts. I didn't mean to tell you at all. Only—only I had a—I heard directly—they're going to play bridge up there just the same, without me. Four tables instead of three, and Ruth and Helen are going. And it's on account of you and Mr. Sugden. The Bowkers are saying that if it hadn't been for your dragging him in we'd been ten thousand dollars better off."

Mr. Bangs went white. Sylvia had never seen him so angry as this, and he frightened her. Yet his voice, when he spoke, was as gentle as though he were calming a child:

"That's coöperation, Sylvia. You and I plan to cut down the high cost of living, get an organization—and what happens? Everybody wants a private graft; everybody wants to use it for some infernal ambition or other. They get to bickering about things that haven't anything to do with the purpose of the club—and then they blame us. The bosses do—the people we know can't. I've been thinking it over. You can't always blame the other fellow for charging you high prices. I haven't noticed any car conductors or telephone operators getting rich. And my stenographer's got the right spirit. Her union wanted more money, but she says she feels she's got a bigger obligation to me, because her living expenses haven't really anything to do with what she's worth to me. They're as much up against it as we are. And simply to get together on coöperative buying isn't a universal panacea either; not unless you work and save. It doesn't settle this thing from our side any more than the unions settle it on the other side. It's a hold-up game. And the bosses get fat whether the members do or not. They can say what they like about us—I'm through."

"Through?" she faltered.

Mr. Bangs gestured forcibly. "Oh, don't get excited about it. We may have to give up the car and the cook both, but what's that in a lifetime?" He took up the restless pacing of the floor that was so familiar to her. "They're going to kill it, Sylvia; they're going to kill it. And it would have worked if they'd only stuck to their knitting and behaved themselves. Oh, when I say I'm through I don't mean that I'm going to kick up any riot. It isn't worth it. I'm not even going to resign. I'm going to work twice as hard and save twice as hard, and I'm going to regard it as my job to try to make the club see daylight. And the main thing they've got to see is that the community isn't just us—it's everybody. And to let the club get a strangle hold on the community is just as bad as to have the unions get it. Worse, maybe. We know what we're doing. And the very first thing is to get politics and society out of it—and that means the Bowkers. This bridge business is Bowker politics, and it's the most rottenly managed politics I ever heard of. They figure I'm no use to them—I'm on the other side of the fence—and Henry and Rupert are of use. Henry and Rupert control some votes. I always knew the Bowkers were stupid, but this is the worst stupidness I ever heard. I'll get 'em for that!"

Sylvia started. "You're aiming pretty high, Bruno, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I've got to." He thought a moment. "It's too bad we can't count on either the Eversons or the Kelloggs, but Bowker's got 'em right where he wants 'em; he's thrown business their way, and he's done it to dozens of others who didn't like him before that. And he's against us because he can blame Sugden and me for anything that hasn't been right so far. They think we're the agitators against 'em; and they're dead right. Thank the Lord, you wouldn't let me be an officer! Now, how on earth are we going to get 'em out?"

"What's more important, Bruno, is, when can I have a cook?"

"Deary, I'm afraid ——"

"But, Bruno, I'm going to have one! If everybody else can strike I can too. You promised one to me, and I'm going to have her."

"But I can't afford it, Sylvia! And I'm satisfied with ——"

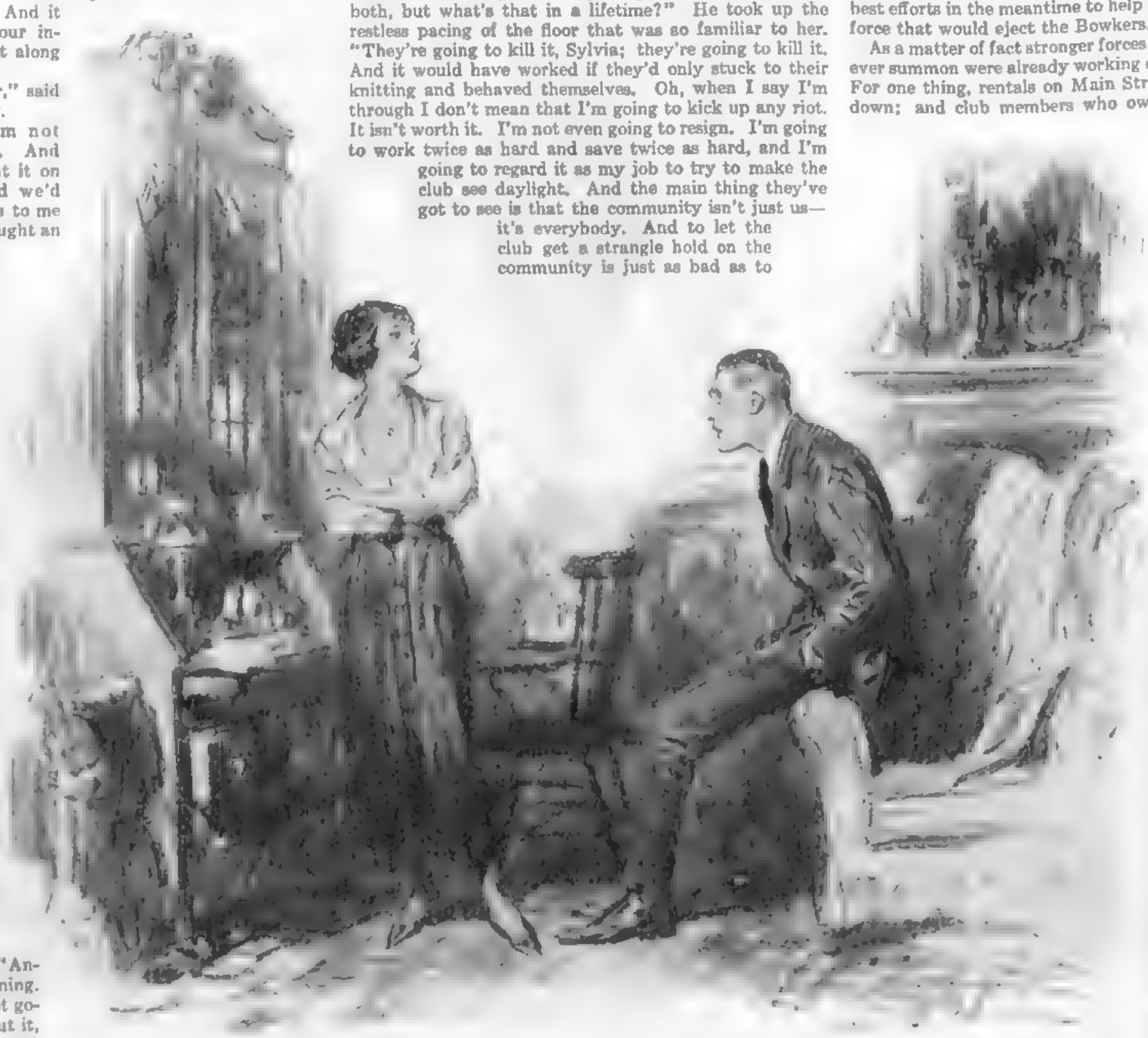
"Then we can sell the car," she said. "I've stood this just as long as I can. I don't care if you are satisfied, I'm not! I'll do housework, and I'll look after baby, but I'm not a cook and I never was, and that isn't what you married me for, and I won't cook! Now!"

Despairingly he pleaded with her and eventually compromised. He would try to see his way clear, within two weeks, to hire a cook, provided that Sylvia would use her best efforts in the meantime to help him put in motion the force that would eject the Bowkers.

As a matter of fact stronger forces than Mr. Bangs could ever summon were already working on that same problem. For one thing, rentals on Main Street were slowly going down; and club members who owned real estate there were astonished to discover that rentals decreased faster than club rebates accrued. For another thing, the membership had become top-heavy, and the overhead was daily leaping skyward. Finally, the club was doing so much business that individual orders began to go astray; it was virtually impossible to get deliveries on time; and some members claimed that there was a difference in the quality.

To cap the climax, the retailers' association divided itself into several sections and began to use strategy.

The grocery section, for illustration, had a small warehouse of its own, and began buying coöperatively and distributing as before; and the other sections followed its example. The retail prices of almost every common commodity dropped appreciably. Not so mysteriously, four hundred of the associate members of the reform club ceased to deal with it.



"If You are Satisfied, I'm Not! I'm Not a Cook and I Never Was, and That Isn't What You Married Me for, and I Won't Cook!"

"And reason enough," said Sugden. "We gave 'em ten per cent off, and made a profit. Now that the retailers are buying in bulk they can sell about as cheap as we can. Why? Overhead. Why, man, you fellows in the club want a twenty-five-per-cent rebate on the gross business, don't you? And you want it with all sorts of queer games going on too. The directors won't let me alone a second. Well, an individual can take five per cent on his turnover and make a fat living on it. A mighty fat one. Because he can hire and fire as he pleases, and keep down his overhead to suit himself. And if they'd got together before there wouldn't have been any need of your club, would there? And one curious factor of it is that this reduction in retail prices doesn't make you any more money but it knocks my commission down out of sight. Think it over."

"We haven't had a strike in Wellington in two months, though," said Mr. Bangs.

"True. People saved money by trading here. And between that saving and the normal little wage advances they've had they were fairly well satisfied. And besides, the real reason there haven't been any strikes isn't the club—it's because everybody's been waiting to see if the club would really do anything. But the associates don't need us any more. And their dropping out cuts into our profits pretty deep. Last quarter, you see, we gave them ten per cent, and then we made about fourteen on their business."

Mr. Bangs drew a long breath. "Walter, I'm going to ask you a straight question: How long do you think this club will keep going after you've gone?"

"Oh, less than a year," said Sugden soberly.

Mr. Bangs' jaw sagged. "Is that your honest opinion?"

Sugden became very serious. "John, these schemes almost never work among people like you. They almost always work among working people. Why? Because you won't ever stick together. When I first came here, and somebody asked if a club like this was practicable, I said yes, if you stuck together. But you don't. You won't. You get shunted off. You play horse with it. Some of you want to use it like a raft to float you into politics. Some of you are trying to make money out of it direct. You won't let it alone.

"Do you know why the unions are so strong? It's because no matter what happens they know enough to stick together. You've planned a sort of union, to strike against high prices. And then you let your leaders honeycomb it with side issues. The retailers' association will beat the club to a finish. Why? Because it'll stick to one idea—making a living for its members. Think that over. They won't put up a big building, with members cashing in on land, on architecture and construction, and all the odds and ends. They won't invent fancy jobs for their friends. They'll buy where they can buy the cheapest. They'll watch the pennies.

"And this club hasn't actually saved you people a nickel—not really saved it. Why not? Because you've all wanted the savings—every one of you. Why, John, half our business is in luxuries. And I checked up last quarter, and found that in the week after the rebate checks went out there was a perfect flood of orders for nonessential things. That isn't saving—it's robbing Peter to pay Paul. You've done some of it yourself, old man. I know you have. I'm hoping sometime to find a crowd that will stick together and play the game, but this isn't it.

"By the way, Bowker's asked me when the quarterly meeting comes, and I step out, to recommend his son-in-law for my job. I've looked the boy up. He's getting three thousand a year now. That's part of the answer. I suppose you'll all sit back and let him get away with it, and then wonder why the club's losing efficiency."

Mr. Bangs nodded soberly. "You don't have to sell me on it. What would you think of the ethics of my going out to pillory Bowker? Would it injure the club too much?"

Sugden grinned and reached into a pigeonhole of his desk. "This is confidential. But since the retailers began to buy as a group, and lowered their prices, these resignations of active members have come in. Twenty-seven. The mayor's one of 'em—he's seen he can't afford to stay in any longer. It would kill him politically. I rather doubt if they're talking about it, though, outside. Does that tell you anything?"

Mr. Bangs was horrified.

"But—the retailers said they wouldn't trade with anybody who ——"

"Oh, rubbish! That was just for a feeler. They won't cut off their own noses. And I'll show you something else. Here's a list of clerks and stenos, and so on, I've had to hire under pressure of one director or another—forty-two of 'em. I've kept that for a purpose. Just now I can't object too strenuously, because I'm tied up on a contract, and I don't want to wreck anything, but—notice their salaries? And I've got one more juicy bit for you. I've been looking for a chance to tell you. That land we bought. Owned by New York parties. Yes; two cousins of Bowker's. I had a hunch that there was a family party somewhere, so I chased down the title and then the owners. They bought it eighteen months ago for twelve thousand. So when I say you'll last a year, that's liberal. And one last word, whether you decide to do anything about this or not, the retailers are looking for a good lawyer. In view of all the circumstances I don't know why you shouldn't represent them. Do you?"

x

HELEN KELLOGG, whose husband was busily engaged with his drafting, came over with heightened color to talk to Sylvia.

"My dear! The most outrageous thing you ever heard of in all your life!

*The Voice Drifted to Them Through the Portal. "Well," Mr. Bowker Was Saying, "There's a Good Dinner Thrown Away on a Couple of Ingrates"*

They say Mr. Bowker made a big personal profit on that land deal! I think that's awful, don't you? And there's a terrible squabble going on in the board of directors. It's some of the men against Mrs. Bowker. Somebody said if she couldn't leave her society manner at home they couldn't afford to waste any more time over it. They said if she couldn't remember she was a chairman and not a hostess they'd give it up. And the service is getting something dreadful, isn't it?"

Sylvia agreed disarmingly. "You can't get everything for nothing, you know."

"What puzzles me the most, though, is why we aren't saving any money. I've just been over my bills. Have you?"

Sylvia smiled unseen. "I notice you've got a maid finally."

"Oh, yes. Henry thought we were saving so much we could afford that. But between ourselves, dear, I'm beginning to wonder if the club isn't going to the dogs."

"It was a mistake to plan to build, I think."

"Oh, do you? I don't," said Helen ingenuously. "I think that part of it was perfectly sensible. But all this talk about buying the Herald, and that sort of thing—well, personally, I don't think it's anything but a waste of good money."

Sylvia preferred to be diplomatic about this, but the signs of a club revolution were as clear to her as the signs of her own revolution if she didn't get a cook. It was Mrs. Director Johnson—her husband owned the Herald—who led the agitation to let the building contract—if let to Mr. Councilor Hendrix—only on a cost plus five per cent basis. Mrs. Johnson thought that for Councilor Hendrix to make his usual ten per cent profit on that contract would be positively unfair.

Mrs. Hendrix, however, was quick to point out that Mrs. Johnson's niece, who had married the son of Mrs. Director Vaughn, was assistant secretary of the club, with a salary exactly twice what she had ever earned before. Beyond that, Mr. Vaughn was the local coal magnate, and the club had given him a practical monopoly.

But Mrs. Vaughn minimized this, and retorted that it was very funny that Councilor Hendrix had always been anti-Bowker until Mrs. Hendrix had wormed her way into Mrs. Bowker's bridge club, and it was funnier yet that Councilor Hendrix had got the building contract without competition.

So it always goes when there are more pickers than there are plums.

But all these eruptive disturbances were as nothing when the news leaked out that Mr. Bangs had accepted a retainer from the retailers' association. The council frothed with it, and the directorate boiled, and Mrs. Bowker herself came regally to cross-examine Sylvia and get the facts. To her mystified annoyance Sylvia appeared to see something very ludicrous in the situation. Sylvia and Mr. Bangs had debated lengthily over the expenditure of that retainer, and they had come to a very excellent understanding. For the first time in her married life Sylvia could feel that she was earning her allowance, and not merely parasiting it; and Mr. Bangs could feel that Sylvia was managing the home exactly as she wanted to, and that it was her own fault if she weren't.

"Why, he's a lawyer," said Sylvia, "and that's his regular business, and why shouldn't he have clients?"

"But, my dear girl," said Mrs. Bowker in her most elevated tone, "the purposes of the retailers' association are diametrically opposed to ours!"

"Oh, not at all. They want to cut down costs too."

"Surely, my dear, surely—but suppose there should come a time when Mr. Bangs should have to decide between his client and his club—suppose it came to a question between his fees as a lawyer and his duty to our organization—how could he decide between them? Isn't it rather a risk, my dear? Isn't it rather a risk to allow a personal gain to creep into this?"

Sylvia's laugh was unaffected. "Why, Mrs. Bowker, as far as I can judge, John's about the only man in the club who hasn't made any money out of it; and when this is something entirely separate ——"

"You're quite mistaken, Sylvia."

"Am I? Suppose Mr. Hendrix has to decide between doing us the cheapest possible building, and a little more extravagant one—when he gets a percentage of the cost, no matter what it is?

"Suppose Mr. Johnson has to decide between a low price and a high price for the Herald, when he knows the directors voted to buy it, and put a limit price on it before they spoke to him? Is he going to offer to take less than he knows they'll pay? I can't see that John's risking more than anybody else."

Mrs. Bowker played her last card. "But for several years, my dear, Mr. Bangs has had practically no practice. He's managed estates. He hasn't been either a counselor or a pleader. And for him to take, as his very first client, the retailers' association ——"

"John and I have made up our minds," said Sylvia a trifle more recessively, "that the best way for me to live is for John to do a little more work and for me to spend a little less money. And I don't honestly think, Mrs. Bowker, that it concerns much of anybody but John and me."

*(Continued on Page 75)*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 22, 1919


## Representatives of Labor?

ONE salient fact stares out in the testimony of the steel-strike leaders before the Senatorial Committee like a searchlight from a black river: These men did not know their own business—from their own standpoint.

Did they know figures about the wages in the steel industry? They did not—and said so. Did they know facts about the actual hours that men worked in the steel industry? They did not. Did they know what percentage of employees—if any—were being physically crushed by overwork, as they freely claimed? They did not.

On the other hand, they knew and talked at length on a variety of things which were dark and sonorous in the telling but which proved on investigation either not to be so or to have nothing whatever to do with their case.

Leave aside the question of right or wrong in the steel strike. Look at it entirely from the standpoint of the striker who wants to win something. What kind of men are these, to hire to represent you and present your case?

The method and character of the representation of labor is much discussed these days. It should be. It is a central point of interest for all parties concerned. But labor for its own self-interest cannot want leaders who have shown the country at large—on their own testimony—that they do not know all the facts about the business under discussion.

## The Foundations of Society

G. K. CHESTERTON, discussing Germany's debonair light-mindedness about her treaty engagements at the opening of the war, pointed out that her course of action was worse than war; it was a destruction of civilization. Because one corner stone of man's living in civilized society is the knowledge that the other man's promise will be fulfilled.

Now, we all remember still what we said of Germany; and what we said of her by instinct is exactly what Chesterton remarked of her in somewhat different language. The words we use for the man or woman who deliberately breaks faith are the old short, sharp, ugly words that lie far down at the bottom of the well of speech. "God hates a liar" is an expression of emotion which has been in common use now off and on for fifty to a hundred thousand years. For one of the earliest of our discoveries was that man cannot live in a world populated by liars, because in brief time there would not be any world to live in.

There are powerful influences at work to-day to lead organized labor to break faith habitually. If they cannot bring about this action in a comparatively straightforward way, as Germany did through her own officials, they propose to laborers to slip off in a body and repudiate their own organization. In this way, where they are successful, their efforts will have one practical result—to give labor the reputation of a common liar, which by the unanimous racial testimony of some hundred thousand years means that labor in any organized form will—if this opinion should become universal—be wiped out.

This, however, the promoters of this movement assure us, is just the thing—in fact a matter of principle with them; for their fundamental purpose is to erect a new society, a new social contract on a general wreckage of the good faith of the old.

They will—if they can. And anyone of common sense would know instinctively, even in default of the object lesson now being staged in Russia, just what kind of society it would be. It would have just the same chance of success as a marriage between the defendant and the corespondent in a particularly nasty divorce suit, and for precisely the same reason.

## Bonds and Stocks

IT BEGINS to look as if the monopoly of investment favor which stocks have enjoyed in the last three or four years had begun to weaken. An overwhelming desire for shares in enterprises which offered large, if speculative, returns has been the striking feature of the markets. Investors fairly hooted at the idea of buying bonds. What they wanted was large profits.

The high cost of living, the prevailing inflation, proved facile arguments, ready at hand for anyone with the least inclination to speculate.

In a period of feverish activity, of mounting prices for all classes of goods and unheard-of rewards for the successful manufacturer and producer, it was certain that many stocks would pay high dividends. The inevitable consequence was a rush of capital into these shares. Any appetite that remained for fixed-interest-bearing bonds was more than surfeited by the five Liberty Loans. Individual investors and investing institutions, such as insurance companies and savings banks, were obliged to take more than they really wanted of these government issues. Other bonds suffered by neglect, and the Liberties themselves discouraged their most ardent friends by slowly sinking under their own weight.

But now the war is over and the Government no longer drains the money resources of the country. The peak of inflation has quite possibly been reached. Certainly the strain upon the productive energies of the country is already lessened. Tens of thousands of the newly rich will probably seek to invest at least part of their profits in fixed-interest bonds. There will be no more Liberty Loans, and the treasury has reduced the floating supply by nearly a billion dollars through the operation of a sinking fund. Already there has been a considerable advance in the price of all the various issues.

Even if times continue very good indeed, we can hardly look for the excessive profits and dividends of the last few years.

The investor who now has money to put out must consider with great care whether he prefers risk and the continued chance of large profits or certainty and only a moderate income. Does he wish to put all his funds into stock, thereby serving to guarantee some other investor's bonds, or does he prefer to have someone else guarantee him against loss, and enjoy the resulting feeling of security?

## The Investor's Melting Tale

I AM THE owner, said the man, of a bond of a great public utility company. I bought it largely because it was offered by the greatest and most reputable security houses in the country—accompanied by a signed report by the corporation's president showing that its earnings would be much more than sufficient to cover my bond's interest. Several hundred, probably several thousand, other people with me contributed the tens of millions needed by the company.

The property did not earn the amount necessary for my interest. This is of course sad, said the speaker, in and of itself. But it is by no means my whole story. The politicians in control of the city government are now in a state of highly inflamed sympathy for the poor man who patronizes the public utility—and furnishes, they may assume, the greatest number of votes in the municipality. They are determined that he shall pay no more for his service. They have the power to prevent it.

And they point with much pride to the circular which made me buy my bond—signed, sealed and delivered as above stated by me—thus showing the world with absolute certainty that they are fully justified in not giving my company more income—and that the great financiers all know this.

The politicians, if they hold their present position long enough, will certainly bankrupt this property. There is no one in the whole situation who doubts this. There is a sad outlook for that company—like, I suppose, several other thousands of its kind throughout the country; and incidentally, I may also say, for me!

This saving and investing of money in the United States to-day is a great life, said the investor concluding, if you don't weaken.

## Crusaders of Cleanliness

"THE section I am captain of is not in a very bad condition, but there is room, I think, for a three hundred per cent improvement." Thus ardent—or naïve—was the report of a high-school student who volunteered his services as block captain in a permanent campaign to better sanitary conditions in New York City's streets. What a nation of veritable spotless towns would be ours if only every citizen purposed to burnish his particular street until in cleanliness it was thrice nearer heaven.

Residential beauty, of course, is only stone-deep—really incidental to the far more important fact that a city's health is charted largely by the temper of its gutters. Formal public-spirited recognition of that fact was given by the Merchants' Association of New York two years ago this month, when the leading business men instituted their Anti-Litter Bureau.

By means of addresses and literature the bureau enlisted about a thousand assistants from among the city's high-school pupils, housewives, women's police reserves and business houses. Fortified with identification cards and badges and backed by the city's ordinances to enforce—if need be—their mission, each of the recruits was appointed captain of the block or square in which he or she lived. Daily tours of inspection, with polite notice to householder or storekeeper that the law was being violated in uncovered garbage cans or unswept sidewalks—two of sixteen commonplace offenses—soon worked toward ridding pavements and vacant lots of potential disease nests.

A word of appreciation here for the volunteers. There are none of the thrills of crime detection in swooping down righteously upon a cat, that having given up grudgingly its ninth ghost has been allowed to lie in state beneath some billboard or at some alley corner. In seeing to its removal there is nothing of poetry, but much of health.

The crusaders of cleanliness are supplied with pamphlets printed in three languages, stating the law in the matter. These they distribute, and when repeated admonitions are ignored the captains notify the police officer on post. Summonses to court have charms when soft words haven't.

Any city whose public service commission, for example, contemplates emulation of the Merchants' Association plan will be interested in the method in which progress is recorded. In the Anti-Litter Bureau's office hangs a large city map over which are scattered pins with black, gray and white tops. Each pin represents a worker—there are four thousand of them now—and his pin takes its color from the condition of his district—black if it is bad, gray if it is fair and white if it is good. The markers are changed to correspond with the monthly reports submitted on printed forms by the captains. The map is, therefore, a comprehensive barometer of the city's degree of spick-and-spanness. And the bureau is speeding that millennial day when the map will show nothing but white pins.

# THE SUBMERGED MAJORITY

## By E. W. HOWE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

MY NEIGHBOR, Jim Ayers, was telling the other day that when he was a boy living in rural Virginia he started one morning with his brother Dan for a Sunday school four miles away. As they walked along, barefoot, they heard a terrifying noise which seemed to come from a big woods far off on the right. They were simple country boys, and having never seen much the strange rumble in the distance became so unusual that they determined to go over and see what was going on, taking the risk of being whipped for disobeying orders.

So they walked from ten o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, the noise and the roads all the time becoming worse. They were chased by strange dogs and scratched by briers; they ate raw turnips for dinner and waded streams, but kept on; and at last they walked into the Battle of Bull Run.

I have been thinking lately that the American people have innocently walked into a row as unusual and terrifying as those two country boys walked into nearly sixty years ago.

Perhaps it is only fair to the reader to say at the beginning that I am neither a statesman nor a business man nor connected with active affairs of any kind. I am only one of the submerged majority, having little influence on public affairs. Indeed, for several years I have been in complete retirement on a farm, except for occasional forays into distant and crowded places. But through my watch tower, from which I observe the busy world, there filters a procession of newspapers, magazines and books enabling me to form opinions without being jostled. I am content to accept the judgment of you gentlemen still in harness. I sincerely trust your decisions will be as wise and just as possible. I am still interested to the extent that I must pay the regular taxes you assess, as well as my proportion of the new taxation called Propaganda. In presenting a tax program a German official was recently quoted as saying: "I am frank to confess that it is brutal." This expression caused a good many Americans to prick up their ears; they felt a disposition to mark that sentence in their newspaper for future reference.

I suppose every busy man resolves to retire from active life somewhere round sixty, and live thereafter at ease on his rainy-day money. Few actually do it, as the proper opportunity does not present itself. So the majority of elderly men, after many hurried repairs, remain on the road in competition with 1920 models, and function after a fashion until the old machine goes to the scrap heap.

### Too Many Wheels for the Tinkers

I ACTUALLY quit active life near my sixtieth birthday, after great activity from the age of thirteen, when my father placed me in a printing office and gave me stints to perform every day—or take the consequences at night. After I passed from my father's control I had other masters, for I lived in the old days of long hours. In my employment on morning papers we began at two P. M., and were rarely in bed before three the following morning. And employers and foremen were autocrats in those days; modern workmen know little of the bosses I was compelled to satisfy in order to hold a job.

After I became my own master I found I still had a driver: A family of children growing up, ambition to own my home and business, and, most important of all, an active opposition; so that until I turned my business over to my sons I was a hard worker. In my day the Old Man was expected to be able to do anything about the shop; and if he got along pretty well he did a good deal of it.

In the present idle and reflective time of my life I observe that in the evening when I visit my brother, who lives near, we discuss current events until late. Formerly we were able to settle world affairs by nine o'clock, when he proceeded to wind the clock in preparation for bed, and as a hint for me to go; but lately so much is going on that more time is required. From the humblest to the greatest I note a feeling of apprehension. A sound national policy is even more important than a sound individual policy, since a bad national policy may mean final disaster to millions, whereas a bad individual policy may mean only disaster to an individual and his family. Occasionally we have jumped from the fire into the frying pan, but progress in public affairs has been distressingly slow. Individuals have accomplished great results, but en masse the people are lamentably ineffective. Mischievous new thought is being distributed as liberally as a weed throws its seeds to the four winds.

A tinker appeared in a rural community one day, and a clock being given him to mend he worked at it a considerable time, all the while telling how capable he was in fixing things and how fortunate it was he appeared just when he did. When he was ready to go and about to receive his pay the farmer noticed that a wheel had been left out.

The tinker's attention being called to the omission he said cheerily: "Oh, that's all right; that's what's the matter with it."

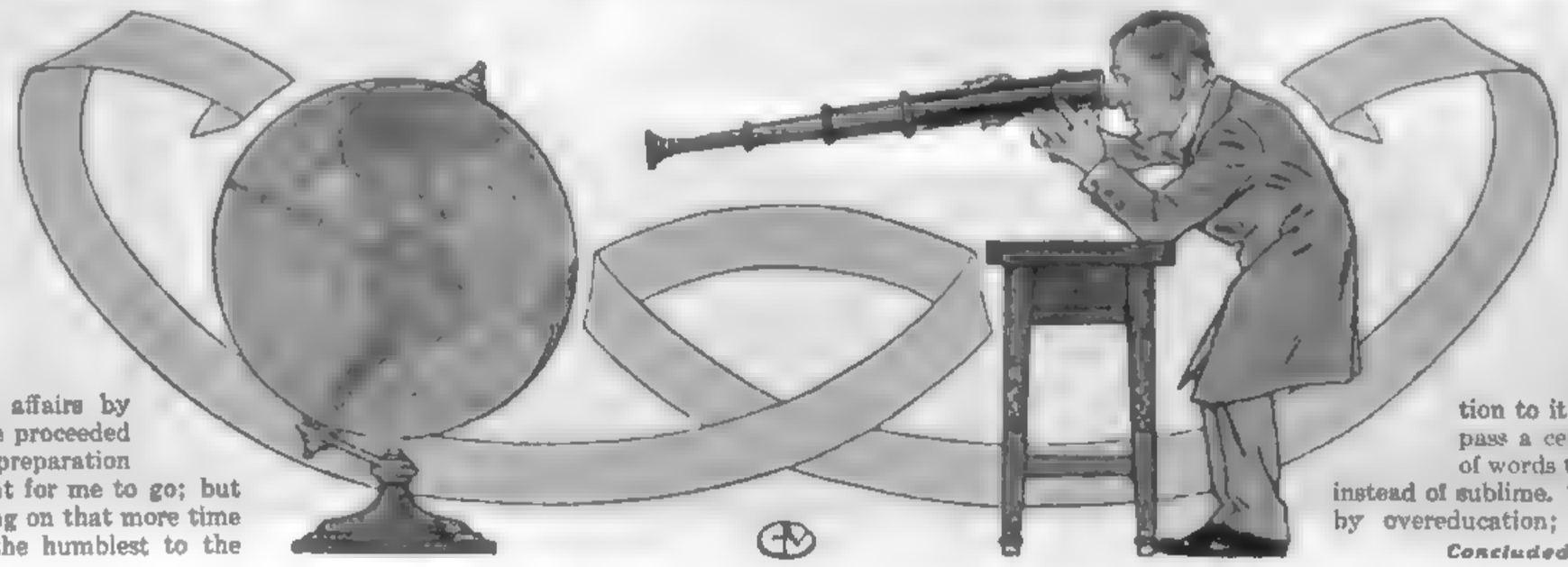
In fixing the country's troubles our national tinkers have left out a wheel here and there, and the machinery no longer functions properly.

People have too much leaning toward the insurgent. I once knew a little girl who when she held her breath and kicked and screamed attracted the attention of the entire neighborhood. Her name was Susie, and when Susie went on the rampage her own mother cried, it was so terrible. And the neighbors said: "There is a good deal to be said on Susie's side!"

But there wasn't; Susie's mother was a fine woman, and Susie certainly the worst child in the neighborhood.

I was much interested the other day in a statement that a famous fast train between two important cities had been taken off.

Passengers complained of discomfort, the wear and tear on the machinery was tremendous, and accidents were very disastrous when they occurred, because of the great speed. So the flyer, a modern accomplishment of which we boasted much, was taken off, and its work is now being accomplished by slower, safer and less expensive trains, with everybody better satisfied.



We might quit with profit, safety and comfort some other too progressive habits.

Our trouble is not lack of good men; I sometimes think the trouble is our leaders are too good, as are our newspapers. We are a nation of Great Hearts, always demanding progress; our Oliver Twists are forever holding conventions, demanding more, and getting it.

Nor do we lack prosperity; it may be that the threat to our government comes from prosperity rather than from lack of it. The sales of automobiles alone are proof sufficient that history has not afforded another people so generally prosperous as we are to-day, though in our gloomy hours we claim to be slaves.

Truly we Americans are singularly blessed by the gods. As H. L. Mencken expresses it:

"To be an American is to be the noblest, the proudest, the grandest mammal that ever hoofed over God's green footstool. Often in the black abysm of the night the thought that I am one awakens me like a blast of trumpets, and I am thrown into a cold sweat by contemplation of the fact. I shall cherish it on the scaffold; it will console me in hell."

But there is no perfection; even an American has his small blemishes, his scarcely discernible weaknesses, his minute traces of folly. And as the children say, "What goes up must come down." There is much in the air now; it is the future and not the present we have to fear.

When I was a young fellow I joined a lodge, and after I had been initiated, with great humiliation to myself and amusement to the others, the Grand Potentate said: "We will now open under the head of the Good of the Order."

That made an impression on me; for the members talked seriously after their fun with me and discussed the general good. May not the American people with profit to themselves hold a session for the Good of the Order, and seriously talk over their affairs, which have certainly become confused?

### Philosophy Drowned in Sentiment

I LATELY encountered a striking sentence from Iliya Metchnikof, admittedly a man of great intellect and learning. He belonged to a body of men who forsaking the world gave up the rivalries and personal interests of ordinary men, and sharing their goods and their work lived in austere devotion to the good of humanity. A writer who described the intimate routine of life at the Pasteur Institute compared it with that of a medieval religious community. Iliya Metchnikof was one of the foremost of these; so gentle, so learned, so intelligent that it has been said of him that he is one of half a dozen of the world's greatest men. The opinion of such a man is worth considering. It was Metchnikof who said: "In the course of years philosophy has been drowned in the flood of sentiment and notions, and it has been a great task to restore reason to humanity."

Reason is philosophy, and philosophy is common sense. I know only simple things, and am convinced that others do not know more; if there is truth in the wonderful fancies of which I have heard I must have met with some hint of it in the course of a long and active life. But I know of no really wonderful thing except that we Americans, naturally blessed as no other people ever were, are threatened with disaster.

Every writer and speaker frequently declares: "We are confronted with great problems." I do not believe it; our problems are really simple if we will go about them in a simple way. There were few great problems in the first place, and they have been worked out. Life is not such a complex thing that we must experiment with it forever. The world is full of fine nonsense, and we are paying more attention to it every year. After we pass a certain point in the use of words they become ridiculous instead of sublime. Thousands are injured by overeducation; I have even heard

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# THE TROUBLE DOC

## By Rufus Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE outer door of the dispensary operating room, commonly used for exit purposes only, was forced open from the outside and a moment later a grimy Italian worker was projected into the atmosphere of iodoform by powerful hands.

"There you are, Macaroni," a voice followed the reluctant one—"delivered just as the foreman said. Now tell the doc about it—he ain't a-goin' to hurt yer busted mit."

The door closed briskly and the Italian set his back against it in an attitude of forlorn defense. His right arm was buried under his coat. His eyes, round with fright and moist with pain, swept the operating room. Down the center stretched a row of porcelain basins surmounted by nickeled faucets of strange design. Facing the basins at either side was a long oaken bench divided into a dozen roomy seats by broad flat arms like those of the chairs in a dairy-lunch room. The seats were occupied by workers from many departments of the plant. But the men were not eating. Instead each rested upon the glass-covered arm at his right a bare hand or a bare foot and upon every exposed member there was some indication of what happens when human flesh impedes the movement of revolving or descending steel. The two or three men who made no such display held a piece of cotton to an eye. Both benches were silent. Some of the sitters regarded their injuries fearfully, some stoically and some with a broad grin. The grinning ones were not the freshly damaged, but knowing veterans who had come back for a redressing.

A middle-aged man, roundly plump in a white apron but quick in every action, moved along the rows with an air of simple but positive command. Two male and three female assistants, all similarly aproned, carried out his instructions with nimbleness. Sometimes he applied a salve or whipped a bandage into place himself. His light-blue eyes flitted constantly from the injury to the eyes of his patient.

"Doctor Ethridge," a nurse whispered, "look behind you."

The head of the dispensary turned and gazed at the Italian crouching against the outer door, the right arm still buried in his coat. The physician's smile was of a marvelously softening quality. It could not, however, melt an adamant of ignorance, apprehension and nameless distrust. The Italian responded neither to the smile nor to the gesture inviting him to an unoccupied seat. One of the male assistants took a step forward. He was halted by his chief.

"Don't rush him—it is very important," the chief admonished softly. "That crowd of Italians has been badly treated somewhere. They are so shy the office can't get a line on them. This case may be the open door to an understanding. Go on with your work."

From that moment the Italian, wrestling with things that racked his soul, appeared to have been forgotten.

"You dropped something—a steel wheel with a cogged edge, I should say."

Doctor Ethridge was bending over a lacerated great toe as he spoke.

"A foine guesser yez are—I work in the gear shop," moaned the injured one. "Shure now, Misther Doctor, how many pay days will I be afther missing?"

"You'll be at home only long enough to have the kids get used to you," the physician laughed. "A close shave, but you get off light. Don't worry. I'll phone your foreman to have a pile of gears waiting for you a week from to-day."

"Aw, doctor, bless yer eyes!"

A nurse was whipping a bandage round the toe. Ethridge patted the bare ankle as he glanced once more into the now luminous face. A moment later a Polack with a jagged cut from wrist to knuckles was wincing under the physician's pressure test for fractures.

"Nothing broken," was the cheerful announcement. "You snatched your hand away from that drill just in time to avoid something serious. We'll soon have you as good as new."

The Polack burst forth in his native tongue, causing the man bending over him to beckon one of the nurses.

"Get this for me, Miss Pribo," he begged.

"He wants you to know that he comes of good family in Poland," presently the nurse translated. "His people know Paderewski."

"I know Paderewski too!" exclaimed the physician. "Tell our friend he shall be fixed up all the more quickly for that. I'll notify the mutual benefit and the workmen's compensation officer myself and he'll get every cent he is entitled to while his hand is getting well."

The translation brought a fresh outburst from the injured man, a shower of gratitude that needed no interpreter.

The dispensary head lifted a particle of steel from a lathe operator's eye, sent a molder to the next room to have an X-ray photograph made of a bruised elbow, and skipped along to a newcomer with the fingers of his left hand in a first-aid bandage that took on a deeper crimson with every moment.

"Finger tips off?" Ethridge inquired as he prepared to bare the hand and motioned to a nurse, who immediately stood by with everything he would need.

"Yes!" the man hissed. "The damned punch press came down on my fingers without my operating it at all. The company is no better than a murderer for permitting a dangerous piece of machinery like that in the plant. I'll make them pay big for this if it takes a lifetime."

The physician studied the speaker's face, the smile never leaving his own. The man was forty-five. There was grime under the skin. His eye was entirely clear. A trained worker of many years' experience, the unspoken diagnosis ran, and no liquor back of his accident.

"If what you say is true," the physician announced, "I'll help you make the company pay."

The machinist looked open-mouthed at the man who was deftly caring for his hand.

"You're kidding me!" he cried. "Of course you wouldn't help me fight the company."

"You bet I would," was the reply, "if that punch press came down on you without your setting a foot on the pedal!"

Wonder was eclipsing wrath in the machinist's mind when a question was put to him in quiet tones:

"Everybody well at home to-day?"

(Continued on Page 34)

"I'm So Glad to See You," She Murmured. "I Guess Providence Must Have Sent You"

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Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 32)

The man started. "Everybody isn't," he said. "That's what makes it so rotten to have this accident happen right now. My wife has been in bed a week. Dorothy is big enough to make a stagger at the cooking, but the other kids are too little even to dress themselves."

"I'm mighty sorry." The physician was binding up the fingers separately. "I imagine you got up very early this morning and looked after the wife and the little ones while Dorothy cooked the breakfast."

"Somebody must have told you."

"I'm sure Dorothy is a dandy little girl," the physician went on, "but like most young cooks she can't provide a man the sort of breakfast he is used to. It was a bum breakfast, and having to swallow it in a hurry didn't make it any better. After you had been working an hour or so at your machine you dropped something, didn't you?"

"Well, you seem to know all about it, but I'll tell you. I dropped a small wrench."

"A small wrench." The doctor was nodding. "It skittered round the floor while you bent over and poked under the machine to get a hand on it. About the time you got hold of it you lost your balance and tried to save yourself by grabbing the press with your left hand, didn't you?"

"So help me!" the worker exclaimed. "You couldn't have told things any truer if you had been tied to me from the moment I got out of bed. When I was bending over after the wrench I had a funny little dizzy spell or something—that's why I grabbed the press, you see."

"Exactly! The dizziness is accounted for by half-cooked meat and potatoes too soggy for digestion. Dozens of times I've traced morning dizziness in the plant back to the family breakfast table."

"But the accident!" cried the injured one, straightening himself. "A bum breakfast can't account for that. A bum machine is to blame."

"I have frequently tested those presses with the superintendent of your shop," said the physician slowly. "An elephant is not strong enough to make one of them drop without pressure on the pedal."

The worker's face lost every vestige of color.

"I would have sworn to God I never touched it!" he moaned. "Do you mean I'm to blame and that—and that, therefore, my family must want for things while I'm idle and getting well?"

Ethridge placed a hand on each of the machinist's shoulders. There was immeasurable kindness in his eyes.

"My good friend, men don't know the things they do when they are dizzy," he explained. "In accidents like yours a man is nearly always certain he did not strike the pedal with his foot. Time after time I've heard the same story from men who believed what they said. Happily it makes no difference—the full compensation must be paid you. You won't have any permanent disability—only a stubbiness of some fingers. The van will call at your home and bring you to me every day as long as re-dressing is necessary. But to-night—if you don't mind—I'd like to call round at your house. I want the pleasure of telling little Dorothy and the wife that everything is all right."

Two or three times the machinist tried to say something, but was forced to give it up. He got the other man's hand and squeezed it in the vise of his own.

"I'll be there at seven-thirty," the doctor promised as he noted the man's name and address on the card filled out by a nurse when he entered. "Miss Pribo, tell my chauffeur to drive Mr. Allen home."

As the patient departed through the office the head of the dispensary turned to the little-used outer door. The Italian was crouched against it still. He had seen and heard everything that had taken place. There was nothing to indicate how much he had understood. The physician—without advancing—held out his hands.

*"Sono pronto lei aiutare, amico mio!"* he called. "I am ready to help you now, my friend!"

The Italian straightened up, twisted off the last leash of apprehension and scampered to Ethridge like a puppy which had caught the whistle at last. He held up an injured hand, displaying a foreman's exaggerated idea of first aid; but the flood of his words concerned many things besides what a falling weight had done to his palm. The physician's secretary, Miss Randaw, who spoke seven languages, came to his aid when the labial deluge went beyond his meager knowledge of Italian. She repeated for Ferrani Luigi that he was glad he had found somebody who could understand him and his five hundred brethren in the plant. They were willing to be American. Already some of them knew the language. With his good hand the Italian swept his hat into the air.

"Da Trouble Doc," he shouted—"da t'ree cheer!"

"Git, or I'll Forget About My Family and You'll be Strangled!"

For the Trouble Doc the grand adventure began in 1913. He was then practicing his profession in the chief city of New England. His home was in a good street and his office in another, yet somehow it befell that most of his patients were denizens of a ward crowded with native born who had no knack for getting up the ladder of life and foreign born who would begin scrambling up it as soon as they had learned the quickest route from rung to rung. Here Ethridge fought disease and the evils that come arm in arm with disease with the energies of a zealot. Only one cloud floated in his sky.

"Honey," he asked his wife one day, "why is it other doctors with less practice than I have can give their families limousines and country homes?"

"That, my sweet stupid, is because other doctors pick their patients," she answered him.

A light broke over Ethridge.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I've been so busy trying to save afflicted persons who couldn't or wouldn't pay that I never realized they were keeping me from serving other persons who could load me with things for my wife and daughter. From this moment I pick my patients too!"

Blair Ethridge and his wife laughed and joked and built air castles along their new road to riches. Then the telephone rang. She answered, listened and stopped the mouthpiece with her palm.

"It is those unspeakable Baldinis in Ann Alley again," she announced. "The mother was asking the grocer to phone you to come to two of her brats who are having spasms when she fell in a fit herself. They suppose it is rotten fish. Shall I say you are out of town?"

"Why, of course! Tell 'em—tell 'em ——" He got up and staggered round the floor like a man beside himself "Why, tell 'em—— Oh, Lord, Honey, it isn't the rotten Baldinis! It is my duty to humanity that is calling and if I didn't answer ——"

He grabbed his hat and started toward his bag. She slipped it into his hand and curved an arm about his neck.

"If you didn't answer" she took up his unfinished sentence—"now and as often as any Baldini in the world moans your name, Babe and I should despise ourselves as well as you."

On the way back he saw a young millwright, flitting homeward on a motorcycle to wife and babies, crash and fracture both ankles. An alert stranger—a stocky man with heavy glasses and an executive manner—helped him get the victim onto a store counter, where the first things were attended to by his lightning hands. While the ambulance was coming the young husband and father lost his nerve and went to pieces. Ethridge—forgetting the open eyes and mouths and ears that ringed them in—unraveled his own heart for the kind of bandages that were needed to bind up the boy's. When the ambulance had gone clanging away the alert stranger laid a hand on Ethridge's arm.

"I have been looking for you," he said, "for about five years. I am Alexander Ames, an officer of the Consolidated Motors Company. I should like to persuade you to become a new kind of works physician at our Linden plant, where we employ fifteen thousand men."

Next day in his office Ethridge handed over his medical diploma and Ames handed it back without reading a line.

"I will assume you qualified to set a bone or sew up a gash, and capital cases will be sent to specialists at hospitals outside." The officer of the Motors Company studied his man for some seconds and went on: "I am backing my judgment that you are one who can develop things in a neglected school of healing. I will explain. In big industrial shops hurts and bruises are common. Employers and employees accept them as natural hazards. Plant doctors are always waiting with bandages and lotions. But there are other bruises affecting men's lives and work that are usually ignored. The right kind of a physician should be able to get at them, not because they are subject to medical treatment but because people confide in a doctor about as fully as in a clergyman. Ethridge, I'll know you are my man when you have shown that you can put splints on a fractured spirit and heal a wound or fever of the mind."

Ethridge buckled to business in a modern brick dispensary built to his liking in the midst of the flock of huge plant structures. No doctor, he jokingly told Honey, ever attracted patients more successfully. He opened his doors and they flooded him. They filled his benches and set up on the broad glass-covered arms their display of injured members. As soon as a chair was vacated it was occupied again. He would repair a gashed hand, close and open his eyes—and lo, there was a gashed hand waiting to be mended. Sometimes when he was tired the plant seemed transformed into a monstrous mill whose chief function was to rain victims unending into his white-tiled hopper. It was six months before he got over his fear that he might not be able to keep up with the mill, but from the day the race began he was dreaming of ways eventually to thwart the monster.

Ethridge was in the business of reducing disability. In the theory of industrial operation every employee was earning a profit for the company. The moment an employee became disabled he not only ceased to earn a profit

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# REPUBLIC TIRES

## *With* STAGGARD *Studs*

The two features of design and construction which actually do make Republic Tires last longer, are exclusive to these tires, and these alone.

One is our Prodium Process, which gives to rubber a most uncommon strength and toughness, and a bulldog resistance to wear.

The other is our Staggard Tread, in which the studs are so shaped and placed that all roll with the road, and form a positive, really scientific anti-skid device.

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**The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio**

*Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City*

*Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread*

(Continued from Page 34)

but he shifted from an asset to a liability like a thrown lever. It was neither just nor practicable to replace him while he was temporarily disqualified. Worker's compensation must be paid him. No one but Ethridge could help the situation. He was expected to get the lever ready for swinging back again in the shortest possible time.

There was one thing common to the injured men who flowed through his door that almost appalled the physician: It was the way they accepted their injuries as inevitable. The workers seemed forever to be getting just what they expected. They were satisfied if it befell at a time when they could bear it with only moderate strain.

"It just happened," was the usual explanation of the man supporting a bleeding hand or a bleeding toe on the arm of his chair. If he showed average intelligence he was in for an argument, no matter what language must be brought into play to correct his point of view.

"Things may seem just to happen," Ethridge would answer, "but you bet they really never do! 'Just happened' means ignorance, lack of attention or interference. Find out for yourself what it means, then this sort of trouble will not come to you again."

In establishing the theory for himself Ethridge followed trails that led immediately below the surface. He slashed and dug his way along and in time he was trembling with the thrill of original discovery. He was uncovering and relating the little known. He was clarifying the mainsprings of accidents.

"Miss Randaw," he shouted one day to the efficient lean linguist who served him as interpreter and office assistant, "call in the whole staff quick—I've got things to tell them!"

For days he had been poring over stacks of carefully filled-in cards—the records of thousands of dispensary cases. When the two doctor assistants and the nurses had surged in like a white wave he said:

"Folks, accidents spring from definite causes. They occur in certain ways and the tide of them actually rises and falls at certain hours. We have been slow to perceive this because the re-dressing cases claim our attention so fully between high tides, but I find I can classify accidents—and therefore predict them—according to the clock.

"Accidents begin when work starts in the morning and occur in steadily increasing numbers until ten, when the morning peak is reached. The early ones are likely to be of the more distressing kind. There is a steady descent from ten to twelve, when the noon whistle brings a halt. The first hour of the afternoon is our most peaceful period. Then mishaps take a fresh start and the cases multiply swiftly until the afternoon peak is reached at three. There is a gradual dropping off then until the whistle at five. I do not mean to say that serious accidents may not and do not occur at any hour, but I am giving you the regular movements of the tides. I want you to observe and talk to your patients. Learn all about these tides. Then we shall find whether it is humanly possible to sweep them back or to ease their flow."

The wherefore of ebb and flood was a mystery quickly cleared by Ethridge for himself. Startling as it seemed, accidents were nearly always traceable to a condition of the victim's thought. A different mental state would have spelled prevention. The more he could have to do in mending men's minds, the Trouble Doc concluded, the less he might have to do in mending their bodies. When matter was set in motion in the form of powerful machinery there could be no diverting or dulling of the intelligence without disastrous results. The heavy accidents of the early morning nearly always befell workers who had come with a load of trouble or care from home. They were under stress or excitement; they did not give their full thought to their machines. After a couple of hours procedure was no longer sufficiently automatic to be safe. The accident came.

About this time other men began to give less thought to what they were doing for quite another reason. They were the men who wanted to rush through the job they were on before they knocked off for dinner. Accidents befell them. The men with gnawing troubles and the men in a sudden rush combined to make that morning peak at ten o'clock. The peaceful period of the early afternoon was attributable to the fact that the workers were moving deliberately and carefully while enjoying their digestion. Then would go through the plant a little fever of hurry up. Mishaps would begin to occur in this corner and that. The climax that came at three reflected the haste that was to make up for too much dallying after a full meal and the human liking to skip along so as to wind up the thing in hand with the close of the day.

One thing puzzled the dispensary head for some time. A tabulation covering months showed a peak of accidents that recurred late every Friday. A good many men ate fish on that day, but Linden fish were fresh and easy of digestion. Finally Ethridge rang the accounting office.

"How do you make up the weekly pay roll for the men on piecework?" he inquired; and the answer came: "On the showing they make when the whistle blows Friday night. Lots of them try to double their week's output that very afternoon."

The puzzle was solved.

Ethridge saw that his first step must be to bridge every chasm to the men. He must win their confidence in a dozen languages. He had realized from the first that, while he was still a doctor with a doctor's right to be trusted, he was also a representative of the company. He was rated as on the employers' side, and suffering workers coming to him often held up an injured hand as though the white bandage of first aid was their flag of truce. He strove with all the resources of great-heartedness to get behind their shields. Some were exceedingly slow to drop their guard—there appeared to be a good deal to be done before the average employer would be on a basis of ready understanding with his men. But the Trouble Doc made progress. Again and again men weak in one way or another responded to tactful offers of assistance, and response, however faint, was all that he required. He did things for workers that no list of a plant physician's duties had ever been known to include. Sometimes he could get at groups of men, as when he helped Ferrani Luigi and as many of his brethren as would follow to take the first awkward steps in things American.

He followed the injured home. It was his duty to do this when necessary, but he went to many a patient physically able to come down in the van. He was about his healing business with little medicine in his methods. He looked into the eyes of wives and children—mute and reserved in the presence of a representative of the employer—and before he left them he had established a smiling basis of coöperation. He had made them unafraid. He pried the shutters off darkened windows. He revolutionized kitchens. He spread the foreign born out into more rooms and more air. Light came into the dull faces of swarthy mothers when they were made to feel that a genial prince of this new overwhelming America recognized their existence—and cared. At his direction they lifted the hand of misgiving from their offspring and let them scamper off to the public school.

Men Ethridge had mended continued to drop into the dispensary. They just looked in to say hello. While saying it they talked in low tones of many things they would have sworn had no relation to the plant. The Trouble Doc was laying a corrective hand upon affairs in homes he had never even seen.

Such activities on the part of the plant physician could not fail to attract attention. Tongues wagged busily. Assuming perhaps that the executive offices were blind, two petty officials waited on Ames and presented an unsolicited account of the strange things that were going on. He thanked them without comment or reply. When they had gone he called for the dispensary reports for many weeks past and studied them with an analytical eye. His conclusions were expressed in a laugh of unmixed satisfaction. The petty officials had missed the great fact that was written across the face of these reports:

Ethridge was taking care of accidents and losses before they occurred.

The Trouble Doc looked out from the dispensary upon what to him was an unending tragedy. He watched two of the best-known lame ducks of the plant get together as regularly as noon came round. Peg Higgins kept the side gate. He sat on a cushioned bench with his primitive wooden leg resting across a soap box and motioned to the visitor to come inside if he had a pass or to visit the office and equip himself if he had none. Three minutes after the midday whistle Peg would be joined by Stub Knowles, who had been Superintendent Conway's messenger ever since the four fingers of his right hand were snipped off at the palm. Both men were under thirty-five. Each was rated as a crackajack when his accident came. Sitting on the ground with their backs against the fence, they loved to companion in misery while they fished their dinner out of pails.

To Ethridge they were a constant reminder of the sprinkling of cripples that extended through the works. The cases of serious maiming were not numerous as matters go in plants where all day long men are using tools of monstrous strength to twist and shape stubborn metals, but they were far too numerous in the eyes of Ethridge, who was working toward a day when maimed men might not be regarded as a natural by-product of operation.

There was never any mistaking the lame ducks of industry, for they made no effort to camouflage a loss with an artificial limb as men so often did in the outside world. The Trouble Doc could understand the difference. Pride moved men in the outer world. In the plant world men judged everything from the standpoint of utility and had not learned the utilitarian value of pride. The plant cripples hung shattered and dragging at the point where the accident mill let them drop. The Trouble Doc was in the business of snatching present and future victims away from that mill. As he sat one day watching the doleful dining of Peg and Stub he was electrified by a thought:

Why not reach into the past and try to commute some of the mill's hideous decrees?

While Higgins and Knowles were sprawled on the ground with their food the next day the Trouble Doc sauntered out of the dispensary and tactfully worked himself into the conversation.

"Say, why don't you boys let me get you some first-class artificial limbs?" presently he exclaimed as with a sudden inspiration. "You would look like the other fellows then."

"Tin hands and tin legs don't fool anybody but the chopped-up guy who wears them," observed Stub Knowles dejectedly.

"You would feel more like the other fellows too," the Trouble Doc persisted.

Stub held a cup under a faucet, which he worked painfully with his right elbow, and brought the one-legged man a drink. In exchange Peg handed up a cigarette he had rolled.

"You mean all right, doctor," Higgins declared between swallows, "but lame ducks are like a lodge. People who don't belong just can't understand—that's all."

The Trouble Doc went back to the dispensary puzzled. That afternoon he asked questions of a seasoned foreman while extracting a brass splinter from the man's thumb.

"Yes, a good machinist can lose a finger or a toe and still maintain his cutting edge," declared the old boss in the language of his trade. "But when you take off a hand or a foot you most likely draw the temper of the tool. Usually you might just as well have scrapped the entire man."

Ethridge made a study of the lame ducks round the plant and came to the conclusion that amputation cut deeper into the spirit than it did into the flesh. A man who had paid heavy physical toll to his machine found a job waiting when he was ready to return to work. He would accept a half task and go hobbling about it with the uncertainty of a backward child. His body had suffered, but his thought had suffered more. He was worthless when weighed in the hard balances of his own mind.

The Trouble Doc confided to Honey that he was going to use every energy and every resource to rejuvenate those two broken ones sprawling at the side gate, because if he succeeded the example would send a current through the spines of all the rest.

Ethridge had to devise a way to get at Stub Knowles. The maimed messenger served Conway, a grizzled superintendent of one of the shops, a boss of the old school, who openly condemned the dispensary's methods. Knowles, Ethridge learned, had been trained as a watchmaker back in England, but in his adopted country he had answered the lure of heavier tools and heavier pay and had become one of the cleverest die makers in the plant. A clock in the dispensary went wrong and Stub consented to look it over. It stayed wrong with a persistency that kept the chagrined clock fixer coming back day after day.

Stub was led to reveal the secret of his aversion to an artificial hand. It would not be his hand. When he came in again with a new weight for the clock he found the Trouble Doc messed up with plaster of Paris. He was making casts of the hands of workers of various nationalities, he said. Stub was persuaded to permit a cast of his own good hand to be made to represent the English. He brightened like a new moon at the thought of a cripple getting away with a thing like that. That afternoon the Trouble Doc and an ingenious worker in the tool shop, who was designer and artisan too, were in absorbed consultation over the cast of Stub's capable but singularly shaped paw. You couldn't reverse a cast of a left hand to get a cast for a right, the artisan explained, but by calculation you could work out a right hand that would have the exact shape and characteristics of the other.

A week later Knowles came into the dispensary to receive a nickel wrist watch as a reward for fixing the clock. He agreed that the watch would be safest on his right wrist and held out his stump to have the gift lashed on. In a twinkling the Trouble Doc had slipped something over the stump itself, had shot the thumb through a hole and was buckling the strap of the wrist watch to hold the contrivance firmly in place.

"Put your left hand on the desk, half closed—just as you held it the day we made the cast," ordered the doctor.

The messenger, not comprehending, obeyed. He felt his right arm pushed down—and lo, he was gazing at two hands on the desk as alike as a pair of peas! Artifice had stolen even the color of Nature. There were warts on the one hand and there were warts on its mate.

"Wiggle your thumbs!" shouted Ethridge.

A pudgy digit rotated above the curved fingers of each hand, giving the astonishing illusion that artifice had vanished and that Nature alone remained.

Stub Knowles went all atremble. The doctor eased him down into the swivel chair and a voice as of hope itself spoke softly into his ear: "Of course there was a way out and we have found it. For the present it's our deep secret. Don't let anything in the world make you tell Peg. You are to wear this hand at night in your room until you learn to use it well. Train your thumb and you can do anything. By the first of July we'll be ready for everybody to know about the new Robert Knowles."

Then Ethridge went after Higgins. The gatekeeper had once been a well-paid man in the scrap house because of his ability to appraise and salvage metals. The accident that took off half of his leg and three-quarters of his spirit

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# STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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Conditions will force prices higher next season.

Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for name of local dealer.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
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*The big name in clothes*

**Styleplus Clothes**

Trade Mark Reg.

**$30-$35-$40-$45**

*America's known-priced clothes*

Trade Mark Registered

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appeared to have left his obstinacy unimpaired. The Trouble Doc tried to joke his man into line and failed. He angered him to white heat and got nowhere. He tried the spur of ridicule and got only a pitiful outcry. Then he played a chance card and went to see Peg's wife.

Mrs. Higgins was a big-eyed little creature—hardly more than a girl. She had been a bride when the accident came. She left a pile of sewing that did not look like her own to let him in. He told her he was the plant doctor and her friend.

"I'm so glad to see you," she murmured. "I guess Providence must have sent you, because I've got something to tell."

She made several unsuccessful attempts to go on. Then she took hold of his arm and clung to it until she had flooded his sleeve with tears. He withdrew the arm and put it round her trembling form.

The next morning Ethridge went over to Higgins' gate.

"I called on your wife yesterday," he said.

The gatekeeper looked at him in surprise and began to blink hard.

"I hope, doctor, you haven't been rubbing it into that poor little woman that she's married to a mere piece of a man."

"Oh, we had enough to talk about besides you. Do you know what you're going to be before the year is out?"

"Fired?"

"No, a father!"

Peg Higgins, when he could grasp the meaning of the announcement, laid hold of Ethridge's arm—just as his wife had done the afternoon before—with an emotion that was half sheer terror and half a groping desire to find the right way. There was no obstinacy left in him. As his mind cleared he begged to be guided.

The Trouble Doc laid his foundations on cleared ground.

"Yes, I'll tackle an artificial leg," Higgins consented. "I'll do anything to keep that little child from feeling it has a lump on a broomstick for a father."

The two lame ducks continued to meet daily over their dinner pails, each throbbing with his momentous secret and never suspecting that the other might have a secret too. Ethridge let them alone by day, but night after night he labored mightily in teaching first one and then the other to wear and use artificial limbs correctly. They thought he was training their bodies, but he knew that their sweat of agony was restoring their souls.

The morning of July first brought long-to-be-remembered surprises. Pet and Stub were ready to face the world in their new form, and the Trouble Doc arranged matters so that first of all they faced each other. Their glad surprise clinched all that each had done. Then the stream of workers pouring in through the big front gate of the plant found mingling in its midst two men who were strange and yet shockingly familiar. Yesterday they were recognizable as cripples across the yard; to-day it took more than a casual eye to note that the leg of the one and the hand of the other were not the wearers' own. Hundreds called to them and scores slapped them on the back and shook hands. The exclamations of pleasure and incredulity ran up and down the line.

"What's so different about Peg Higgins and Stub Knowles?" one man inquired.

"Why, they've got artificial stuff on, you idiot!" came the answer.

"Of course," said the first man, "but I'm darned if that seems to explain it! Nobody would think of calling 'em lame ducks now!"

The transformation of the gatekeeper and the messenger was a nine days' wonder. There was no doubting its completeness in the eyes of the workers, for the familiar nicknames of the men were dropped. Many persons spoke to the Trouble Doc of what had occurred, and finally he began to hear from those he most hoped would speak. He heard halting words of inquiry from others of the maimed.

After a fortnight in which Knowles did not cease to tread on air he entered Conway's office one morning and picked up the batch of messages waiting in the basket.

"Let 'em lay!" growled the old superintendent. "This order says you are transferred to the meter shop. I'll bless that super over there for stealing my messenger! I s'pose everybody'll be after you, now that you're a two-handed man."

When Knowles reached the office of the meter shop its head greeted him pleasantly, but it was the Trouble Doc who hustled him out into the huge assembly room, stopped at a table between two nimble-fingered journeymen and pushed him into the operator's chair.

"Here's where you work now," said Ethridge briskly. "These fellows on each side will have to dig if they want to keep up."

It was all confusing to the man sitting awkwardly at the table. He reached out and took up a little cogged wheel from a brassy pile. Wheels and light frames made up the other piles. Automatically he brought a couple of the wheels into a frame and the cogs of one engaged the cogs of the other. A light came suddenly into the man's face. He looked up at Ethridge, who waited with the superintendent beside him.

"Yes, you get it," said the Trouble Doc softly. "Meters are just clocks. By noon you'll know all about them."

Knowles said no word, but the sudden illumination of his being shone out through his eyes.

"Sign your slip," said the superintendent. "You are on the pay roll from now."

He laid a card on the table and thrust a fountain pen between the new operator's left forefinger and thumb. Knowles touched the card with the pen, halted, shifted the pen over and with the veins standing out on his forehead wrote his name in rolling but legible letters with his new right hand.

In the meantime Higgins, detained in the office for half an hour by a trivial matter, arrived at the side entrance and found his gate already open. A new keeper sat on the cushioned bench. Higgins stepped round to ask him an indignant question face to face and discovered that the poor usurper was using the old soap box to support a primitive wooden leg exactly like the one he had rested on it two weeks before!

"Hey there! Leave a peg-leg job to a peg-leg man, can't you?"

The shout came from Ethridge, who rolled out of his auto and shut off Higgins' bluster and sputter by rolling him into the car. They whirled off among the broad buildings, stopping at the scrap house, and Ethridge hustled Higgins into the cavernous room where scores of men were using trucks and cranes to pile scrap metal pieces of every shape and size. Higgins noticed presently that Ethridge seemed to be waiting on him.

"Excuse me, doctor," he said with embarrassment, "but if you were just meaning to show me the scrap house I'll say I know it mighty well already. I was working here when my accident came."

"Do I look like a man who had time to carry rubber-neck tourists through the scrap house?" asked the Trouble Doc. "I ran you over here to your new job."

Higgins looked at him dazedly.

"My new job? Why, surely—surely the company doesn't expect me to work in scrap again!"

"It couldn't be any worse than being parked at the side gate telling a lot of idiots to go get a pass, could it?"

Higgins could not hide his panic.

"I know you have made a new man of me, doctor, but how can I handle a truck or a crane?"

"You are a new man all right and each day you'll get to be a better man from now until the big event comes off at your home. I wouldn't be surprised if some day your son stands here looking in this very door and watching his daddy with pride."

"Please, doctor"—Higgins was swallowing hard—"just tell me what it is I'm expected to do!"

"We'll have to leave that to the foreman."

"I wish Jennings was boss here now. I could make him understand."

"Why, isn't Jennings foreman now?"

"He got his leg hurt too, as you ought to remember. So did the boss before him. In the old days I heard many a man say he'd like to be foreman because the work is light, but didn't want the job because the foreman has to stand so close to direct the piling that things are always rolling down on his leg."

"Which leg?"

"Why, whichever leg he keeps next to the pile."

The Trouble Doc rested his hands on the rejuvenated gatekeeper's shoulders.

"Higgins, old boy," he said with that ring of true friendliness in his voice that made men who had suffered want to die for him, "the management knows all this better than you do. They want to reduce the risk of injury. They have appointed you foreman because you know the business and can keep an artificial leg against the slippery old pile."

They stood there among the masses of iron, heedless of the movement and clang, while the Trouble Doc helped his patient, sometimes with silence and sometimes with speech, to make the last fierce grade. Higgins, mounting and struggling to accommodate himself to his changing universe, perceived the opening of great doors where he had glimpsed only a dark and loathsome wall. He knew his exile was ended and that he was sweeping through those doors. He was being born, as it were, a second time. It was being vouchsafed him once more to have part in the world—to be, among men, a man.

"I believe," the Trouble Doc said one day to a small party of plant physicians who had heard of his success and had come to inquire into his methods, "that what we generally mean by human nature is just the raw surface of a fellow. My theory is that if I dig hard enough into any individual sooner or later I'll bump something I can bank on."

What the Trouble Doc stated as his theory was something more—it was his working plan. This explained his almost Joblike patience. He could go on smoothly with a worker who, he knew, was exaggerating an injury or falsifying the manner in which he received it in the hope of a better settlement. He even saw false claims go in without making a move—and then saw them yanked out by the workers themselves. Tunneling hopefully, the Trouble Doc had broken through at last into the claimants' sense of fair play.

He discovered that this sense of fair play was neither national nor racial. In some races it was more deeply covered than in others, but just the same it was universal. He bored with an interpreter into foreigners who were as crooked as their foremen expected them to be, and saw them reverse themselves in the presence of an awakened conscience. In trying to start the mainspring of right action he sometimes needed sledge hammer and machine drill, but often a word or a look or a sick-room visit was the magic drop of oil. Cynical observers wondered how he got away with it.

One night an Italian almost burst his stitches when he shot up in bed, clutched the consoler of his agonies and shouted: "You a-sticka to me, doc! And I a-sticka to you!"

That was how the Trouble Doc got them—he stuck.

Ames stuck too. Back of all the Trouble Doc's undertakings, giving him strength to go on, was the staunch support of the official who had hired him. Alexander Ames was an industrial captain with a vision. He was not talkative, but he was known to have said that the heyday of American industry would come when there was actual understanding and coöperation between the top and the bottom and every middle stratum in plants. He was too wise to direct Ethridge. Having accepted him as the right man, he stood behind him like a brick wall. Ames loved to slip into Ethridge's operating room and watch the absorbing routine, but he never stayed long. He wished to avoid the appearance that the office interfered.

Ames had just left the dispensary one particularly busy morning when the Trouble Doc, bending over a split toe, was aware of the entrance of a bulky man who dropped into a vacant space near the end of the row. The impression gained in a fleeting glance was that the newcomer carried his left hand stiffly in a bandage and that he had a heavy jaw. Ethridge—giving first attention and turning over the patients to his assistants for the finishing touches—reached the end of the row and realized that he had not encountered that jaw. He moved across to the opposite row of injured ones and was conscious that the shifting stranger occupied a place near its middle. He lost run of the coming and going in giving help to a crushed finger and when he swept the row again Heavy Jaw was missing. Presently he knew that the man had gone back to his original seat. Covertly he studied him, noting the large frame, the straight mouth above the jaw, the full mustache that spread across ruddy cheeks, the small deep-set eyes that traveled constantly in search of something or other, and the ears outstanding like a couple of question marks printed in red. He might be of Scotch descent, a dogged fighter and forty-five.

The Trouble Doc kept his back to the mysterious one for half an hour, though aware that nothing whatever was escaping the busy eyes and ears, then turned to him and made several passes above the bandaged hand.

"Hocus-pocus, doodle docus! Now it's busted, now it's well!"

He snatched off the wrapping deftly, exposing horny knuckles and horny fingers on which there was not a sign of cut or bruise.

"A good detective," he remarked with a chuckle, "wouldn't have got his bandage on backward. Why are you gumshoeing the dispensary?"

The exposed one blinked a time or two, but his solemn countenance showed no other sign of discomfiture.

"To get the straight of something," he answered in deep and even tones.

"Weren't you ashamed to mimic the injured?"

"When it's for the cause there's nothing I'm ashamed of."

"I congratulate the cause. Who are you?"

"Matt McDonald."

"I've heard of you—crackajack in the turbine shop, a leader among the workers."

"I'm honored to be president of Machinists' Local 32."

"Gumshoeing the dispensary for the union! I don't suppose we are charged with anything serious?"

"Running under false pretenses."

"Surely the president of the union wouldn't listen to such a lie?"

"It didn't sound like a lie."

The Trouble Doc looked hard at his frankly answering accuser. He was nettled, but he liked the man.

"My pretenses are to patch up the injured."

"That's the stall part. Keep a-coming."

"Maybe sometimes I patch up their spirits."

"But what does all your patching lead to?"

"You mean—increased good feeling?"

"Hell's bells! I mean increased production!"

Ethridge expressed himself in a low long whistle.

"Are you suspicious," he asked presently, "of anything that can increase production?"

"Suspicious of anything that can get such a body hold on the men!"

The Trouble Doc dropped into the seat beside his visitor. He was feeling the tingle of discovery.

"Every man to his business, Mr. McDonald. But why should anybody suspect the dispensary's motives?"

The small piercing eyes bored Ethridge steadily.

"It's a fine old game of the employers," at last McDonald responded, "setting bear traps with some kind of help-the-poor-worker stuff for bait, and when they catch a bunch of their employees to use them in a counter organization to try to bust the union."

The Trouble Doc came to his feet excitedly. With difficulty he controlled his speech.

"The dispensary a bear trap? I get you!" Then he added: "Can I help you get more information?"

"I reckon"—McDonald rose also—"I've got more real dope now than is needed. To-night I'll pour it into the union."

The big man took a step toward the entrance.

"You mean"—Ethridge was fairly aquiver—"you mean you are going to boycott the dispensary?"

For the first time during the conversation a change came into the face of the union official.

"My God, man!" he ejaculated. "I'm giving it a straight O. K!"

An hour after the incident the Trouble Doc was scheming to follow up Matt McDonald. Here was a king-pin of a worker who carried the answer to many a question that was in the doctor's breast. The man would be invaluable to him in his work if once he could get up inside his guard. How was he to go after McDonald without raising a suspicion that would defeat his end? He wrestled with the ticklish problem. Coincidence stepped in and solved it.

Ethridge looked up from a patient two days later to discover that McDonald was waiting, his left paw in a bandage. Ethridge burst out laughing and the president of the union joined in. Yet this was no laughing matter. The turbine crackajack had suffered an injury which while neither very serious nor painful meant resting the hand for days.

"It serves me right," said McDonald.

What Ethridge thought was that it best served him.

(Continued on Page 81)

# CADILLAC

The social prestige which attaches to the ownership of a Cadillac naturally appeals to ambitious women.

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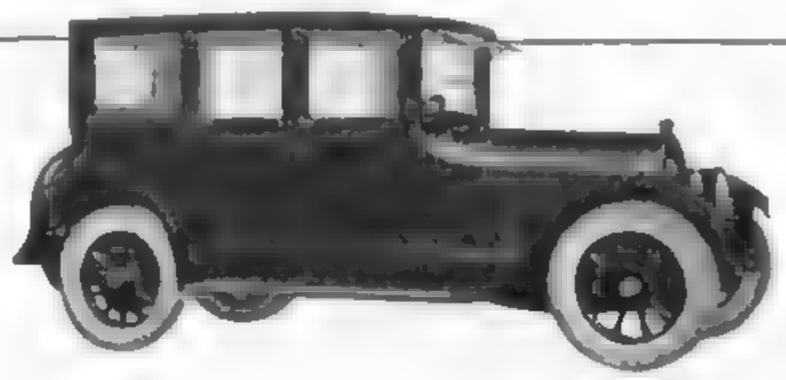

# "YOU NEVER CAN TELL —"

## By Grace Lovell Bryan

A LAZY afternoon sun beat languidly against the many-glassed windows of New York's most popular restaurant. Shopgirls, office boys, those whose lunch hour began at one, clattered noisily in. At a table a little apart from the hurrying throng two girls, smartly gowned, leaned chummily over the clothless table.

"Was it Shakspere," queried Pansy Imogene, small and dark, as she gave her order to the attendant waitress for one chocolate éclair and a dill pickle, "that said 'You never can tell from where you sit what your photograph will resemble'?"

"Search me. I never worked in none of hisshows," replied her friend, infinitely blond, also a member of the striking chorus girls; "but ain't it the truth?" She sighed responsively.

Pansy Imogene patted the fetching spirals over her tiny ears.

"That's what Rowena Jones said when they broke the news to her after the wedding," she chuckled.

"What company's she with?" inquired her friend.

"She ain't in the business," returned Pansy Imogene. "She used to work at the Giltmore cigar counter. No, not now. It was her wedding I spoke of."

"Well," exclaimed her friend with some irritation as Pansy Imogene stared past her with a far-away look, "don't start anything you can't finish."

"I won't," said Pansy Imogene; "so listen. Rowena was as cute a kid as you'd see in a Broadway front row—auburn hair, big blue eyes, and one of those re-trousseau noses that always looks appealingly ingénuey. Her mother got her name out of Ivanhoe, a book by General Winfield Scott.

"Her pa kept a drug store independent of the trust, which was some undertaking, so that and the fact that they was six kids in the family didn't enable Rowena to squander any money on twelve-dollar shoes. There wasn't any mortgage on the old homestead to be foreclosed at any minute, because they didn't have any homestead, but where there's a flat there's rent, and what with the H. C. of L. barking continually at the door both ends just about met with no room to lap over. Rowena worked from eight to six at the hotel, and in the summertime when she had a Saturday off she'd retire to the bosom of the notions in some department store for the day in order to grab off the extra cash; and life wasn't one grand sweet song.

"The Giltmore, the place where the idle rich hived, didn't help matters any. Lamping the wealthy go floating past you ordering their maids, driving up in imported cars, and tipping five-dollar bills to a rich waiter, that would 'a' kept the Jones family in butter and eggs for almost a week, dining on lark's tongue and pâté de foie gras while you had prunes and your ma did the family washing, ain't my idea of unadulterated bliss. It would kinda get your nanny to witness a bunch of peacocks—simpering dolls with nobody-home expressions and dames with maps that'd stop a clock—trailing by your humble counter in airy draperies that cost not a cent less than three or four hundred bucks; and you with a gorgeous eleven-fifty dress on marked down from thirteen-seventy-five. Rowena had a pearl ring once that would 'a' been great if the pearl had only been real, but it sure was a pleasure to view 'em as big as peas wound round some fat old dowager's neck that should 'a' been thinking of lilies and requissey in pakay, which thrilling words I copped from a book of poems.

"Rowena would lean over the counter and dream of what she'd do if she had their money; and after she'd installed her parents on the entire top floor of her Fifth Avenue mansion, with chaise longues like she'd read about in magazines, and a butler and their own car to take 'em round in and show 'em the Statue of Liberty and other sights—they having lived in the Bronx all their lives—she'd see herself all dolled up in a gold evening wrap and a tiara, sitting in their box at the opera gazing at the singers through a pearl opera glass, and after it was over turning to her husband, who said 'Home, James,' and was used to it. Then off they'd trot to be taken in hand by her French maid, who wore a classy violet uniform copied from the Vanderbilts, and she'd retire alone—being as that seemed to be a custom with the rich—under a real lace coverlet in a gorgeous ivory bed!

"After which she'd put on her three-ninety-eight-cent hat and trot home to help her mother finish the ironing and put the clothes to soak, her not having been able to do it during the day, being occupied with darning the family socks and making shirts for Tom and Johnny and Willy besides canning a trifle of fifty quarts of fruit to last them over the winter and running down the noon hour to tend store while her husband come back to eat the lunch she'd cooked for him before she went.

"I guess it was about that time that Rowena would 'a' turned Bolsheviki if there had been any money in it. And when her father took to working nights trying to figure out a way to keep from losing his store entirely, since his customers was gradually leaving him for the benefit of cut rates, and the collection of bills grew on the family table—Rowena conceived the idea that there was only one thing for it; she'd have to sacrifice herself on the altar of her parents by marrying one of them billionaires.

"Haven't you seen countless times in the movies where the rich man invariably passed over the girls of fortune who had nothing but looks and class and money and position to their name—in favor of the poor girl with nothing but looks and luck, the P. G. merely happening to come along in time to get run over by the R. M.'s automobile or something like that, making everything beautiful? Well, being as that was the case and Rowena had seen those same pictures her chances looked easy, for here she was in the lap of luxury, so to speak, mingling every day with owners of every kind of fortune from soap to soup. So the next thing to do was to pick one out.

"Being that nobody had ever proposed to her but George Jennings, a poor but honest shipping clerk who called regular twice a week with a ready-made suit on that hung terrible in the back and looked at her with earnest but near-sighted eyes and begged her to be Mrs. Jennings, said business of marriage was what you might call new stuff.

"You know grooming and clothes do make an awful lot of difference in a man; also grammar. Rowena liked George well enough, but when she would contrast him with the men she saw in the daytime he just naturally had to suffer. Besides, the last time George proposed he said: 'Ain't you going to have me nohow?' and the double negative finished him for months to come. Rowena was kinda fastidious about such things. You know you can't rub against class and polish without getting attached to some of it; and well, even a mahogany grand wouldn't look good without polish.

"Who was she going to take? That was the question, as Hamlet's ghost feelingly remarked—or maybe it was Ham himself. I said Rowena was pretty, also refined and good enough for anybody, but so far she hadn't had any attention from the multis that you could pin down except from a few men whose wives weren't with them; most of the gilded youth who brought her stuff treated her as nothing but good-looking machinery of a well-oiled hotel run for their benefit. Of course there were those who asked her out in a smirky kind of way that might have opened the first chapter to Pitfalls of a Big City if she hadn't been wise enough to pass them up. The rest didn't know she was on earth. An English duke who happened to be favoring the hotel with his presence even called her 'my girl,' and believe me she give him a look that oughta blown the glass right out of his monocle! But outside of such sundry and debasing endearments 'twas all she'd had. In other words, it looked like a bad location, as they say in the films.

"Her ma says, when she had a chance to sit down, that the reason she wasn't snapped up by any of the plutocrats was class; that in this country as well as in England, of whom she had read voluminously in the newspapers, class was predominant. To them in the upper strata she was only a servant or—what was far worse—a toy. So, says she, beware of any man you don't meet in your own home, says she, for woe is sure to follow. For when a rich man takes a poor girl out to dinner he means business in the movies, but ruin off stage—and there you are!

"It looked like Opportunity was knocking and all the poor girl could do was let him knock!

"And then one day, attended by a couple of valets, footmen, fourteen trunks and everything but a crown, Charles Vaughn Allenton appeared upon the scene, and the first afternoon noticed Rowena as a human being. The long lane had turned.

"Talk about polish—Charles Vaughn fairly glistened. He had interesting gray hair, the skin of a boy of ten, and clothes—the kind that at first you don't notice. Rowena always noticed George Jennings' clothes; you couldn't help it. And if it hadn't been for a bulge under his eyes that wasn't apparent from a distance he'd 'a' been handsome. Right off he bought enough cigarettes to stock up the Army of Occupation. The second day he hung round so persistent and respectful and earnest that it was easy to be seen he meant business, and Rowena's heart should have given a leap of joy, for here was a rich man sure enough in love, as far as she could diagnose the symptoms, ready at any moment to ask her to be his! Well, the very next afternoon he asked her out to dinner, gazing at her with such tender regard and pure emotion that she tells him yes, and beats it with a heavy heart to one of the day clerks to ask him who the guy is and how much dough is going to buy her. She don't feel the pangs of delight that she had calculated on when she first thought of giving her fresh young life for the welfare of her parents. But she had made up her mind; besides, it sure looked as if her father was going to lose his store.

"The clerk when she mentions her intended husband, though not under that title yet, looks at her with infinite pity beneath his wavy and detected-by-everybody-but-himself toupee.

"'You don't know who he is?'" he asks, almost betraying the emotion of surprise.

"'No,' answers Rowena apologetically.

(Continued on Page 43)

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Willys Knight

(Continued from Page 40)

"'He is the uncle of Vincent Armour!' he announced stupendously.

"Vincent Armour! Rowena put her hand to her head with a stagger that nearly keeled her fair form to the floor. She'd been reading about the Armour family and especially Vincent, the heir to the family fortune, since she was knee high; everybody had who could read.

"'Vincent Armour's uncle?' she gasps.

"'Yes,' replies the clerk haughtily, having waited on the best families in the country. 'He is Charles Vaughn Allenton. The Allentons are almost equally prominent, on the mother's side. Mr. Allenton is a well-known sportsman, a member of the most exclusive clubs, the Met——'

"'My Gawd!' interrupts Rowena, kinda delirious. And who wouldn't be with the chance to marry into the Armour family? It near knocked her off her pins. 'Vincent Armour!' she repeats woozily.

"'Young Mr. Armour is now at Hot Sulphur Springs, entertaining the Gotroxes and the Stuyvesant Finches,' continues the human newspaper, and back she goes to her counter to lean against it for assistance."

Pansy Imogene took a bite of the chocolate éclair and sat back dreamily.

"Vincent Armour's married," interposed her friend as the waitress poured her tomato soup into a large cup. "I read all about his wedding. It was a quiet one at the home of the bride, then they went to Palm Beach for their honeymoon. Ain't it great to be rich?" she sighed.

"Ain't it?" agreed Pansy Imogene. "Well, Rowena sells her wares all afternoon in a kind of daze. Of course they hadn't been properly introduced, according to her ma's ideas, which seeing she knew nobody who knew Charles except to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'It will be right up, sir,' would have been rather difficult. However, reading somewhere that everybody is the master of his ship or something like that, besides having an ancestor that fought all through the Revolution for representation Rowena decided that by being very distant and ladylike Charles of course couldn't get any wrong ideas. Anyway, he knew her station, which hadn't seemed to make any difference, showing that he loved her for herself alone and was one of those Nature's noblemen exactly as she'd seen portrayed in the films.

"So putting on her best taffeta that she got at a sale on Fifth Avenue and would have looked ultra if it had only been this year's model, and her last summer's hat—an exact copy of the one Mrs. Vanastor had worn through the lobby the week before—Rowena meets him down the street a ways, as he had requested in a low and tender tone, all prepared to vamp him in strictly respectable style with honorable intentions; remembering how the duke proposed to the poor but beautiful secretary, attracted only by the sweet simplicity of her smile, in The Career of Katherine Bush. Also she was figuring how her name would look on visiting cards, and wondering if she couldn't insert the Armour name somewhere in the middle.

"Charles hands her into his machine, which was lined with a glorious blue tapestry and fitted with vanity cases and everything but a room and bath, and Rowena sits back breathless against the cushions with her red head doing a perfect Ferris wheel. Charles looks too classy for words in a brown suit cut beautiful, and a funny kind of black pearl in his rich tie, his polish extending even to his pink finger nails. The car runs along so smooth you can't hear a sound and Allenton explains that they're driving out to Long Island because he knew she'd like being away from the noise and crowds of New York restaurants, which was a darned-fool thing to tell a girl who'd never seen the inside of any of them except help-your-selfs.

"Well, they got out at one of those summer hotels with a wide porch and little tables with pink shades, and it sure was lovely. The waiters hung round Charles kind of reverent, which showed that even there they knew who he was; in fact they seemed quite well acquainted. And he orders the dinner, and then talks so sweet and loving about her eyes and the usual stuff she'd heard from George Jennings, but told in a different kind of caressing way instead of being blurted out like a witness at a murder trial telling something against the defense, which was the way George used to pull it, being embarrassed.

"After the waiter had eased away their first course Charles reaches over and took her hand, and Rowena half shut her eyes and waited for him to begin: 'Darling, I have only known you for a short time but do not let the difference in our stations keep you from bestowing on me your heart and hand.'

"What he said was: 'You're a girl who would appreciate a lovely home, aren't you?'

"Rowena gazes at him modestly and says yes, wishing she could like his eyes better than she did. But it was plain he was coming to it.

"'Have a cocktail?' he says, changing the subject somewhat. 'They mix them quite well here, and ——'

"Rowena replies she don't care for any, being taught different, and says she thought it was against the law anyway, but Charles only smiles kinda lordly.

"'Not with me,' he returns with aristocratic nonchalance; 'laws are made to be broken. I am the arbiter of my own destiny,' he goes on stiffly.

"Rowena says, 'Oh,' thinking it was easier to arbiter if you had the cash to do it.

"He dallies with some clams and even with the messy way you have to eat 'em he never lost his equilibrium. He sticks his fingers in the finger bowl and wipes them elegantly on the napkin, then leans tenderly toward her.

"'Miss Jones, I want to ask you ——' Rowena drops her eyes soulfully. There was some music playing somewhere and no one on their side of the hotel, which was under a bunch of trees and real secluded, fashionable of course on that account. He seems to be finding it rather difficult, and Rowena thinks that asking a girl to marry you is just as embarrassing whether you're making eighteen per or a million. Mrs. Charles Vaughn Allenton, aunt to Vincent Armour. Gee!

"'Will you, sweetheart,' he begins again, 'will you accept a home from me, and all that goes with it?' And he leans over with kind of a queer look in his eyes.

"A home! Rowena looks away, flustered. He meant one of the many mansions he owned. 'All that goes with it' was the ring and the license and a yacht and a dozen automobiles—one for her mother and another for her dad so they could each ride round alone in case they ever had a fight, which they never had! Then she sighs. Of course, she'll accept; she'll have to. But she has an awful feeling over it, like when you're going into the dentist's chair for a nice extraction.

"But there was the family, and the six kids; so with a kind of lump in her stomach that was foreign to all the charts of anatomy she puts on a faint smile and steels herself to say: 'Yes, Charles, I am yours'; which was the correct way by all the novels to accept a proposal of marriage—when she sees Charles' mouth suddenly open wider than was necessary and his bulging eyes is staring wildly over her head.

"Rowena turns round to where he's looking, and sees a automobile driving up the roadway to the hotel. There's three or four women in the car, all talking elegantly and not looking their way at all, but Charles' nice complexion goes a kind of a pea green and he says under his breath, 'Good God!'—which was anything but refined—and turns his back completely to them and Rowena, and shoves his head 'way down into his collar as far as he can get it until she herself wouldn't recognize him, and stays that way till the party who'd stopped in front of the entrance piled out of the car and flocked into the hotel.

"Rowena surveys him with amazement. Of course it couldn't be his landlady after his board bill, as she had seen happen among the best people in her own set—but maybe one of the women was his cast-off child by a former unfortunate error whom he had refused to acknowledge? But no, they was all too old for that. Charles doesn't speak except to call hurriedly for his check when they hadn't even had the ice cream, and pulls Rowena out to the car, looking backward all the time; and only after they've started on their way back to New York does he resume his social color.

"Then Rowena asks him what the matter was. He turns to her with a gay laugh in which all his assurance and nom de plume had returned and says, 'Why, sweetheart, didn't you understand? I was afraid she'd see me. The tall one is my wife!'

"Can you beat it! Well, believe me, after she could get her breath Rowena tells him what she thinks of him in everything but Chinese—and he asks in a chilly way, like I expect Nero surveyed the early Christian martyrs when they asks him why he was going to throw 'em to the circus lions, what object did she think any man in his position would have entertaining a girl in her position, and says he thought she understood what he was driving at all along. Then he politely takes her home, mad as a hatter.

"Her ma was right! A sadder and a wiser girl, Rowena returns to work the following morning with all her dreams of being related to the Armours in any capacity except as a member of the human family shrunk to the size of a mustard seed. I don't know if you'd call it bitter, 'cause she was too good a kid to get that way, but she felt kinda cheap like you will if you'd been handed a raw deal and gone into it with your eyes apparently open. She tells nobody home about the instance of almost alighting into the apex of the social register, but any duck that dared say anything further than 'How much?' or 'Have you any stamps?' from then on was handed the glassy gaze by a girl whose red head was not colored that way for nothing. All that seemed possible now was marry George; and how would that help the family? Also the debts were piling higher. In other words, it looked like a bad season.

"Her first Saturday off arriving about a week later Rowena prepares to hike for the department store for the usual one-day stipend, when she glimpses in the paper an ad for girls to wear evening gowns at a fashion show at the Brownstone Hotel, for Saturday evening—ten dollars apiece for the job! Rowena sits up, perspiration breaking out all over her fair brow, for aside from the money—which was marvelous—it meant the feel of silk and chiffon and gorgeous clothes! Though she had been viewing the frills and furbelows of the rich with outward scorn ever since her late experience with Charles you can't kill the desire for swell duds that's been planted there since the time of Eve, who didn't start with much but certainly made the most out of what she had; and a chance to wear raiment she could have only by accepting a proposition like Charles Vaughn's was too good to pass up. So she answers the ad and is told to report that night at seven-thirty. After which is plenty of time to hand George the merry yes and make one life happy. It looked as though she might as well.

"She can't eat any supper, and her mother gets worried and wonders how on earth could anything like wearing a few fancy clothes make a girl so excited; and Rowena shows up at seven, which is just as well, for the woman in charge—a nice fat old lady who used to be wardrobe mistress for shows and can't forget it—tries on the different gowns to be worn and gives the best of 'em to Rowena, making the other models almost have epilepsy when they arrive promptly at seven-thirty, as was told; which shows you how punctuality ain't always a howling virtue.

"And oh, those dresses! They'd have made the female angels hang out over the railing up above and wish to the Lord they was still living. Rowena gazes at them enraptured—the dresses, not the angels. Of course she'd seen things like them at the Giltmore, but this was different, and being kinda giddy from not eating any supper and excitement and rouge the old lady insists on putting on her, she walks out for her first appearance in a violet-and-silver creation with her eyes like stars. And say, the applause in consequence beats the other languid, used-to-it models all to smithereens.

"When she finally sweeps into the dressing room in her last gown, an orchid-and-gold dream, the old lady does a pleased giggle and tells her she made a hit, and remembers for fifteen minutes ensuing how Lola De Vere, the dramatic queen she used to work for in the early sixties, attired in just such a gown, captured the Duke de Epicac with it, though only a lowly milliner before she went on the stage; and the duke marries her the next morning—at which last Rowena gives her the icy regard, knowing different.

"Seeing how Rowena hates to part with the dress the old lady tells her if she wants to she can go round through the outer rooms with it on, for fifteen minutes, if she hurries right back and don't try to walk out any side doors with it, as was pulled on her once, because detectives were posted at all the entrances and would catch her in the act. Rowena promises, tickled into the seventh heaven, and dashes out into the hall, where the audience is breaking up and pairing off to look at the exposition of Georgette-crepe underwear in all its expose. When she meets one of the bell boys walking round paging somebody unintelligibly as usual the haughty gaze she bends on him is like the Queen of Sheba glaring at a common slave. Somehow you feel different when dressed for the part.

"Well, she was gliding about doing an exact imitation of Miss Vanderhoff, the débutante whose mamma gave a recent dinner dance at the Giltmore that cost a mere trifle of fifty-five hundred dollars, and being so extremely *faux pas* that the first thing she knew she ran plumb into a man who was standing just round one of the gold pillars, indulging in a cigarette.

"They both beg pardon at the same time, and then they both laugh and he looks at her, and say, he's got the prettiest smile you ever saw in all your life, and before Rowena can stall it off she gets a jolt round her heart and instantaneously realizes that she's fell in love, it being the same sensation she had once when she first learned to swim and jumped into the water to get it over with. There ain't a doubt—she's IT. Then she sees that he's all dolled up in beautiful evening clothes just like the ones she's become too familiar with at the hotel, and knows he's one of them idle rich that she's sworn never again to give a chance to toy with a poor girl's reputation! Well, her heart simply does a nose dive and lands palpitating. He stands gazing at her as though he liked the view.

"'I beg pardon,' he says in a grand deep voice and another of those smiles—his black hair fairly shone, which worried her worse, reminding her of Allenton. 'Did I hurt you?'

"Gee, but he was handsome. There was nothing for it but give him the icy stare. Never again would she trust another of his hated race. As he'd seen her doing the model stunt and knew what she was, of course the only way was to beat him to it by refusing to give him a chance to follow in Charles' footsteps, which was kinda hard with her heart acting so outrageous against the orchid gown.

"She gazes at him through lowered lids. 'I am afraid,' she replies in the elegant high-bred voice of Mrs. Vanastor, 'that I am the one who committed the *coup d'état*.'

"He laughs friendly like. 'Have you enjoyed the show?' he goes on, kinda tender. 'Being a mere man of course I'm not exactly competent to judge, especially as I got here awfully late.'

"Rowena stared at him. 'Didn't you see the models?' she inquires. (Continued on Page 169)

# EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

## By FLOYD W. PARSONS

### Ocean Supremacy

WE ALL want prosperity. To get it we must do business, and lots of it. Domestic trade is not enough. America can only continue in power by holding and increasing its foreign business. The United States' trade with foreign nations has reached the enormous total of ten and a half billion dollars a year. The balance in our favor amounts to more than four billion dollars, and on this business we net a handsome profit.

The most important element in the serious problem of building a great foreign trade is the provision of adequate modern port and harbor terminals. There must be no rough spot in the continuous movement of freight from the factory and farm to the hold of the ocean-going steamship in the harbor. In entering the world markets on a large scale we are coming into competition with maritime nations that have devoted generations to the study of ship economies. It is silly to assume that all we have to do is to paint "U. S." on the bows of our ships, run up a Star-Spangled Banner and announce "We're here!"

*Present Method of Coaling a Ship With Hand Baskets at Nagasaki, Japan*

On investigation, it was found that at New York the average cost of handling a car from the time it landed within the terminal limits of Jersey City until it was delivered to its destination in Brooklyn or Manhattan, including lighterage, was $35. At Chicago the same job cost $10.35; at Binghamton, New York, $1.80; at San Francisco, with a municipally controlled terminal, the cost was $2.50.

The whole nation suffers and pays for the lack of proper terminal facilities in New York. The astonishing thing is that the people of other cities and states have patiently paid the unjust tax on incoming and outgoing commodities, placed for the benefit of a select few.

The city of New York is arranging to spend from $25,000,000 to $100,000,000 for new piers and harbor facilities. Only two out of twelve of the new piers are to exceed 125 feet in width, which is the size of pier established in the olden days of sailing ships. Only two of the piers provide for railroad tracks on the pier proper. Ten of the piers are to be of light one-story construction, precluding the installation—now or later—of overhead traveling cranes and conveyors. The plans of these piers call for foundations to support a one-story building, so there can be no additions of other stories in future years. And this is being done in a country that is now producing wonderful equipment for handling cargo at terminals—equipment that is being supplied in large quantities to other governments and foreign companies that are availing themselves of the benefits afforded by American engineering skill.

Over in England, at the busy city of Manchester, the British have put in a new port costing $80,000,000. At this new terminal ships are unloaded, warehouses filled and trucks and cars loaded by monster cranes. Man power is the scarcest thing on the dock. A single employee operates a huge crane. He wears a belt equipped with electric push buttons, and though he doesn't move more than three or four paces in any direction, still he controls the machinery that carries the goods to all points.

On the antiquated piers in New York, where manual labor is required, it costs more per ton to handle food and merchandise than it costs to transport the same food and merchandise from Chicago to New York. The citizens of New York and of the whole nation pay for the extravagant waste involved.

To say that all American cities are asleep to the opportunities that lie in the mechanical port would be a diversion of fact, for a number of important seaboard communities are attacking the problem in the hope that many of our shortcomings in harbor equipment may be dispelled. As a result there is a likelihood that New York will eventually suffer the loss of business, thus paying the price for her failure to advance with the development of remarkable labor-saving machinery.

American ships operate with wage scales nearly double those paid to the seamen of other countries and our only salvation is to increase efficiency and individual accomplishment beyond anything attained by other nations. That we can do this is borne out by instances of isolated accomplishment in a few industries.

Up on the Great Lakes cargo carriers have been able to transport iron ore for a lower charge than any other tonnage rates in the world. Such results have been made possible by the use of wonderful loading and unloading devices. The time that a ship loses in port is absolute waste. The United States Government learned this truth during the war and in those strenuous days Uncle Sam requisitioned the brains of the nation's leading mechanical experts to solve the problem of rapid ship loading. Much was accomplished, and the Government's Army Supply Base in Brooklyn is a step in the right direction.

The Brooklyn base is the largest capacity freight terminal ever built in an American port. There are two concrete warehouses each larger than any similar structures ever erected. One house has a storage capacity of 144,000 tons; the other warehouse, with a floor area of 2,130,000 square feet, has a storage capacity of 180,000 tons. The car-storage yard in connection with the base has a capacity of 1295 cars, 179 of which can be unloaded at the same time. Rapid freight handling in the terminal depends on the use of group elevators for vertical transmission and of tractors and trailers for horizontal transmission.

The elevators are run without operators, being controlled by a dispatcher at a central station. They are provided with an automatic leveling device, so that when they stop they are level with the floor, which permits trucks to be quickly run on and off of them. This is the first time in history that a group of elevators have been run by a dispatcher system. The scheme saves the labor of 63 men, at the same time increasing the efficiency of the operation. The mere pressure of a finger tip on a button starts and stops the elevator, opens the doors, and never misses the floor level by more than one-quarter of an inch.

These new army piers have never been subjected to a severe test. However, in one 8-hour day, a total of 3835 tons, or 479 tons an hour, were received into the smaller of the two warehouses. At the same time the elevators were handling outgoing freight, and the total simultaneous movement amounted to 575 tons an hour. This was accomplished with only 60 per cent of the elevator capacity. The terminal was designed to have a loading capacity of 25 tons an hour per ship hatch and it appears that this result can readily be obtained. In the light of modern possibilities such an accomplishment is a modest performance, but it is far ahead of the practice at most American piers.

Let us take, for instance, the task of coaling large steamers. Over in Japan, at the port of Nagasaki, the Japs handle the coal in hand baskets. To bunker 3000 tons of coal this method requires 950 stevedores and operators working 20 hours. Each laborer handles about 314 pounds an hour and the total effort amounts to 19,000 man hours.

To do a similar job in New York with buckets, but loading 8000 tons instead of 3000, requires 10 gangs for 40 hours. Each laborer handles 1666 pounds an hour and the total effort is 9600 man hours. But if we coal in New York and use eight modern elevators and trimmers we can load 8000 tons of coal with 96 men in 10 hours. Each man will average 8.33 tons an hour and the total effort will be 960 man hours. Think of that! Only 960 man hours in New York with machines as compared with nearly ten times that effort in Japan, where the laborers do the task by hand and load less than one-half the same tonnage of coal.

Perhaps the greatest adaptation of machinery to the business of loading a ship is the continuous elevator conveyor for medium-sized packages. When this device is operated in conjunction with a modern crane hoist for the heavier freight it affords an appreciable reduction in labor, increases the speed of loading from 25 to 75 per cent, saves on electric-current consumption and practically eliminates the damage to goods common in the more primitive methods of cargo handling.

But loading ships is not the only thing. The job of quickly removing the cargo is just as important. Under the old hand-truck system freight could only be stacked to a height of five feet. This caused the introduction of stacking machines which now stack freight to a height of 15 or 20 feet, thereby trebling or quadrupling the amount of use that can be obtained from the limited floor space of a warehouse or pier. The overhead conveyor, though not yet installed in many terminals, will soon be considered a common necessity in handling cargo for ships. This device obviates the necessity for wide aisles for the passage of trucks and acts as a great aid in stacking.

Down in Beaumont, Texas, there is a port which the natives brag about, and not without reason. In March of

(Continued on Page 46)

# "encore!"

THAT'S when you appreciate your Pathé Dance Records; when the band stops and you want some more—right away before the spirit of it goes cold. And if it's a Pathé Phonograph, that's just how you get it—right away, at once; no waiting; no needles to be changed.

The right kind of music, too; brilliant, sonorous tone; a surge of rhythm; volume enough for a couple of hundred couples to dance by; and if it's the latest, newest dance sensation that you are after, you can be certain that Pathé will have it for you while it *is* new.

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Cuddle Coo Smith Fox Trot Tuxedo Symphonists
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You'll be Sorry Pinkard Medley Fox Trot Palais Trio
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| Weeping Willow Lane (Frost-Kauffman-Lewis-Young-Schwartz and Silbert Shaw) Male Duet | 22200 |
| Your Eyes Have Told Me So (Kahn-Van Alstyne-Blanford) Sam Ash Tenor | |
| I've Got My Captain Working For Me Now (Berlin) Eddie Cantor Tenor | 22201 |
| When There's Oil Enough to Know Butter (Lewis-Young-Rupert) Eddie Cantor, Tenor | |
| Poor Little Butterfly (Lewis-Young-Jerome-Berlin) Bess Baker Soprano with Orchestra | 22208 |
| I Love Him (Clow Brewer) Bess Baker, Soprano with Orchestra | |
| I Used to Call Her Ruby (Johnson-Rose) Bess Murray, Tenor | |
| If You Don't Step Mother Dear (Mc Donough-Cunningham-Rule) Actor Male Quartette | 22197 |
| While Others Are Building Castles in the Air (Mahoney-Powers-Campbell and Isay) Irving Dial | 22196 |
| Someone It Will Be Love to Me (Walker Arthur) Bobby Barr Tenor | |
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**To Merchants:**— *There is now open, in certain territory of active Pathé demand, a distinctly unusual opportunity for Pathé dealers*

(Continued from Page 44)

this year the Beaumont terminal established an enviable record in unloading 2040 barrels of asphalt in eight and a half hours. The cargo moved at the rate of four and a half barrels a minute and the total cost for handling the entire shipment of 1,051,500 pounds was $25.16. This accomplishment was due entirely to the very modern mechanical equipment in the Beaumont terminal.

The port of New Orleans is a great receiving station for Central American bananas. This product must be handled with care to avoid bruising the fruit. A careful study of the situation resulted in the installation of endless-belt conveyors, which handle thousands of bunches an hour without injuring a single bunch. The operators have become so proficient in unloading the fruit that within three hours after a banana ship docks in New Orleans all of its cargo is riding north in special trains of refrigerator cars.

The recent talk about New York harbor having reached its limit added considerable impetus to the efforts of other cities to get a share of the export business. That New York's failure is due to antiquated methods rather than to natural limitations is borne out by a Navy Department survey. It was shown that the harbor's dock space amounts to 221,398 feet, while the occupied space is only 77,506 feet. It was further shown that there were 445 berths for ships of average size, of which only 195 were occupied at the time of the survey. This indicates that there is still plenty of room in our big metropolis. The deficiency lies in obsolete equipment.

Galveston lays claim to the honor of being the speediest ship terminal in America. This port uses electric wharf cranes and is able to clear a ship in 24 hours. Seattle on the Pacific, and Norfolk on the Atlantic, are following close in the wake of Galveston. The largest pier in the world is at Seattle. It is 810 feet wide and one-half mile long. It has a berthing capacity of seven large ocean-going vessels. The largest piers on the Atlantic Coast do not exceed 1600 feet in length. However, up to the present time the best examples of how to handle cargo are still found on the Great Lakes. It is possible to load a ton of ore in Duluth, carry it to Conneaut and there unload it, all for the small cost of 50 cents. This is accomplished by ships that are laid up during the four cold months of the year and that pay American wages to seamen and officers. What could we not accomplish if our ocean traffic were as well managed?

Fortunately, many people in the United States have finally learned that the important thing is not the cost of actually operating a ship but rather the cost of keeping the vessel idle. The present high wages alone are a sufficient argument in favor of speedy ship loading. In countries where labor costs are low this reason would not be so valid. Nevertheless, among the more important nations that country which can coal and load its ships the fastest will possess a valuable advantage in the coming race for marine supremacy.

## Four Moralities

THE other afternoon I stopped in to see one of my editor friends.

"You're just in time," said he. "I'm expecting an interesting caller. If you can spare a half hour I wish you would sit in on the discussion."

When told that the coming visitor was a famous engineer and author I needed no further urging, and a few minutes later was shaking hands with the celebrated guest.

Said the editor: "Our loss during the war averaged about $35,000,000 a day. How can we make up this enormous waste? What can the industries of America do to aid in the recovery?"

"You say the war cost us $35,000,000 a day," replied the engineer. "That means a total loss of more than $25,000,000,000 in two years. Let us see how this compares with present preventable losses. The average duration of human life is 51 5 years. Our scientists figure that if we eliminate easily preventable diseases this would be 60 years. If in addition the children we waste in infancy were preserved the nation would have approximately twenty million more healthy grown-ups, each producing at least $3 a day. As a consequence we must assume that low hygiene costs us $60,000,000 each and every twenty-four hours.

"Then there is the matter of a higher education for the average citizen. Mobilization of our Army showed that we had 20 per cent of illiterates. Our annual production is $72,000,000,000 and our per capita wealth is about $2400. Investigators have computed that if we substituted the Russian average of intelligence for our own the annual production in this country would be only $18,000,000,000. Assuming that we wiped out illiteracy and accomplished a substantial betterment in general education our yearly production would be increased at least $20,000,000,000. Therefore our loss from ignorance is $57,000,000 each day and this figure includes due allowance for the unavoidable human element that enters into the problem.

"Experts have made exhaustive studies of the losses due to industrial incompetence and these tabulations show a waste of $50,000,000 a day. Then there is a fourth loss resulting from faulty assignments. Everywhere we find men working on the wrong jobs. Not fifty per cent of the people in the United States really find themselves. A Tennessee mountaineer, unknown even in his own state, turned out to be the greatest individual accomplisher in the whole war. The best figures obtainable place the losses due to wrong assignments in all of our American industries at $20,000,000 a day. Adding all these losses we get the astonishing total of $187,000,000 a day. This is what we pay for our neglect of only four moralities.

"But the story does not end here. The average production of corn of all the farmers in the United States is less than 32 bushels an acre. A boy in a Southern state raised 243 bushels on a single acre. The same thing is true of potatoes, only that the record production is ten times as great as the average output instead of eight times as with corn. The very best cow is worth 300 times as much as the average cow and the highest production of milk from the most valued animal is ten times as much as the nation's average. Likewise our best hens each produce eight times as many eggs as the average individual production of all our hens. Think of the millions in money we would gain by simply doubling the productive capacity of our farms and domestic animals.

"Increased individual productivity is the remedy for most of our present ills. If we go on as at present then our war debts will be with us in generations to come. It is strange but true that most of us take advice as we do physic—to fling it aside the moment the doctor's back is turned. We insist on learning through adversity, and even then our remembrance of what we are taught by affliction is as fleeting as the rainbow or the echo of the woods. And don't think I am assuming to possess a higher degree of virtue or sense than other mortals. My doctor advised me to go to a dentist three years ago—and I haven't gone yet.

"We are not strenuous enough. Most human boilers carry low-pressure steam. We work, study and play with too little vigor. In the matter of health preservation we exhibit both ignorance and indifference. Always we are reaching for reasons to excuse ourselves. Talk of the advance of civilization! It has barely commenced. Hardly one citizen in ten has introduced the first fundamentals of system into his everyday life, and our Government still spends more money to improve the quality of hogs than it does to improve the breed of the nation's infants."

## Building for Keeps

THE first time an American travels in Europe he is astonished by the permanent character of the buildings. There are dozens of blocks with solid rows of brick and stone houses without a single structure of wood. As a result there is less than one-fifth as many serious fires in England, France and Holland as there are in the United States. As a people we differ from foreigners in that we view America as a nation, and such things as fire losses are abstract matters. We are incurable optimists who love to take chances. We smile on flimsy construction since it conforms with our idea that rapid growth will soon call for the replacement of present buildings with larger ones. The citizen who expects to make a million doesn't build his ten-thousand-dollar home with the expectation that he is going to live in it always.

This difference in national characteristics between Europeans and Americans was brought home to me the first time I went down into an English mine. My training had always been that a coal mine was good for twenty or thirty years and we built accordingly. Over there the underground construction was put in to last a century. Our upkeep was high; theirs was low. We were constantly battling hazards; their more permanent construction reduced risks. We spent less at the start; they spent less later on.

Europe builds for permanence, not because she lacks lumber but because the inhabitants possess a degree of carefulness that seems to come only through the pressure of generations of necessity. Canada and South America can lay down timber in Liverpool about as cheap as in New York, but the British have other uses for wood than the construction of houses to burn. Over in France last year our troops were going through a small village when a fire broke out and the American soldiers stopped and extinguished the flames. Several papers on this side printed an account of the incident, but the big lesson in the affair was wholly overlooked. The fire apparatus had not been used since 1873, but in spite of this long period of disuse it worked satisfactorily. It was the first fire in the village in forty-five years. Could this be duplicated in any small American town?

But let us look at the matter from a wholly practical and economic point of view. Lumber journals tell us that some varieties of wood, particularly in the South, are within a few years of absolute extinction. Out in California

(Concluded on Page 78

Coaling the Transport Mount Vernon in the Port of New York

THE quality of the Liberty is also indicated by the kind of people who are buying it. You can see that it is being chosen east, west, north and south by those who choose most carefully.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

# LIBERTY SIX

# The Ⓟ Brand Metallic Ammunition

WITH Peters Cartridges in your rifle, pistol, or revolver, you will soon learn that the bullets go exactly to the spot where you aim. And this perfect accuracy is so uniform that good marksmanship becomes a comparatively simple matter.

For instance, consider the scores made by Capt. T. K. Lee with Peters Cartridges

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4599 ex 4600—World's Record Score made in 1915

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482 ex 500—Winning Pistol Championship

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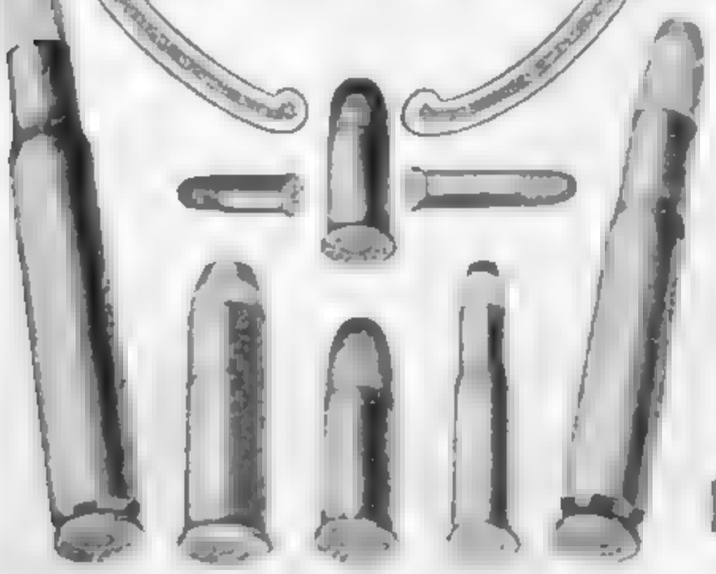
Such scores could not possibly have been made without cartridges of absolute uniform quality.

**Insist upon Peters Cartridges and find out how well you really can shoot.**



# Peters SHOT SHELLS

## in Your Gun Mean More Game in Your Bag

WHEN game is none too plentiful; when time is short; when you must enjoy every minute to the utmost; then you appreciate what it means to use Peters, the ammunition that never fails.

Ⓟ Brand Shells have become the choice of hunters and trapshooters in every community because of their absolute reliability, their safety, and their efficiency in speed, killing power, and even distribution of shot.

The great Peters works, largely devoted during the war to the needs of the United States Government, have been converted to their former commercial basis, but with many new and modern fire-proof buildings and improved machinery and processes. The Peters Cartridge Co. is, therefore, enabled today to produce a superior quality of sporting ammunition offering many desirable features which are obtainable only in the Ⓟ brand.

### *What a Few of the Peters Features Mean to the Shooter*

**"Steel Where Steel Belongs"**—steel reinforcing in the head means protection against backward gas pressure, just that added protection you need.

**Superior sure-fire primer and locked-in battery cup**—mean absolute reliability.

**Beveled water-proof crimp**—protects the load against dampness, develops just the right velocity and insures perfect operation in either breech loading or repeating guns.

**Wads cut from clean hair felt** manufactured by The Peters Cartridge Co. especially for this purpose, thoroughly lubricated to prevent injury to the gun barrel, and very elastic, properly confining the powder gases.

*The experienced shooter recognizes in these Peters features assurance of the utmost satisfaction. Peters "Referee" Shell, loaded with the famous Semi-smokeless powder, meets the want of those seeking an inexpensive load for field use; it costs the same as ordinary black powder shells—but is as effective as smokeless.*

**Ask Your Dealer.**

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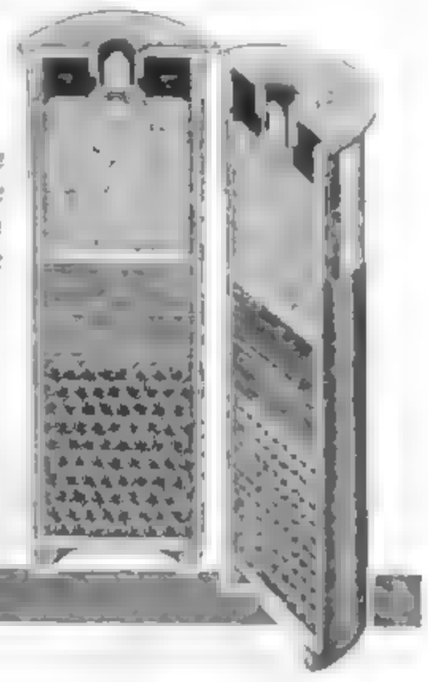


# MATTERS OF OPINION

## How to Fix Wages

MORE and more frequently wages are being fixed by the desires and wants of the workers rather than by the value or utility of the work performed. It will not do to lay this all at the door of organized labor or say that it is entirely caused by the monopoly power of unions. Public sentiment demands that every worker receive at least the necessities of life, and it is being urged that he should enjoy not only those necessities of subsistence but also a fair degree of comfort. There is a growing demand that wages should provide for an American standard of living.

At the present time when arbitration boards fix wages they invariably take into account the standard of living as determined by representative budgets. To-day hundreds of studies are being made of family budgets, whereas a generation or two ago no one but the worker himself bothered about how much it cost him to live. Minimum-wage legislation, which is steadily gaining ground, is mainly concerned with assuring the worker enough to live on, or a living wage.

The very latest attempt to adjust wages to the cost of living by moving them up and down with the index number of commodity prices recognizes that a certain fixed minimum should never be cut under.

All these tendencies fit in with the growing sense of fairness and justice. But there is danger of forgetting that in the long run wages can hardly exceed a rightful share of the joint product which capital, brains and labor produce. This principle sounds cold and abstract and must be tempered in every case by considering the human necessities and desires of the worker. Naturally no one knows exactly how to apportion the shares to capital, labor and brains. But many forces are steadily working out a solution. The intelligent employer and the intelligent trade union both will do their utmost to arrive at a fair and just division, for certainly ultimate forces will see to it that our whole productive system goes to smash unless both capital and labor refrain from trying to divide more than they produce.

Perhaps in an ideal world each unit of capital and each individual will be rewarded in proportion to the contribution made to general welfare rather than by the amount of wealth produced, for wealth and welfare are not always identical. Unfortunately we have not yet learned to measure welfare or our various contributions to it. For the present the best way out lies in increasing the production of wealth, largely through advance in the technical arts, so that there will be enough and more to go round.

## Business English

EXECUTIVES everywhere who employ recent college graduates have an old bone to pick with the colleges. The burden of their complaint is that the long and elaborate English courses now in vogue fail to train young men and women to write clear, well-expressed letters and to frame concise and informative reports.

They declare that the average college man's business letters are vague and slipshod and that his most voluminous reports are apt to convey less specific and essential information than could be communicated in three minutes by word of mouth.

The literary requirements of business are far from severe. The flowers of rhetoric are neither demanded nor desired. We have yet to hear a business man speak slightingly of a subordinate's attainments because of his deficient knowledge of Spenser's Faerie Queen or because he thought that Henry Fielding wrote Roderick Random, but we have witnessed more than one apoplectic outburst over obscure, muddy-minded office letters and reports.

In detective yarns and mystery stories suspended interest is no doubt an admirable quality. But when a report is so constructed that the Old Man must read to the bottom of the twenty-third and last page before he can discover whether the concern is making money or losing it and decide whether he should book winter reservations for himself and the girls at Palm Beach or at the poorhouse, literary art is sadly misapplied.

Business English is often spoken of as if it were some quaint and difficult dialect of our mother tongue requiring for its acquisition special teachers whose familiarity with trade had brought them uncanny knowledge of its mysterious patois. Yet every office boy should know that business English should be the simplest, clearest and least adorned form of expression of which the user is capable. The strictest executive would have no cause for complaint if he could have his office correspondence conducted by the poor Elstow tinker who wrote Pilgrim's Progress; and if he could procure the services of any one of the sober gentlemen who translated the Bible for King James he would be fortunate indeed.

When the colleges have completed their autumn drives for endowment funds and have relieved the more pressing needs of their underpaid professors they will perhaps give ear to the plaints of the employers. For a long time there have been educational radicals in the teaching ranks who have averred as loudly as they dared that the conventional collegiate training in our mother tongue and its noble literature is all wrong. Some of these rash pedagogues would even invert the chronological order of study and proceed from the familiar to the unfamiliar, from the simple to the complex. They would even require students to con their Stevenson and Kipling before Addison; Addison before Shakspere and Shakspere before Chaucer or Beowulf. They would teach the art of letter writing before that of play writing and would turn the good old system topsy-turvy.

Such ideas no doubt are the rankest heresy—and yet in these days of universal change there is no saying that they may not some time be adopted.

## Bashful Books Worth Knowing

WRITERS of fiction cannot complain that their work is not taken seriously or that the press of the country is not liberal in the space that it devotes to new novels. The most trivial romance that bears the imprint of a reputable publisher is reviewed in the newspapers from one end of the country to the other, and women's clubs in town and village from ocean to ocean often discuss it as earnestly as London society used to devour the first impressions of a new Waverly or a long-heralded volume of Byron's verse.

Histories, biographies and memoirs of the better sort are also accorded a generous share of free newspaper publicity.

But there is another large class of useful works that is scarcely ever mentioned in the literary columns and of whose very existence the average joy reader is quite unaware.

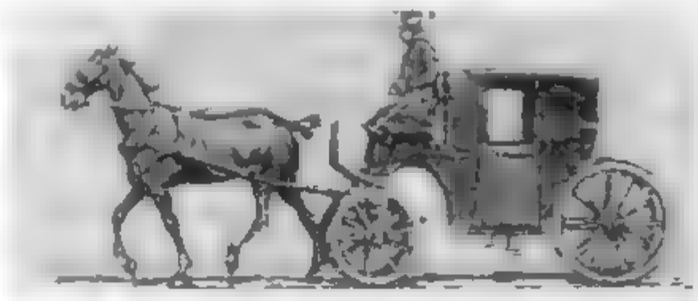
Books that belong to this family are not are a rule well advertised and the young men and women to whom they are most useful have to ferret them out in the cheaper bookshops of the large cities and the country boys and girls are rarely able to find them at all.

These worthy but bashful books are those that teach trades, handicrafts and the practical arts of everyday life in shop, factory and office.

It is impossible to spend a noon hour in a large bookshop without becoming aware of the vague but insistent demand for these useful and practical works. The prospective customer rarely asks for a specific title or an individual author. He—if it is a he—simply asks for a book on alternating-current dynamos or internal combustion engines; and she—if it is a girl—demands a volume on the care of the sick or practical millinery or the touch system of typewriting. It is rare that these young seekers for information go away empty-handed. Occasionally the bookseller offers a technical work beyond his customer's means—in which case the lad usually lays down a dollar bill and says that he will bring the other two on his next pay day.

There is scarcely a mechanical trade whose principles, technic and practice are not set forth simply and clearly in one or more inexpensive handbooks. The literature that has been built up about the electrical and automobile trades is embarrassing in its richness. Carpentry, woodworking and the building trades have countless representatives. There are books on the use of the steel square which are so exhaustive that a cathedral could be constructed with no other instrument save plumb line and level. The less alluring trades are by no means neglected. Perhaps the young man crossing the bookseller's threshold is helper or apprentice to a wood finisher, a coppersmith, an iron molder, a plumber, a cabinetmaker or a steam fitter and has conceived the idea that a book about his trade would help him to advance in it and would enable him to understand some of the tricks about which his boss is so mysterious.

The young man is quite correct in his supposition, and his visit to the bookshop on his own initiative is strong evidence that he will get ahead. He has hit upon an idea that is so sound that no less a personage than Adam Smith made note of it in the book he published about the time that Thomas Jefferson on this side of the water was writing the Declaration of Independence.



In discussing the British seven-year-apprenticeship system the Father of Political Economy called attention to the needless waste of boys' time and expressed the opinion that a few weeks' instruction would suffice to teach the trade of watchmaker. The suggestion was naturally unpopular among master watchmakers, for under the existing system they not only had the boy's labor free for seven years, but frequently made his parents pay them a premium in cash over and above the youngster's work.

Even in our own day the system of long apprenticeships has a tendency to perpetuate itself, for there is a mean streak in human nature which makes us dislike to see our juniors learn with ease and rapidity that which we ourselves were able to acquire only by the hardest and most laborious toil. Ninety-nine journeymen out of a hundred harbor more or less of this feeling. They are not averse to seeing the young helper sweat over the rudiments of his craft. They have the spirit of the apothecary in one of Captain Marryat's novels who initiated his green assistant into the mysteries of the prescription counter by giving him a small lump of India rubber and bidding him to reduce it to an impalpable powder with pestle and mortar! They dread the up-and-coming lad, who if taught and encouraged would soon outdistance them in the race for advancement.

This is where the technical books come in. They answer questions without evasions and without snubs and care not a whit how fast the learner progresses.

The boys in white collars can make books play quite as important a part in their advancement as their brothers at bench and lathe. The American Library Association has recently published an annotated list of five hundred books on business. There is no phase of legitimate commercial activity that does not possess a literature of its own. For the clerk in the bank or bond house, the export trade, insurance, the real-estate office or trust company there are more specialized books than he could read in ten years.

Consider, for example, the young bank runner's future and how books may mold it. The president of his institution is an elderly man who has been a banker for forty years. The tellers and bookkeepers are almost as old, but the cashier and vice presidents are young men between thirty and forty. What is this boy's future to be? When he is sixty will he do business through a teller's window, or will he rule the best mahogany office behind the marble rail? His use of books will have much to do with the answer to the question. He can keep his job—such as it is—without opening a book. But if he is to win through the gate in the marble rail he must know more about the theory of banking than is ever learned merely by the pursuit of routine office work.

If our young man is to be a really first-class banker he must learn far more than the collateral value of a few hundred stocks and bonds. He must be an economist, a student of natural resources and trade routes; he must understand foreign exchange and the banking and currency systems of a dozen foreign countries; he should know the ins and outs of foreign commerce and politics and acquire an uncanny aptitude for reading more quickly than those about him the barometers of business.

Books are a help to the mastery of all these branches of knowledge. Books and trade journals—plus hard work and lots of it—account for the youthful vice presidents.

The future of American banking is so bright that it is almost dazzling, but its richest rewards will be reserved for the men of the broadest training. The new generation of bankers will be men of far wider intellectual range than those who dominate the average countingroom of to-day. America's new rôle in world finance is daily stiffening the requirements for successful bankership, and yet much of the requisite knowledge is to be had for the seeking and for the determination to master it.

The opportunities for young clerks are so numerous and so alluring that it is not too much to say that with two or three years of persistent out-of-hours study any bright bank runner may learn far more about some one important phase of modern banking than is known to-day by the average American bank president.

What is true of banking is true of a dozen other mercantile pursuits. Books will open the way, but they will not do everything. They will not do the student's thinking for him. Not all the food they furnish will be predigested, but they will supply the needed nourishment and they will help mightily.

Young men and women should seek out these bashful helpers. Publishers' catalogues will assist in tracing them. Intelligent booksellers can give valuable hints; and good-natured librarians—which means practically all librarians—will be glad to do their share.

# DUKES AND DIAMONDS

By G. H. FLANDRAU

WHEN the war was over his eminent family were again confronted by the fact of the Honorable Terry. While hostilities were on he had been happily and seemingly healthfully occupied on the Flanders Front and the family had not worried. It was somehow impossible to imagine anything untoward happening to the Honorable Terry. During this time he had done all that was expected of him; and, to the extreme annoyance of his superiors, several things that were not. Indeed, he had narrowly escaped serious trouble because of sundry misguided initiatives which should have resulted in the death of himself and his men, but mercifully didn't.

He came through it all without a scratch, and upon his return his family, who had hoped otherwise, could gather no evidence from his manner, conduct or point of view that he had been saddened or wisened by his experience. On the contrary his attitude was calculated to imply that if there had been a war he himself was not aware of it.

Owing to the inexplicable miscarriage of Fate his older brother, who should have become a peer of England and succeeded to the dukedom of his uncle, and whom Providence had most perfectly formed and fitted for this destiny, had died of pneumonia in a base hospital back of Amiens in 1915. So it now seemed probable that the dignities he would so well have borne were destined to revert to the graceless Terry.

He returned cheerfully to England, assuming as a matter of course that he was to be kept on in the smart regiment to which he belonged—a natural supposition and one which would have been justified if the Honorable Terry had been other than he was. But after a large number of his more pressing debts had been paid by the old duke, and Terry himself seized, almost at the altar, and prevented from wedding a pretty Salvation Army girl to whom he had inadvertently proposed marriage, a serious family council sat on his case and severe measures were decided upon.

"I'd almost rather marry and have a dozen children myself," cried the old duke, reaching for his crutch and shaking it at the assembly, "than have the succession go to that young—that young —— I shan't pay another debt, and, Lucy, if I hear of your doing so I'll cut the entail."

The dukedom of Worretsdown was not a rich one and Lady Lucy, Terry's mother, was almost poor. Besides Terry there were several girls, but they were not yet of an age to make the matches it was highly desirable they should make.

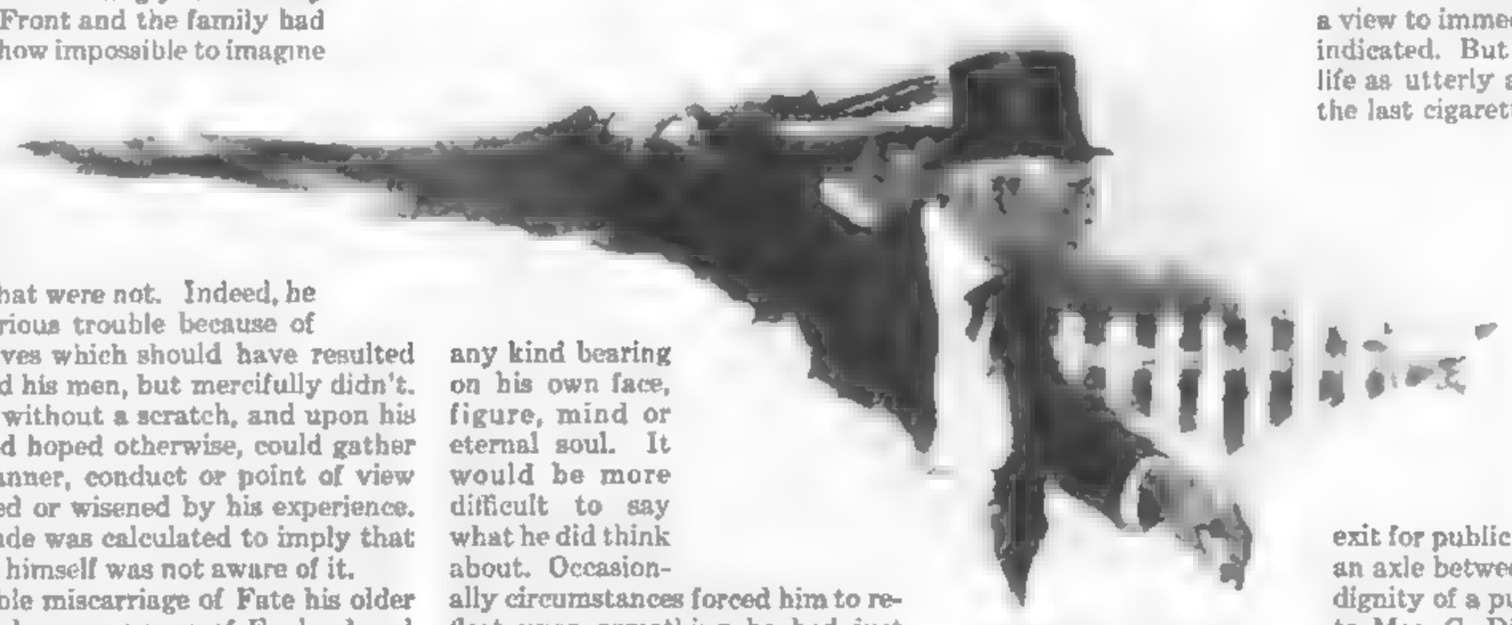
Councils had met before to consider Terry's case, had taken resolutions and issued ultimatums, and they had had precisely no effect whatever on the subsequent proceedings of the young man. In view of these failures an extremely radical decision was come to. Terry, it was decided, must be taken from the surroundings and companions which caused him to behave with such curious, persistent and expensive indiscretion. He must resign from his regiment and he must be sent away.

It was not in the blood of Lady Lucy or the old duke to light on any startling innovation in the disposal of the scapegrace, so the old dodge of the colonies—a few years in a Western Canadian city—was at last decided upon. It was felt that the simple pastoral people by whom he would be surrounded, the vast prairies, the wheat fields, the buffalo—would all do their part in refashioning into a reasonable being the young man who would become the eighth duke of Worretsdown and twelfth Baron Contreville.

His allowance, a small one, was to be entirely dependent upon his remaining in or about the city of Vancouver. If he ventured more than a hundred miles from these precincts it would stop. In view of these commands it is only natural that the Honorable Terry after a few months' sojourn in the charming and remote city on the Pacific Coast—full, the guidebooks say, of old-world charm—should be found one giddy, blue-eyed, pink-and-white morning in the spring of the year occupying a green plush seat in a parlor car rapidly advancing from Boston upon New York.

A look of light-hearted anticipation sat on his brow. His tan tweeds were festive; his long, loosely built body was relaxed. He was blue-eyed and pink and white like the morning, and his ingenuous face with its small curling mustache attracted the eye, openly or furtively, of every female passenger who sat or could arrange to sit where she could see it.

It is improbable that the Honorable Terry knew how engaging was his person. He was not given to reflections of any kind bearing on his own face, figure, mind or eternal soul. It would be more difficult to say what he did think about. Occasionally circumstances forced him to reflect upon something he had just done, but he thought about what he did after it was done—never before, a thing with which the old duke was in the habit of bitterly reproaching him. To-day, until after the train left New Haven, he thought of nothing. Once indeed he did think he would have a lobster and some shad roe for lunch when he got to New York; and again that it was a deucedly odd thing he should be compelled by some inexplicable eccentricity of the American race to drink water with, before and after his meals. But most of the time his level light-blue gaze rested vaguely on nothing and he felt very fit and that was all.



*His More Pressing Debts Had Been Paid by the Old Duke*

But when the train slid out of the New Haven station one overpowering idea had rushed in to fill the vacuum—which Nature abhors—that had been his mind, and filled it to the complete and hopeless exclusion of any other possible thought.

She came down the aisle with her chin in the air and her lips not smiling but imperceptibly parted as if they had just smiled or were just about to do so. Terry was not imaginative, but he suddenly had a very acute vision of what her smile would be like, and it was almost more than he could bear. And then her eyes, her skin, her nose—tipped up as if she had just sniffed at the mingled scents of gardenias and apple blossoms! It was the face of an angel, a goddess, an enchanting child. As Terry had been decently bred his gaze seemed never to have left the hat-rack at the side end of the car, and yet it is highly probable that she, inspired by a cryptic sense peculiar to pretty girls, was aware that he was aware.

Accompanying the divinity was a being calculated to inspire in properly regulated minds respect if not awe. To minds not properly regulated she might have suggested a well-corseted poodle. But what a poodle, and what corsets! Inconceivable that one should call her short and fat. Rather let it be said that she was not tall and not slender—highly condensed but not slender. And she emphatically was no longer young. But she was not a person to be described negatively. Her clothes, countenance and bearing were positive to the last degree, and when she arranged herself on the seat across the aisle from Terry she seemed already to have relegated the other occupants of the car to their respective and inferior spheres. The wild-rose skin and parted lips took their place facing her—and facing the Honorable Terry.

Towns and telegraph poles, red barns, apple orchards and the Saugatuck River raced past the windows unseen by the blue eyes of the highly nonchalant young man in tweeds, who stared at a pair of wicker suitcases perilously balanced some distance from him, and who saw, by some trick known to youth and love, not the suitcases but the lobe of a small pink ear peeping out from under a wave of golden-brown hair, a bewitching floppy hat and an assortment of eyes and lips that were a menace to the inherited restraint of twelve generations of Norman barons.

The landscape changed. Flat marshes appeared—a glimpse of wide silver where the Sound had wandered inland; gigantic revelations in oils of the progressive stages of a Turkish bath; the names and charms of plays, pills, soups, underwear and soft drinks. Then chimneys, wires, tenements—New York.

In the Honorable Terry's bill case, along with a draft supposedly destined to cover the cost of food, shelter, cigarettes, brandy sodas and caddy fees in Vancouver for the period of three months, was a small calling card with the name of Richard Bateman engraved on one side and the address of a New York club scribbled across the back. This address it had been Terry's intention to convey to the first taxi driver on hand when he descended from the Boston express, with a view to immediate transportation in the direction indicated. But this intention had vanished from his life as utterly as the last puff of blue smoke from the last cigarette he had tossed away before boarding the eastbound train from Vancouver.

With superb detachment he strolled toward the exit in the wake of a lissom figure in a brown checked skirt and buff sports jacket, and the concentrated magnificence of a solid little party in rustling black taffeta and cocks' plumes. They took their way, fortunately for the unformulated determination of the Honorable Terry, to the exit for public vehicles. If her car had not broken an axle between Hartford and New Haven the indignity of a public taxi would have been spared to Mrs. C. Dillingsby Pott and Mrs. Dillingsby Pott's niece. But if the axle hadn't broken they would not have boarded a Pullman car at New Haven, and if ——

However, the axle did break and the Honorable Terry got into the taxi that was snorting and smelling back of the one the aforementioned ladies deigned to enter in the vaulted exit of the Grand Central. He dropped a word of explanation into the ear and a pleasantly worth-while bank note into the hand of the breezy individual driving the cab, and the vehicles plunged together into the hubbub of the street.

Reassured by the driver's reply to his request—a reply to the effect that "That's the best thing I do, mister"—the Honorable Terry gave his attention exclusively to the problem of whether her eyes were black or violet blue, unaware of time and direction. Then suddenly the taxi stopped, and the driver twisting round on his seat stuck his sweaty quizzical face in through the window.

"First stop," he announced, jerking open the door.

Selwyn—Selwyn was the last of a series of names belonging to the Honorable Terry—got out.

"They went in there," said the driver, indicating an entrance a few doors ahead; "one on the corner. They won't be out till day after to-morrow."

"I say! Now what makes you think that, my dear fellow?"

"Dressmaker. Give 'em up for lost."

Terry laughed. Odd fellows, these American servants, but jolly, quite jolly. The driver volunteered further remarks, and as Terry stood leaning nonchalantly on his stick, his coat buttoned tightly round his narrow waist, he had an air which attracted the eye of a young lady exhibiting a lace machine in the window opposite. She stopped operating the machine, puffed her hair out over both ears, powdered her nose and eyed him expectantly. Her preparations were, however, without result. He did not look across the street.

After a moment's conversation with the driver he strolled toward the corner, dragging his stick, a thin plume of cigarette smoke trailing behind him. He had no plan. To experience a wish for something was in the Honorable Terry's mind to feel that that something quite naturally and rightly must be his, and he was not above taking steps—physical rather than mental steps, to be sure—to obtain it. He experienced a wish just now, an acute desire to know the pretty girl he had seen on the train, and he desired it with an intensity with which, he believed, he had hitherto never desired anything. It was inconceivable to him that he should let her slip away into the unknown without a clew at least as to who she was.

The open door of the corner shop was flush with the street and he quickened his steps as he passed it. To lounge by would, he seemed to feel, be unnecessarily vulgar. So he walked briskly, without turning his head—it might almost be said without looking in—and yet he very distinctly saw the entire interior of the showroom, which was small. What is more, his glance unmistakably encountered the glance of the black—or was it violet-blue?—eyes; and he received not a sign; not, heaven forbid, a wink; not even a tremor of recognition. Just a little blank look, too brief almost to be said to have existed, but into which his instinct read hope. He whirled his cane round several times to celebrate, and a flush of pleasant excitement crept into his cheeks.

"Right-o, what? Right-o, right-o, oh, quite," he observed to himself from time to time; and unable to get

(Continued on Page 53)

*"Work and save"*

THAT'S the way to beat the high cost of living We can't do your work for you, but we can help you save—in clothes

*Ours are all-wool and tailored so well they last; you buy fewer clothes —costs you less; satisfaction or money back*

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*The scarf shown is an exclusive jacquard pattern in heavy French silk, recently imported by us. "Strate-Cuts" are made in thousands of rich patterns at $1 to $5.*

# "This Scarf holds its shape"

MEN, have you wondered why your ties twist and pull out of shape? It's because they're *cut on the bias*—to save cloth.

Wilson Bro's "Strate-Cut" Scarfs are new—different! Cut lengthwise of the silk, giving a straight pull on hundreds of hard-twisted threads!

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SHAPE Wilson Bro's STRATE CUT HOLDING

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Wilson Bro's

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(Continued from Page 50)

very far from the magnet in the plaid skirt he soon turned on his heel and prepared again to pass the delicious tantalizing doorway. He walked by quickly and shot an imperceptible glance into the antechamber. This time he found it empty. He knew they had not left, for their cab was still standing by the curb, the driver nowhere in sight. Terry paused and looked undecidedly into the shop window, which was arranged like the corner of a rakish boudoir. There was a drapery of black-and-orange brocade, a Chinese god, a sable cloak flung over a teakwood throne, a pink satin chemise and some huge cushions of black velvet.

Terry was not aware of these objects, nor was the interval spent before the window devoted to any particular train of thought bearing on further action. It was merely a pause, during which he waited for a new impulse to materialize. One did. He felt impelled to enter the shop. It was, as has been said, empty. A muffled sound of voices issuing from curtained compartments was distantly to be heard and remote footsteps. If there had only been a counter with a pretty girl behind it Terry would have produced another bank note and his engaging smile, and would have gone off with a sacred name and address scribbled on his cuff. But there was no counter and no girl, pretty or otherwise; only a few more black velvet cushions, another god, a polar-bear skin and a few chairs.

Then something more pertinent to his search caught his eye. In the corner stood a small teakwood table and on the table lay a mesh bag. He had noticed this bag during the journey, reposing on the taffeta lap of the superb poodle. Indeed it had perpetually slid off, and been as perpetually restored to that lap by the lovely gloved fingers of his idol. Terry's heart warmed to it. She had touched it, perhaps she sometimes carried it. He lifted it from the table, and then it occurred to him that it very probably contained an address. Just as he was about to open it and investigate an even more attractive impulse came to life within him. Why not carry off the bag, and then in the course of a few hours take it back to the owners in person, saying he had found it in the street—or some bally excuse like that? He would think up something to say before then. This seemed to him a triumphant conception. He slipped the bag into his pocket and walked out of the shop.

In his excitement he forgot about the taxi and turned down the other street. He walked straight ahead for several blocks, his fingers caressing the object that until so lately had been near her, rejoicing in the extreme simplicity and cleverness of his achievement. Then he felt hungry and stopping a cab he got into it and consulted the club address in his bill case. During the short drive he luxuriated in the joy of once more being involved in adventure. For a time there was room for nothing but exaltation in his mind. Then it occurred to him to examine his treasure. But at that moment the cab stopped with a jerk and he postponed the inspection of the bag until he should be in the club.

Dickie Bateman was a young man who knew everybody he ought to know, did everything he ought to do, played polo, bridge, golf, drove a good car, danced, went to war, got medals in France, took in a few smart parties in London, came home unscathed, and spent every week-end at a country house where the chef was impeccable and the society of the best. He was small, debonair, with a good figure, good clothes, good features and a ready and infectious laugh.

He greeted Selwyn with enthusiasm:

"Hello there, Terry, I'm glad to see you! By George, I am!"

"Cheer-o!" responded Terence. "I say, old bean, do you know a rum old party with a pug nose who carries a diamond bag?"

"Ouch! Say that over again and pronounce distinctly. Or no, we've got a little drinking to do first. You can tell me all after we get them started."

They repaired to Bateman's rooms upstairs, and during the first round they reminisced. While Dickie was shaking up the second, however, Selwyn's mind reverted to the matter in hand. He pulled the bag out of his pocket.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed Bateman. "That's some bag."

Terry, who hadn't paid any particular attention to its outward appearance, too intent on what it might contain, noticed that it was indeed some bag. It was large and made of fine gold and platinum mesh arranged in stripes. Along the top was a row of snapping white diamonds, and an unreadable monogram of smaller diamonds was worked into one side.

"Going to deliver it to the young lady yourself?" said Bateman with a friendly wink.

"My dear chap, that's the whole trouble. I don't know who she is."

"You don't ——"

"That's what I want to find out." Selwyn sat down, and turning the bag upside down emptied the contents on the table. To his amazement three large emerald rings, six loose white pearls and a small gold coin purse scattered over the polished wood.

"Well, I'll be—what is this anyway?" Dickie sat down opposite the Honorable Terry and gazed at him curiously.

Terry laughed. "I say—what a lark! She'll be cock-eyed till she gets it back." He opened the coin purse. It contained several twenty-dollar gold pieces and a few quarters. There was no card or address of any kind.

"Now that's what I call very odd," said the young man. "There's no bally card in the thing."

"If it isn't indiscreet," began the other.

"Look here, old man, you know everybody. You ought to know whose bag this is."

"Me!" There was a moment's silence. "Why in thunder—— Where'd you get it anyway?"

"In a shop round about somewhere. I don't know the name of the place."

"In a shop? Did you buy it furnished?"

"What ——"

"Did you buy it full of rings and pearls and twenty-dollar gold pieces?"

"Dear old thing, no! I didn't buy it at all. I picked it up."

"Well," exclaimed Bateman with emphasis, "quite a haul I should say. However, when you get through spoofing me ——"

"But I'm not spoofing you—I never spoof. Awful rotters, those chaps always trying to spoof a fellow—never know what it's jolly well all about. I picked it up, I tell you, in some sort of beastly dressmaking place."

Bateman carefully filled the two glasses and observed in a queer voice, "Have another drink."

They drank.

"It's a fine spring day," observed Dickie cautiously.

"But if there's no address in it," Terry complained, "how the deuce can I take it back?"

"Look here, my friend, do you want me to know about this business or don't you?"

Selwyn's amiable face assumed a puzzled expression.

"I wish you did know something about it. I don't. Don't American ladies carry cards?"

"Suppose we begin at the beginning," said Dickie; and by a series of judicious questions he led the young Englishman back through the events of the morning.

Telling about his adventure revived Terry's spirits, and when he had finished he was once more tingling with pleasant excitement.

For a few moments Dickie made no comment; then he remarked: "As I understood from what you wrote me before you came on, you are not supposed to remove yourself more than one hundred miles from Vancouver while you're on this side?"

"Right."

"If you do, your money will stop and you will be obliged to dig sewers or break rocks for the remainder of your stay in America—that is, if you wish to continue to dine?"

"Right as rain."

"In view of which facts I wrote suggesting that if you contemplated visiting New York you change temporarily your name, New York being keen on swells. Without this precaution every evening edition would be filled with fictitious interviews explaining your views on important questions you've never heard of and photographs of somebody else labeled The Honorable Terence Algernon Pigot Bellamy Selwyn, heir to the dukedom of Worretsdown, and so on. You agreed that it would be wise to take my advice."

"Deuced thoughtful of you, too—upon my word it was."

Dickie sprang to his feet and rammed his fists into his trousers pockets. He took a few turns up and down the room and then, standing still, burst into a joyous laugh.

"I will be damned," he observed. "Can you beat it? No, you cannot. You arrive in New York under an assumed name. You proceed to the shop of one of the most fashionable dressmakers ——"

"How do you know?" interrupted Terry.

"What?"

"That it was a fashionable shop?"

Dickie groaned. "I should have thought from the data that even you—— But never mind. Let us pass on. You go into one of the most fashionable dressmaking shops and steal, in broad daylight, a handful of gold, platinum, diamonds, emeralds, pearls and rubies —— Oh, I know," he said hurriedly; "there were no rubies. I just put that in to make it sound worse. Well, after all this you sit here looking about as worried as a fat bishop with a private income, come to town to preach an Easter sermon."

"A bishop? I say, why should I look like a bishop?"

"You shouldn't—that's just it. I don't want you to, but you do."

"Look here," said Terry irritably, "I ask you to identify a compatriot of yours, a thing, it seems to me, you might easily do, and you go talking about bishops. I don't look like one. Have you ever seen a bishop?"

"Selwyn, my child, my comrade, my humor was ill-timed. I was merely trying to indicate the seriousness of the situation. Never mind about the bishop. The point is, and you seem persistently to ignore it, you have committed a crime. I am unaccustomed to crime and I fear for you, that's all."

Terry laughed. "You're an amusing chap, you know. Upon my word you are, what? Such a bally odd way of putting things."

Dickie regarded him earnestly. "There is no such person," he murmured with conviction. Presently he walked to the window. "The police have not as yet thrown a cordon—I believe that is the word—about the club. They will shortly."

"Black without any beastly brown in them," mused Terry. "I'm fed up on brown eyes. Bit of a bore, brown eyes; too many of 'em."

"If it were not for the sake of Lady Lucy ——" began Bateman. "Now listen, Selwyn: The only hope is that the lady you have robbed will advertise for the bag to be returned for a reward, no questions asked, and that sort of thing, before they have had time to run you down. I hope so. In the meantime you would better give the bag to me—awkward if you were to be taken up with it in your pocket."

"Thanks heaps, my dear chap, but I'd rather like to keep it by me. You see, she picked it up several times. I rather like to think she did that."

Again Bateman said "Well, I'll be ——" But he didn't finish his sentence. Instead he remarked ironically: "All right. Keep your loot. I ought to wash my hands of you, but I won't. When you're run in send round to me and I'll go bail."

Mrs. C. Dillingsby Pott had a round face, a small round nose deeply embedded in round cheeks that sagged a trifle, a round mouth and two round choleric eyes that were inclined to bulge. All human beings that belonged in any way to her she enveloped in an active, managing and somewhat injudicious affection. All those who did not were potential enemies, and were regarded as such by Mrs. Dillingsby Pott.

Even before the disappearance of her bag she had been in a ruffled mood. The accident to the axle which had interrupted her journey from Boston to New York was the first annoyance and brought in its train various others. Then Sylvia had been most unsatisfactory at Madame Helen's. She was vague, inclined indeed to be dreamy, and had asked her aunt four times if the latter had noticed a perfectly sweet Englishman on the train. Her aunt had noticed nothing in the train but the heat and cinders, and said as much. She requested Sylvia to stop being silly and to attempt at least to concentrate on the respective possibilities of lace and tulle.

It was due perhaps to these small perturbations that on leaving the showroom to go into the fitter she committed the unusual indiscretion of leaving her bag behind. Superfluous to go into the commotion that took place when it was discovered that the purse had vanished. Madame Helen was alternately prostrated and fiery. She shook the young lady who was supposed to grace the antechamber with her presence continuously from nine until five. The young lady cried and admitted that she had left the room for half a minute to go in search of her lip stick, thinking Madame Helen and the two ladies would be there while she was gone. Several other young ladies, mostly models, cried, too, with a tendency, when they stopped crying, to think that the poor working girl was, as usual, being insulted and ground down.

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott requested that the traffic policeman at the nearest corner be sent for at once with a view to the immediate discovery of the bag; but Madame Helen implored her for the sake of the shop's good name not to have in a policeman. Besides, she pointed out, Mrs. Pott, as she herself admitted, did not think that any person employed by Madame Helen had taken the bag. The matter was one for a detective to handle. She herself would be very glad to take up the matter with a detective.

This offer was rejected by Mrs. Dillingsby Pott. Though the honor of Helen's shop was not questioned the criminal carelessness of the place was clearly demonstrated. She proceeded with dignity to her cab and Madame Helen followed her to make a request, namely, that Mrs. Dillingsby Pott out of the kindness of her great heart would give the matter as little publicity as possible. People were unreasonable, and just the rumor that a robbery had been committed in her establishment ——

"Publicity, my good woman, is something I have had, with some difficulty, to avoid all my life," said her patroness. "You may be sure that neither my name nor yours shall be bandied about in the unspeakable press in connection with stolen jewelry. Incidentally, please pay, for me, your young ladies to keep my name out of it, and let it be known that I offer a thousand dollars reward for the bag."

When Madame Helen went back to her shop she kissed the young lady she had offended, observed that Mrs. C. Dillingsby Pott made her sick, and shook them up a cocktail all round.

In spite of the vast abundance of her possessions Mrs. Pott was no more willing to part with any one of them than anybody else. The thought of her emerald rings, pearls and handsome bag caused her acute distress. She was indignant, too, and felt that it was most probably the work of some socialist.

"I don't know what the world is coming to," she told Sylvia, "with strikes and the servant question as it is, and now this."

Rather incoherently she telephoned Mr. Dillingsby Pott at his club, and it took him some time to grasp what it was all about. Meanwhile several pots had gone by, he was sure, and he was in a hurry to get back to his game.

"Lost your bag, did you, Martha? . . . What? . . . Stolen; yes, yes; I understand. . . . Well, I'll send someone up right away. . . . Yes, this afternoon, right off. . . . Yes, you'd better stay in till he comes. You tell him all about it."

With that Mr. Pott withdrew from the telephone and returned to the game. On his way back he asked an attendant to telephone over and have a detective sent up to Mrs. Dillingsby Pott.

Dougherty was one of the oldest men on the force. He was not considered brilliant by his associates. A fair routine man, but not brilliant. As there was no one else available when the club secretary telephoned for a detective, and as the former did not give the impression that the occasion was one of any special importance, they put Dougherty on the Pott case.

A routine man was precisely what Dougherty was. He loved formulas, systems, finger prints and crime waves. He had a great respect for smart well-known criminals and looked upon them with the same mixture of interest and awe that some people feel for movie stars and millionaire babies. It was his consuming ambition to capture one of them with his own hands, though he had little real hope of doing so. He ran in nigger crap shooters, pickpockets, dope takers; but in his dreams he hooked the big fellows.

He was a heavy-set man with a bulbous nose, a rather bald head and a soft voice. When a footman admitted him to the marble seclusion of the Pott mansion he was both awed and hopeful. This might be his chance; it looked like a real job to Dougherty. He refused to relinquish his derby hat, as he was using it as a repository for a large, dead, half-chewed cigar, dropped into it when he passed through the wrought-iron portals. And during the interview with Mrs. Dillingsby Pott he held it between his hands like a collection box, jiggling the piece of cigar up and down absent-mindedly from time to time.

He admired Mrs. Pott extremely, and in view of her grandeur felt more than ever convinced that this time he was to be pitted against nothing less than a king of the profession.

Miss Mamie Shannon, who that week was demonstrating a lace machine in the shop window across the street from Madame Helen's, pulled her turban of Oriental brocade well down over one plucked eyebrow, rouged her lips and fastened, according to the mode of the moment, a single imitation sable skin close about her throat. Memories of a rather exciting day fused in her mind with anticipations of what she expected would be a rather agreeable evening. Mamie liked to eat and dance and kid and dance and be told that she was some baby doll and dance and dance and dance. Formerly she had liked to punctuate the evening's pleasures with a few discreetly spaced pink cocktails in tall-stemmed glasses. This was no longer possible and she did not particularly miss them.

She was prompt at the rendezvous, bursting with the news she had to tell Wilcox about the passenger he had deposited near Madame Helen's shop that morning. It was an odd happening all round. She and Wilcox had experienced a sudden attraction for each other at a dance where they had met some months before. It had lasted through that one evening and then they had happened not to see each other again until that very morning.

Wilcox, less preoccupied than his passenger, had soon become aware of the female loveliness so advantageously displayed in the window across the way. Also, the young woman seemed to resemble someone he knew. He regarded her attentively. His scrutiny was observed by the lace maker. She stopped demonstrating, puffed her hair out over her ears and powdered her nose as she had done—though without results—for the Honorable Terry. This time she did not reap indifference. Wilcox descended from his box seat and strolled across the street.

"Gee, it's that little girl I met with Walker and his wife. What was her name, now?" "Some peach; this is luck," and similar phrases said themselves under his breath as he approached the shop.

It was a small arts-and-crafts place very arts, crafts and handmade, where the uglier crocheting, tatting, weaves and stitches of our Puritan grandmothers are revived and propagated. Wilcox, in whom timidity was not an outstanding feature, jauntily entered the shop and thrust his head between the curtains that draped the back of the show window.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "I've been looking for you for three months. How's the Walkers?"

"Why, Mr. Wilcox!" said the young lady, looking extremely surprised.

A majestic woman with hair as black as a beetle and a horn-rimmed pince-nez on a thin hooked nose—not a Semitic nose—bore down upon them. Meanwhile Wilcox went on:

"How are you on the shimmy now, beauty? Good for a bout this evening?"

"What is the meaning of this?" said the black lady with the beak, tapping Wilcox's arm.

Without withdrawing his head from the curtains Wilcox took her hand and squeezed it.

"At seven, then?"

Mamie nodded. "Yes. You must go away now."

Wilcox, emerging, shook the hand he held, formally.

"Pleased to meet you. Yes, I'll be delighted to call again," and leaving the manageress spluttering with rage he strolled into the street.

He settled himself on the front seat of his cab and tilted his cap over his eyes, thinking of the nice little bank note slipped to him at the station by the Honorable Terry. It would help a great deal on the party and he hoped it would be duplicated when the young man had finished with him. Time dragged and it began to seem to him that his fare was taking an unnatural time about whatever he was up to. Wilcox got down, searched, investigated, waited, and was at last forced to the conclusion that he had been abandoned. He was indignant.

"The dirty sucker! He cleared out, by golly, and stood me up for my fare! I'll get him."

His grievance stuck by him all day and he poured it at once into Mamie's sympathetic ear. It wasn't the money—he didn't mind that so much; it was the idea of a by-Jove Englishman putting something like that over on him.

"Well, wait till you hear what I've got to say about your Englishman—only I didn't know he was English," she said. "Say, I've been interviewed by a detective to-day."

Wilcox was interested.

"Detective! Well, I hope it ain't one of those co-respondent stunts you're mixed up in." He winked.

"Smarty," she returned, simpering. "You better not get too smart; you may get mixed up in something yourself, driving crooks round."

"Crooks?"

"Yes, crooks. There was a robbery committed in Helen's place across the street about five minutes after you was talking to me, and I just about saw it done."

"Come off!"

"If you hadn't taken a nap on your front seat you'd have seen it too. I saw that party you drove walk past the shop, look in the door and windows and then dodge inside. In about a minute he dodged out again, puttin' something in his pocket, and sneaked round the corner. I didn't exactly think he was sneakin' then, but now that I look back, and knowin' a purse was stolen ——"

"By gee, is that on the square? How'd you get on to it?"

"Why, a detective came over this afternoon and interviewed me, as I'd been sittin' in full view of Helen's shop all day. He's workin' for the woman whose bag was stolen."

"Who is she?"

"Don't know. He didn't say, of course, and the girls at Helen's won't tell—she don't want anything to get into the papers. And she's offered a thousand dollars' reward for the purse."

"Honest? Say, I could use some of that thousand."

"Well, go to it. You've seen the guy, and the detective ain't. Besides, he don't know he's English—thinks he's a New York crook—one of the regular ones."

Wilcox, practically born and literally brought up on the sidewalks of the Tenderloin, possessed in ways and to an extent he himself did not realize the wisdom peculiar to city pavements.

"Then the detective's a nut," he observed.

"Why?" She was piqued. He was her detective and she was proud of him.

"If he says that fella is a professional crook; because he ain't."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know how I know, but I know. He may have stolen a few gold bags off Helen's, but he's no regular thief. Take it from me."

And in view of the hunting instinct that dwells in every male bosom, and more particularly in view of the thousand-dollar reward, Wilcox resolved to keep an eye peeled for a tall Englishman with pink cheeks who was not a professional crook.

When Dougherty had finished his examination of the premises where the theft had taken place and had interviewed the girl across the street he went off well satisfied, especially satisfied with the interview. He admitted to himself that that interview was a clever stroke. It summed things up very neatly. A man, tall, handsome, even distinguished-looking, arrives in a taxi. He is well-dressed, has a nonchalant, man-of-the-world air—unquestionably, just as Dougherty had thought, he is one of the big boys. He is seen to pass the shop twice, then pause, look through the window and at last, at the exact time the robbery must have taken place, to enter the place. Almost immediately he returns and slides round the nearest corner. It seems to Dougherty a perfectly clear case.

The question is, What criminal corresponds to the very accurate description he has obtained of the thief?

Dougherty betook himself to a joint he knew and occasionally visited on Fourteenth Street and ordered some near beer. He tipped a wink to the rat who served him and told him to bring one for himself.

"Aw, I don't drink that ditch water."

"Well, sit down anyway."

The other looked about nervously.

"Don't be afraid of sitting down with me. None of them fly fellas's afraid of old Dougherty, not yet anyway. Besides, there's no one round."

The rat sent his shifty glance about the room more from habit than anything else, for the place was empty, and toward an inner doorway. Then reluctantly he sat down.

"Say," observed the detective, eying the ugly, pitiful, utterly unregenerate and unredeemable face before him, "I don't envy you your job—both sides of the fence."

"Shut up," whispered the other.

"There's nobody here. Don't sh-h me like that; it makes me nervous."

"You go to hell," suggested the other, about to rise. "What d'ye want to do anyway? Get me in wrong fer good?"

"Sit down! You and me know a couple of things, and don't forget it. I'll leave things lay with you the way they is now if you don't get gay."

The young man settled back in his chair sullenly, twitching at his nose.

"Now, who's in town?"

The boy, leaning close to Dougherty, spoke softly and rapidly.

Suddenly at the mention of a certain name the detective experienced a thrill of triumphant certainty.

"It's him!" he said to himself. "Queer I didn't think of Nifty Harry before."

But he was careful not to let the boy suspect that he felt any more interest in one name than another. He did not wish to run the risk of a betrayal. Nifty Harry! Dougherty recalled him—tall, well-dressed, fine-looking in a way, with a small blond mustache and a certain air of breeding.

As he left the place he reconstructed the drama of the morning. Harry, so the rat said, had come into New York that day by the morning train. He had seen the women in the parlor car—Harry always traveled in style—had spotted the purse, followed them to the shop and bagged the loot. It was absurdly simple. A dizzying exultation laid hold of him. By golly, Dougherty had done it at last. Put something over on one of the big fellows, made his everlasting name and pulled down the reward, which would be duly credited to Mrs. Dougherty's account at the savings bank. Nothing left to do now but get some men on the job with him and run Nifty Harry to earth.

Sylvia was going to be late to lunch. It was unfortunate, because her aunt liked meals to be on time. Besides, Mrs. Hornaday Pott, Mrs. Dillingsby Pott's sister-in-law, and her two earnestly uninteresting daughters were lunching with them, after which they were going to an opera matinée. So Sylvia told Thompkins to hurry, and when they got into the clearer spaces above Forty-seventh Street he shot ahead.

She was much bored. The prospect of lunching with the superb Pott sisters-in-law and the Pott cousins was wearisome. Also the prospect of a Wagnerian matinée weighed heavily. Meanwhile the canary-colored spring sunshine gilded the day, odors of spring found their way into the shining, tan-upholstered, plate-glass cupboard referred to as the town car, and Sylvia yearned to be told that she was beautiful and, if possible, to be kissed.

At Fifty-seventh Street they slowed down for a crossing and her cousin Dickie Bateman's roadster overtook them and slewed round the corner. It rushed eastward and in an instant had disappeared, but Sylvia's was a seeing eye, and in that instant she had discerned that Dickie was driving and that by his side sat no other than the young Englishman whose admiration for herself had so greatly enlivened the journey to New York.

Sylvia was used to admiration, could recognize it blindfolded at a distance of a hundred yards—and never got enough of it. She liked Englishmen and had thought this one of particularly beguiling appearance. Indeed she had thought of him a good deal since the previous day and regretted that they would in all probability never meet. But if he was a friend of her cousin Dick's this probability was greatly diminished. It was awkward that Dickie should not be on speaking terms with Mrs. Dillingsby Pott—or, rather, that Mrs. Pott should not be on speaking terms with Dick, owing to a perverse evening when he had tried to persuade her that socialists should not all be lined up and shot at dawn, a conviction which Mrs. Pott cherished determinedly. So he was not in favor. However, all that could be changed. There must be a way. And before Sylvia sat down to the lunch table she thought she had found it.

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott and Mrs. Hornaday Pott were intimate friends and disliked each other extremely. They

(Continued on Page 57)

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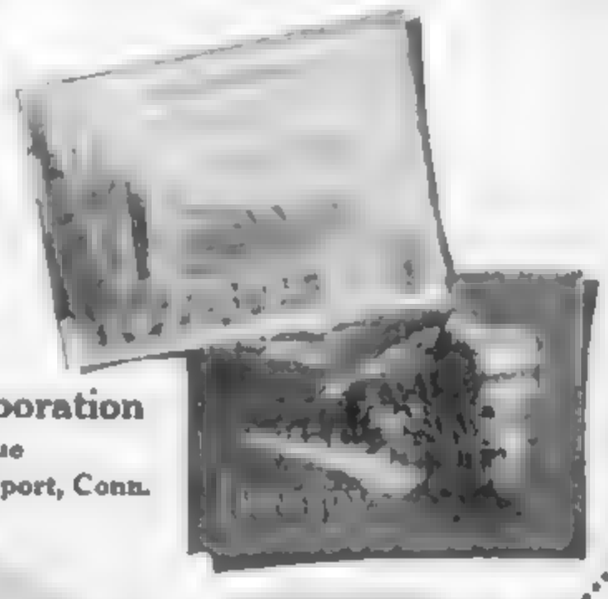

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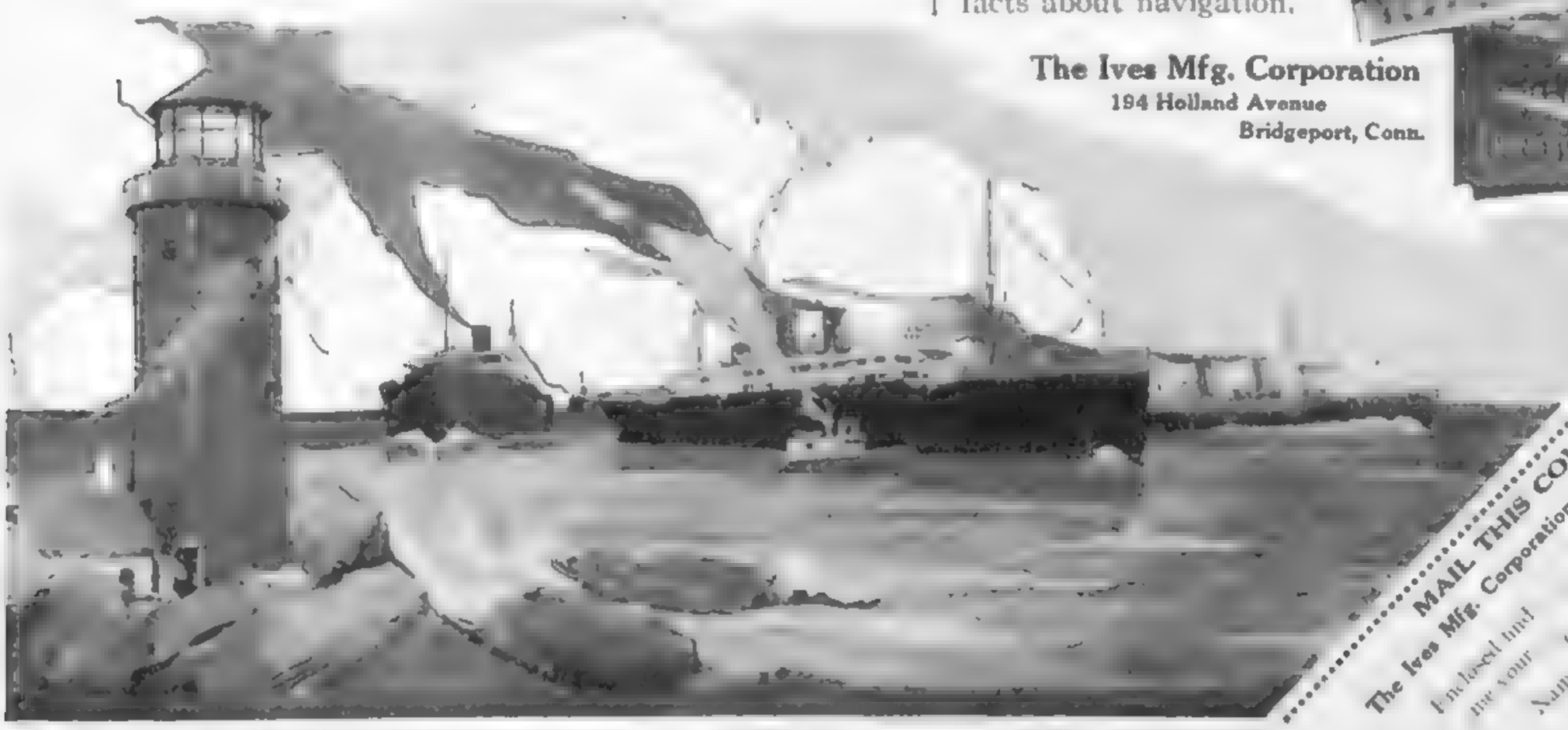

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spent much time together, perhaps on the assumption that an enemy in the hand is better than one concealed behind a bush engaged in hidden activities. If Martha lost ten pounds Jane banted. If Jane dined an ambassador Martha secured a prince. It was a tea for a tea and a ball for a ball. To offset Jane's two plain daughters Martha took to herself one beautiful niece, and knew she had scored.

The rival ladies faced each other at lunch, both short of breath, condensed as to figure, with powdered dewlaps, lifted eyebrows and prominent eyes, intent on the content of the dishes offered them. Then into the placid pool of their armed neutrality Sylvia cast a small pebble:

"By the way, Aunt Jane, what is the name of that terribly smart young Englishman who's visiting Dick Bateman? They say he's a great swell."

Aunt Jane looked up from the lobster mousse she was dipping into and regarded Sylvia with surprise.

"Really? I didn't know there was any such person. Lucretia, you saw Dick on Saturday. Did he say?"

"No, mamma. Dick never does say anything to me."

"How do you know he's visiting Dick, Sylvia?" said Mrs. Dillingsby Pott reflectively.

"Heavens, everybody knows. He'll be the rage, I suppose, and we'll get so sick of him. The idea of an earl or a marquis puts some women off their heads. I think it's idiotic. By the way, Tetia, have you and Muggsy decided to come out together?"

The great ladies Pott made no further reference to Sylvia's pebble, but the ripples eddied across the pool and washed two letters of invitation into Dickie Bateman's rooms that evening.

During the afternoon Sylvia's Aunt Martha had observed casually, "I suppose, Sylvia"—she sighed—"that for his mother's sake I ought to be more lenient with Dick. Of course he's a dreadful trial, but he's had his lesson now. I hope he realizes he's had his lesson."

"Oh, yes, aunt."

"I don't want to let down the bars too suddenly or he may not realize that he has had his lesson, but we might invite him formally. We might have him Friday night."

"Yes, aunt."

From her writing table Mrs. Pott observed: "Did you say he had some man stopping with him, my child?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Well, he might as well bring him along. We're short of men, as usual."

"By the way, Selwyn," remarked Bateman when Terry turned up at his rooms next morning at the hour when a pleasing gold liquid might be expected to gurgle into a thin stemmed glass, "how are you on dining out Friday?"

"What's offered?"

The honorable one bestrode a small chair and tossed his hat neatly onto a bronze head of Sir Walter Scott.

"Small dinner party of thirty given by Mrs. Hornaday Pott for His Excellency the Honorable Signor Something or Other, ex-prime minister, and a Rumanian princess who ——"

"I say, old son," interrupted Terry, "you're not serious?" He looked frightened.

Dickie laughed.

"Well, we've got another chance. Mrs. Dillingsby Pott is likewise gathering about her a few friends." He glanced at the note in his hand. "On Friday at eight, an informal dinner of twenty-eight ——"

"What the deuce do they come bothering us ——"

"We don't have to go, you know; only it might be amusing. Aunt Martha makes—like yourself—rather a specialty of pretty women. She can afford to because her own ewe lamb is prettier than any of them; whereas dear Aunt Hornaday Pott picks on celebrities and excludes beauty whenever she can, the little Hornaday Potts having been slightly marred in making."

"I say, are these persons with the astonishing names connections of yours?"

"They are."

"I won't have to remember 'em, will I?"

"Quite unnecessary to remember anything except to go light on the cocktails and save it all up for the Burgundy and champagne. Old C. D. P. has a cellar furnished entirely with museum pieces. The high spots of the last three centuries' vinting, my boy."

When Bateman had been handed the respective missives from his respected aunts the night before he had been mildly amused.

"The old bloodhounds! They can scent prey from here to Africa. Of course it's Selwyn; but how the deuce ——"

Anyhow it had brought Aunt Martha round, and Dickie was glad of that. He liked to be able, when tired of looking at a dreary world, to drop in and rest his eyesight by looking at Sylvia.

"I shall accept, then, for self and friend—providing, of course, that you are still at large by Friday night. No communications from the police yet?"

"Stop rotting—it gets on a chap's nerves. Why the deuce don't you think of something for a chap to do about it? It's your bally old town."

"Go on," said Dickie, laughing; "gently shift the responsibility for your grand larceny on my broad back. Have you watched the advertisements?"

"Yes. Not a beastly word in them."

"I wonder why the old bird doesn't advertise. Got a detective on it, I suppose, and they're trying to play some deep game. Oh, well, cheer up. We'll probably hear something extremely unpleasant from it before long. Have another?"

"Cheer-o."

Terry was less blithe about his adventure than he had been. The continued possession of the bag annoyed him. He didn't want it and felt as though someone had mischievously forced it upon him. Besides, he dreamed of the violet-blue eyes—he had decided on violet-blue—and despaired of ever looking into them again.

To cheer him up Bateman arranged a dinner, theater and supper, followed by a little game with some men, who were, he thought, of a temper to dispel the faint gloom that at rare intervals invaded Terry's serenity.

The evening was a perfect success. When Terry wakened the next afternoon he found a message from Bateman saying that he, Dick, was out of town for the day, but would be back in time to pick him up and take him to the dinner.

After breakfast Terry passed into the Avenue for a stroll before teatime. As he was passing a jewelry store it occurred to him that the fastening of the stolen bag had become loosened. He dropped into the store and showed the purse to a clerk.

"You'll have to take it to the repair department, sir." The clerk, who was young and somewhat inexperienced, turned the bag over and over in his hands almost tenderly. "Odd you came to me. I sold it to Mrs. Cadwalader D. Pott myself."

Terry's cheek blanched. For a moment he was speechless. After the days of uncertainty to have the owner of the bag revealed to him in this casual fashion was almost more than he could bear.

He cleared his throat and steadying his voice with an effort he said: "Quite right, quite right. Er—by the way, do you happen to have Mrs. Cadwalader—hm"—he had forgotten the rest of her name—"her address about you? The beastly number has slipped my mind."

"Yes indeed, sir. I'll just make a note of it for you." The young clerk produced a beautifully sharpened pencil from his right waistcoat pocket and a cardcase from his left waistcoat pocket. Drawing the sharp pencil point through his own name he turned the card over and with a flourish wrote the name and address of Mrs. Cadwalader D. Pott.

"Thanks awfully, old chap; no end obliged."

Terry seized the card and made for the nearest door. He did not connect the name he had just heard with the names of Dickie Bateman's aunts. Most American names struck him as being fabulously odd and he didn't try to remember them. Clutching the card tightly in his hand he rushed to the curb, looking up and down the Avenue for an empty taxi. The traffic was held up for the moment and there were several cabs among the crowd of vehicles. Just then the driver of one of them turned round and Terry signaled to him excitedly. Strangely enough, his excitement seemed to be shared by the man on the box. The policeman released the traffic, but the cab did not start.

At the sight of Terry, whom he recognized instantly, dismay, triumph and panic laid hold of Wilcox. The prize was in sight, but what was he to do? He had a fare, the policeman was waving to him angrily to be gone. He did not dare jump off the box and leave the car and the passenger in the middle of the street. And yet he found himself utterly incapable of driving off and leaving the thousand-dollar reward standing on the curbstone. He compromised. Without actually summoning Selwyn he reached back and opened the cab door. Terry precipitated himself upon the taxi and climbed in. He shouted an address to the driver and had closed the door before he noticed that there was someone else in the cab.

"I say, I beg your pardon. I thought the thing was empty. I'll get down straight off."

"Don't think of it," replied the other passenger. "We're going in the same direction, I believe. If you don't mind there's no reason why we shouldn't share the cab."

"Thanks awfully. Quite sure it's all right?" said Terry.

The other smiled. "Oh, quite."

They glanced at each other for a moment. They were not, generally speaking, unlike in appearance, though a second glance would have revealed a thousand subtle dissimilarities. The stranger was well set up, fair, with a high color and small light mustache. But his clothes fitted too well. His shoes were a trifle pointed; his tie, though correctly subdued as to color, made itself felt in a way the Honorable Terry's did not. His manner, too, was smooth with a blandness that caused the voice of instinct, deep within the Honorable Terry, to murmur "Bounder."

The young man made an occasional remark, to which Selwyn replied civilly. Presently the former tapped on the front window with a light stick he carried.

"I'll be getting off here," he said, taking some bills out of his pocket to pay the driver.

Terry protested, and the stranger tactfully put up his money and thanked the Englishman. He bowed somewhat elaborately, closed the door and disappeared.

"What was the number, now?" questioned Wilcox, turning round and gazing keenly and gloatingly at Selwyn.

"Seven hundred and nine," the latter answered, trying to memorize the name, Mrs. Cadwalader D. Pott. As usual he did not try to formulate a course of action. As usual it would not have occurred to him to try. In lieu of this he experienced a feeling of hurry—as if the house and all it contained might recede like a will-o'-the-wisp before his grasp if he were not quick about it.

He ran up the white marble steps and rang. Almost at once the glass door with its handsome grating of wrought iron swung open, revealing a stout person in black clothes. This individual propelled a rheumy eye over the visitor. It was a knowing eye, however, and as it advanced the butler's haughty face relaxed.

Without waiting for Terry to speak he observed: "The ladies are at home, sir."

Terry followed him into a vast marble hallway and thoughtlessly taking a card from his own case gave it to the man. The card read The Hon. Terence Algernon Pigot Bellamy Selwyn. The butler, with his boiled eyes respectfully gazing at nothing, read the card with deep approval and unctuously withdrew.

Terry rejoiced exceedingly. "The ladies are at home." Ladies—that meant both of them. He was to see her at last. He would look once more into those devastating eyes, upon those parted lips. He would touch her hand perhaps. Mechanically he thrust his own hand into his pocket, seeking the bag. But it was the wrong pocket. Odd—he thought he had put it there. He felt in the other one, and this pocket too was unaccountably empty. Hurriedly he rummaged in all his pockets, slapping them, thrusting his hands over and over again into the same ones. There wasn't the slightest doubt—he did not have the bag.

A feeling of panic overcame him. What on earth could he say to Mrs. Pott—providing she received him? How explain his presence in her house? He had never heard of her or she of him. What possible excuse could he invent for this intrusion? Terry was not good at inventing, and he knew it. Moreover, he admitted to himself that the loss of the bag was a bit thick. It made things awkward, there was no getting away from it. It was inconceivable how he could have lost it. He couldn't have lost it. He had put it in his pocket at the jeweler's and got immediately into the taxi. Then it came to him quite clearly that he had been robbed. That smooth chap in the car was a pickpocket and had neatly transferred the fatal purse from Terry's possession to his own.

An overwhelming desire seized Terry to be gone before he should have to face the owner of the bag. She might be down at any moment now, and he emphatically preferred not to be there when she arrived. He looked about for a way of escape. He dared not try the front door. It might be locked or there might be half a dozen footmen lurking about the hall who would intercept and detain him. Perhaps a window—— But at that moment the approving butler majestically appeared.

"Madame will be down presently. Will you step this way, if you please, sir?"

They walked the length of the black-and-white paved hallway and then Terry was shown into a sort of morning room looking out on a bit of green. The room was filled with flowers, chints and easy-chairs, and one of the French windows was open. Simpkins the butler pushing his large stomach before him receded slowly and Terry was left alone.

Three steps took him to the window and one stride negotiated the low railing and shallow marble balcony. The yard was surrounded by a high cement wall topped with wicked fragments of broken glass, but luckily the iron door in the wall was ajar and Terry slipped through it into the alley, shutting the door behind him.

A moment later he boarded a Madison Avenue car, southbound. With a somewhat dazed expression he sat down and drawing a fine ribbed handkerchief from his sleeve painstakingly wiped the moisture from his face. It was some moments before he collected himself enough to be visited by any ideas worth recording.

"Terry, old son," he said at last, "you came a bit of a purler just now, you know. You've made a bit of a mess of things, you know. Now why the devil did you send up your calling card, for instance? You know you're messing about with a different name. Then the taxi. When the chap gets fed up on waiting I dare say he'll go to the house and make no end of a row. Confounded bore, losing that purse—just when I was about to see her."

He brooded over this grievance for several blocks and wondered whether she would have come down and what she would have had on. Would she have acknowledged having seen him by a word or a little smile? She was adorable.

Terry ordered a substantial tea at his hotel, and then, unable to think of anything else to do, with Dickie unavailable, went to his room and lay down sulkily.

"I shall have a rotten time waiting till eight o'clock," he said to himself. "Nothing to do but worry my bally head off about that purse. I never wanted the beastly thing."

In a few moments he was asleep.

When his wait began to prolong itself beyond a reasonable time a horrible fear visited Wilcox that he again had been, as he put it to himself, stung. The joy he had felt in stumbling on the man he was looking for had not obscured his caution. He had kept a sharp lookout on the house and all the exits he could discover, so he had every reason to believe his fare was still in the house. Yet, he thought it wise to make sure. Climbing in his turn the marble steps of the Dillingsby Pott mansion he rang the bell. Simpkins, melancholy in his black clothes, with his pot-belly and receding bald forehead, opened the door. On seeing Wilcox his face assumed mechanically a look of hauteur. But Wilcox was not the man to be intimidated by a butler.

"I want to know," said Wilcox, "how much longer that Johnny I brought up here is going to keep me waiting."

Hauteur gave place to perturbation on the countenance before him.

" 'Oo d'ye mean?" he said in a low voice.

"I'm talkin' about the Honorable Lord Lightfinger I let out in front of this house a while ago."

"Lord Lightfinger?" said the other dazedly. "Is 'e a lord?"

"Never mind that. What I want to know is, is he still here and how much longer does he expect me to wait?"

The butler eyed him silently, doubtfully. At last his desire for expression proved too strong for his natural reticence with persons of inferior social scale.

"'E ain't 'ere and God knows where 'e is. I don't."

Simpkins closed his eyes and made a sweeping gesture with his hand as if the recent visitor had soared up a chimney. He sighed deeply and shrugged.

"Say," said Wilcox, restraining himself with difficulty, "this is a matter of dollars and cents with me. He owed me money, that fella. Now where is he? Where'd he get out?"

"Cook thinks over the back fence. The madam is in a boil about it, I can tell you. What she said to me no gentleman would stand, much less an upper servant. I was obliged to give notice."

Wilcox stared at Simpkins without particularly seeing him. He reflected. It was no use bemoaning what had happened or speculating on the behavior of the enigmatic individual he was after. The point was, what to do next.

"Do you know this guy?"

Simpkins wordlessly signified that heaven forbid.

"Well, do you know his name, even?"

"'Is card read," replied the other, lowering his voice to a still more portentous undertone—"'is card read, Hon. Terence Algernon Pigot Bellamy Selwyn."

"Any address?"

"No, but I gather from what I 'eard 'em say before they knew 'e'd cut and run, they thought 'e was someone visitin' Mr. Richard Bateman, 'oo lives at the ——"

"Oh, I know where Dick Bateman lives," said the metropolitan Wilcox. "Well, so long."

Simpkins watched him depart in unrelieved gloom. This had been an evil day for him and he mentally characterized the lady who so unjustly had turned on him, Simpkins, for the extraordinary behavior of her crazy guest, as a 'owling, rankerous she-dervish and 'ell-cat.

However disastrous the day may have been for Simpkins, it had been a glorious one for Dougherty. Early that morning Nifty Harry, who since the day of the robbery had utterly disappeared, had been located in Brooklyn. He had then been tracked to New York. Dougherty himself had got on the trail and had followed him up Fifth Avenue that very afternoon. It had just been a question of stretching out his hand and grasping his prey when someone had blundered. The man driving Dougherty's car had, somewhere along the line, substituted another taxi for the one Nifty Harry was occupying and taken Dougherty and his companion on a wild-goose chase halfway to Yonkers. This had been a bad setback, but Dougherty was by no means discouraged. He scattered a few more men about the Tenderloin, and occupied a strategic position himself. It seemed inevitable that the fish, and a big one at that, should swim into his net during the evening.

If there be anything in the theory of vibrations the perturbed thought waves that converged about the Dillingsby Pott residence that evening must fairly have hummed with violence. There was Mrs. Pott herself, disturbed and annoyed by the unprecedented behavior of her mysterious visitor and her trouble with Simpkins, a butler rather near to her heart; Simpkins vibrating with a sense of unspeakable injury as he moved, a presiding deity, among the napery, silver and flowers; Sylvia, throbbing with expectancy. There were the long-distance waves of Dougherty as he gradually drew his net about the audacious Harry; of Wilcox, shadowing Dickie, trailing his taxi from the club to the hotel where Selwyn was stopping, and then up the Avenue to the very door of the Pott dwelling—Wilcox, with a detective beside him and a warrant for the arrest of the Honorable Terry in his pocket, a little uncertain how to act and palpitating with excitement and the hopes of gaining, the fears of losing the unbelievable sum of one thousand dollars.

Last of all, Terry himself. When he followed Bateman into the familiar black-and-white marble hallway and became appallingly aware that his hostess of the evening, Dickie's cousin, must be the owner of the purse he had taken and would now be incapable of returning, and of the house which he had visited and departed from in a fashion so singularly unrelated to what—conventionally speaking—is done. He had omitted to mention this escapade to Bateman during the drive up the Avenue. His ingenuity was not equal to putting the episode in quite the light in which he would like to have Bateman see it.

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott, crowded into a reënforced casing of white satin and steel, stood before a high pink-marble fireplace. Tapestry ladies and gentlemen, mounted on fat horses, followed by thin dogs with thin tails curled in a perfect loop, pursued elusive stags over the wall. The room was not a comfortable one, it opened too widely onto the hall, but the tapestries were so extremely rare, antique and costly that she felt they must at least once in a while be looked at. Dickie Bateman was standing beside his aunt.

"What did you say his name was?" she inquired, regarding Terry with her sharp choleric eyes. "I don't seem to be able to remember anything, I've had such an upsetting day. A dreadful man came to call and then jumped out of a window and ran off!"

"What?"

"Yes, such an extraordinary occurrence. Some person calling himself the Hon. Terence Selwyn."

Dickie blanched.

"Some mad Englishman or other, I expect. At first I thought he might be your friend, before ——"

"Heavens, no!" Dick regarded Terry uneasily.

"That, on top of detectives, and losing my bag at Helen's ——"

She continued to speak, but Dickie no longer heard what she said. A great light had broken on the situation. The rum old party with the pug nose was his Aunt Martha, of course. Who else could she have been; and what other girl than Sylvia would drive a man to such lengths as Terry had gone to? But what had Terry been doing jumping out of windows, and why hadn't he returned the bag if he had really been there?

Just then Simpkins approached ponderously.

"A telephone message, sir. They say it's important." Dickie followed him from the room.

Selwyn was among the group of people surrounding Mrs. Dillingsby Pott. On the outskirts of the group stood Sylvia, slender in harebell blue, incredibly beautiful, it seemed to Terry. His eyes were on her and an intoxicating warmth stole through his veins, his ears hummed, his head swam. He was about to make his way to her side when Mrs. Dillingsby Pott wanted to know how he liked America.

Before he could reply, however, an unprecedented complication rose.

As has been said, the tapestry room opened widely onto the hall, and at this juncture a commotion, a thing without parallel in the history of the Pott household, rose in the vestibule. Above the hushed and scandalized protests of two footmen who had been standing there rose the voice of Wilcox, loud in defense of the law, and firm with the determination of a man who sees a thousand dollars a mere arm's length before him.

"He ain't goin' to get away from me again, I tell you. I don't know who he is—he calls himself Selwyn here and another name at the hotel—or what he is, but I know he stole a gold bag full of money and jewelry ——"

A scandalized silence was upon the tapestry salon. Terry's face flushed and he looked anxiously about for Bateman. But Dickie had not yet returned from the telephone. The sound of a struggle was taking place, and then Wilcox, with his collar loosened and his coat torn, burst into the hall. Acquired momentum carried him to the wide doorway of the reception room.

"There he is!" he exclaimed, selecting Terry with an accusing forefinger. "I don't want to make a scene, but you dodged me twice, you know."

Simpkins, who stood near him, basking in the scene, felt emboldened at this moment to interrupt.

"'E's the fella that jumped out of the window, ma'am."

The footmen had left their posts, too, and were gaping curiously. But the kaleidoscopic drama could not long remain at a standstill.

Dougherty arriving at the Pott dwelling and finding the front door open entered just as Wilcox was saying "I accuse you of stealing a purse out of a dressmaking ——"

"I guess there's some mistake here."

This new voice startled the already bewildered participants in the scene. Wilcox whirled about and Dougherty passed him as he entered the room.

"Excuse me, ma'am. I wouldn't have intruded this way myself. I don't know"—this with fierce sarcasm—"who this amachoor dick is, but he must be crazy."

Wilcox started explosively to speak.

"Ma'am"—Dougherty with complete assurance cut him off, and pulled a glittering trinket from his pocket—"ma'am, is this your bag?"

"Cadwalader!" she cried weakly.

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott could cope with any of the things that were done, but that a scandal and a scene should be taking place in her inviolate sanctuary was too much and she succumbed and became for the first and last time a clinging vine.

"Is that your purse, Martha?" said Dillingsby Pott sharply.

"Yes, it is," Sylvia answered for her. "Where did you get it?" She had moved across the room and stood near Terry.

Dougherty smiled. "Just where I expected to; in the pocket of the smartest crook in New York, ma'am. They call him"—he spoke it unctuously, bursting with pride—"they call him Nifty Harry. He's having a cozy supper in the lock-up just about now. I just thought I'd come round for you to identify the bag."

"Now that's very odd," exclaimed Terry with interest. "You see ——" But Sylvia felt impelled to stop him, laying her finger on her lips.

"You may have got it off him," exclaimed Wilcox bitterly, "but this here fella took it, and I can prove it."

"Outrageous!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Do you know who this gentleman is?"

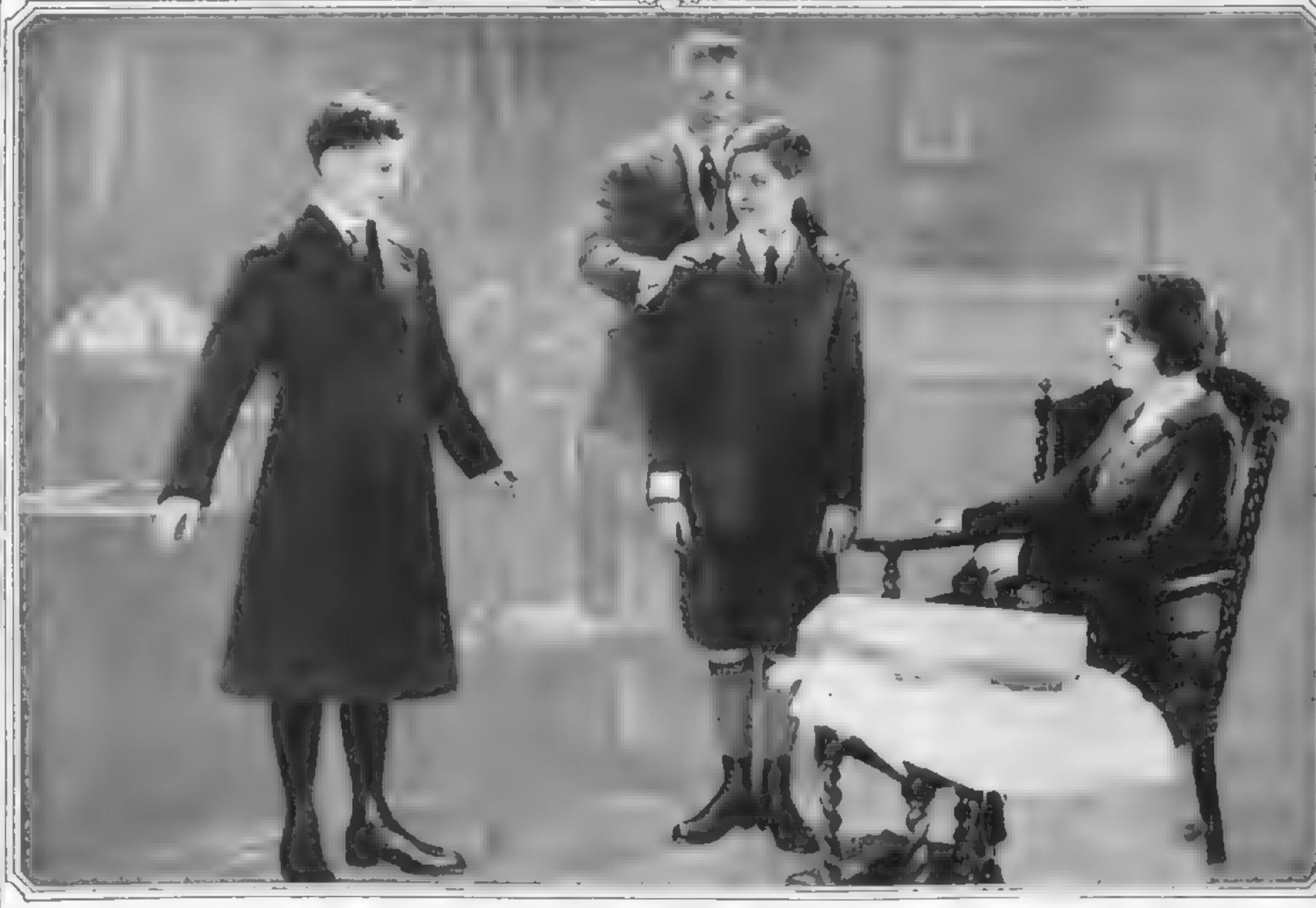
"Do you?" retorted Wilcox. "He's got two names that I know of already."

"And as a matter of fact," observed Dickie Bateman jauntily—he had come back unnoticed—"he has just come into another—name, I mean. Terry, old boy, it's condolences and congratulations too. I've just had it over the telephone, a cable sent on from Vancouver. My friends, owing to the regrettable decease of an aged person in England I have the honor of presenting to you the Duke of Worretsdown and Baron Contreville."

Late that evening Terry, weakly reaching for the siphon in his friend's room, observed: "It was a bit of a near thing for a moment, Dickie, old son. We were jolly near coming a purler. And if you don't mind lending me a bally blank check I'd like to write one out for a thousand dollars."

"In whose favor, if I'm not being indiscreet?"

"I can't let that taxi chap miss the reward, you see. It wouldn't be cricket."



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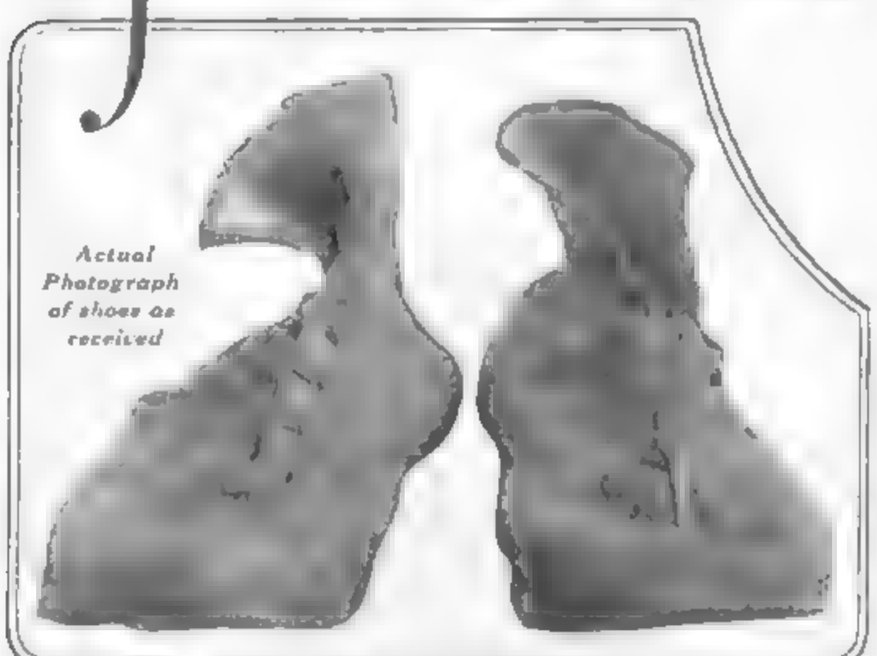

Actual Photograph of shoes as received

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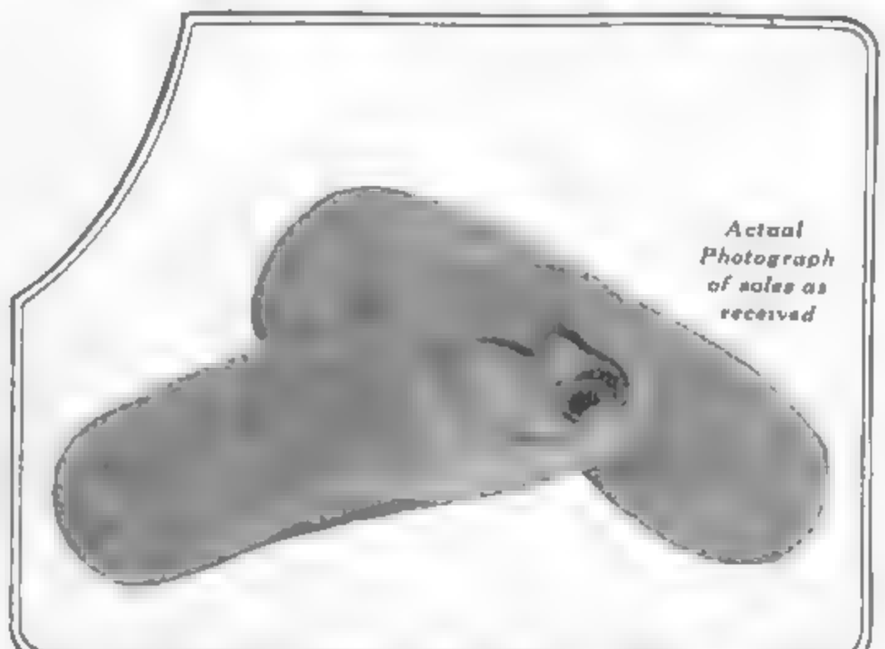

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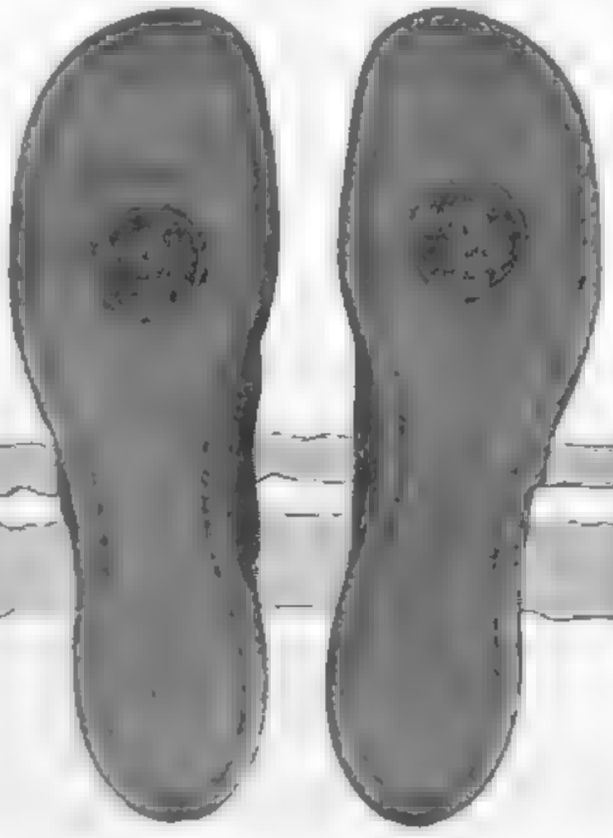

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# Ain't Men So Transparent?

## By Everett Rhodes Castle

MR. CALPHUS TIDD worked in a very large bank in our thriving metropolis of Bigburg. You will know Calphus at once. He was a 1902 model done in shiny pepper-and-salt gray with a steering arrangement that switched to and fro like the tail of the old roan mare. He lacked door-opening curtains, open plumbing and other modern improvements—and mentally he still wore hard-rubber tires. Calphus was as mid-Victorian in appearance as a sepia print of Athlone Castle by moonlight, but in actuality and speech he tried hard to keep up with the snappy language and happenings of the day.

He was a little man with the step and manner of a music teacher, but he tried so hard to be brisk and jaunty. Oh, so hard! For let it be known here and now that within the withered breast of Calphus Tidd there lurked a vaulting ambition to show Mrs. Margaret Calphus Tidd that she had not married a man who in any sense of the word could be termed what the boys in the loan department were wont to refer to as "a dead one." Indeed so great had the longing become that Mr. Tidd was gravely considering the necessity of throwing away what he had always considered the prime requisite of the banking business, throwing it away to the four winds, and appearing the next morning in one of those snappy suits where the waistline is held up round the armpits by a cute little belt.

He was gravely considering it now as he sat clipping coupons from a six-inch pile of Clover Hill City six per cent improvement bonds with a huge pair of scissors that dwarfed him in comparison. At first the gleaming sides of steel clipped away briskly as Mr. Tidd considered some of the more commonplace aspects of the situation. For instance, one of those snappy suits cost money—at least—well, anyway thirty dollars. But a man had to be up to the minute if he wanted to get along in this world. That was why some of the younger men of the department had gone over his head and finally out of the department. There was Colson fifteen years ago—and the coupons he was now clipping belonged to Colson. He and Colson had started together, and now Colson brought in a half million in bonds at a time to put up as collateral. He was the president of the banking house of Colson and Company and people said that he was the coming financial man of the town.

Then Mr. Tidd smiled rosily. But he had beaten Colson. He had beaten the financial genius of the town, and the proof of the pudding was at the Tidd residence right now—probably beating flour into a piece of round steak for the evening meal, the flour and a certain legerdemain of Mrs. Tidd's making it taste exactly like the choicest tenderloin. And he had taken that away from Mr. Jerome K. Colson! He smiled again, and in reliving the moment of that triumph his fingers usually so nimble and his mind usually so alert passed on to the second coupon—dated four months hence—and clipped it too instead of passing on to the next bond on the pile.

On such fragile hairs as this does the destiny of man sway.

II

FIFTEEN years before our story opens, as Miss Henrietta Otis of the Bigburg Weekly Study Club would preface it, Mr. Calphus Tidd and Mr. Jerome K. Colson began as file boys in the Bigburg National Bank. Each had been graduated from high school, and in those days youths were rarely graduated before their twentieth birthday. One would think that these two youths coming from the same class in high school, sharing the drudgery of dusty files, would cling together in mutual sympathy. But no two in the bank were farther apart. When Jerome had occasion to speak to Calphus it was with the condescension of Omar the Tent Maker addressing a rent in the canvas—just exactly that.

Not that it bothered Calphus—much. In the four years he had grown accustomed to the greatness of Jerome K. Colson. Everyone at North Bigburg High had for that matter, and his greatness and priority had become almost a matter of course.

In the first place he was a handsome boy. His long black hair lay back in a series of pleasant curly waves. He was tall without the thinness of adolescent youth, and as a waltzer he had been reckoned as the greatest thing the school had ever produced. In his junior and senior years he had been captain of the football team as well as the leader in the musical and dramatic clubs. And he always was in funds. Only those who have gone without such little things in high school can appreciate the tremendous value of that word.

And then there was one more thing—it was the Colson smile. Gifted with gleaming perfect teeth as a basic ingredient, he had a way of keeping his mouth in a seemingly

*There Was Something Regal in the Way He Distributed His Favors—First to One Girl and Then to Another*

continuous smile of happy good nature. At all times it was in evidence, and Professor Tweedie even went so far as to refer to it in open class as "the reflection of a limpid soul." But of course on the other hand it was universally known that Tweedie thought there was only one pupil in the school.

Naturally enough, to the girls he represented a figure that took on all the glamour and prestige of a Greek god. And Jerome K. Colson knew it and acted accordingly. He never allowed one girl to monopolize his attentions. There was something positively regal in the way that he distributed his favors—first to one girl and then to another. People beyond the sap age marveled at the charming democracy of a football hero playing no favorites. Of course he did not forget that after all there were social lines—he did not spread his democracy to the point of inviting Ella Rigler, who lived over behind the Fourth Avenue fire station, to any of the affairs. But then of course nobody did—except Calphus, and who minded him?

Calphus had made his first social call in his senior year. As young men go now he was not a sartorial triumph—even as young men went then his little peanut cap resting precariously on the back of his head was not nearly so small and clever as that of Jerome K. Colson or some of the other lights of senior society. Neither were his trousers equipped with half enough peg—ready-to-wear manufacturers didn't believe in using cloth and Calphus couldn't afford Weeks, the tailor on Walnut Street. Necessarily it followed that the tails of his coat didn't begin to flare enough, nor could he have the flaps on his pockets cut in stylish curlicues plastered with buttons. Neither was his manner in the prevailing mode. He did not carry a box of Parson's best under his right arm, and his conversation bordered perilously on the monosyllabic.

But she did not find the fault with all this that some of the other girls might—girls such as Mildred Harmon or Dorothy Hawke. To them Calphus Tidd merely was a shy little youth who persisted in wearing light-colored satin ties. But to Ella, whose mother admitted that she was a trifle large for her age, he spelled opportunity. He called twice a week, varying his light-blue satin with embroidered cornflowers and the light pink plain.

At first Calphus was not irritated at the course the conversation inevitably took—he was merely content to sit and wonder at the figure before him. He was a dweller on the threshold of the big idea. For Ella loved to talk about Jerome K. Colson. She loved to ramble over the happenings of the day.

"Did you notice to-day in study period," she would inquire animatedly, "how he went over an' sat down beside Marjory Herrick? Do you suppose he likes her? An' did you notice the new way he has of brushing his hair—kind of from left to right without a part? Isn't it grand?"

"Uh-huh," said Calphus.

"Anyway, I think he is wonderful."

"Uh-huh."

"He smiled at me so nice on the way to Tweedie's class—honest, the way he is so pleasant to everybody!"

"Uh-huh."

"They say he's going to be one of the big men in town when he gets into business. Professor Tweedie ——"

And so it went on. Naturally when the class came to graduate Jerome K. Colson was valedictorian. Loud were the praises sung in his honor. And for the first time in his friendship with Ella—or his life for that matter—Calphus vaguely resented Jerome K. Colson and his smiling glory.

They were standing in the wings of the auditorium listening to his valedictory address. Miss Rigler was slightly to the fore, her ample arms crushing the roses, that had cost Calphus next to his last quarter to provide, ruthlessly against her bosom in the fervor of her admiration.

"O-o-h, ain't he wonderful!" she thrilled.

It had been growing upon Calphus. He did not like Jerome K. Colson, the idol of North Bigburg High. In point of fact, as his friendship with Miss Rigler progressed the name took on all the subtle irritation of a low fever. It had grown with each visit to the Rigler residence adjacent to the fire barns. Sometimes it almost unbalanced his judgment to the point where he wanted to shout, "Well, if you think he's so darn wonderful, why don't you go an' get him?"

He wanted to shout it as he stood there behind her watching his roses being crushed in a silent tribute to the wonderfulness of somebody else. Then with a rush the poisonous words came out:

"Shucks! He ain't so much!"

Miss Rigler turned in shocked surprise.

"Oh, Calphus!" she began.

And then she smiled—smiled as any girl from nine to ninety smiles at the first peep of jealousy. Then she added softly, "But there are others."

A warm glow suffused Calphus. All the way home he dilated on the whopping big business success he was going to be and how as a natural sequence a helpmeet would be ——

He stopped and Miss Ella Rigler did not get him to proceed for four years, and when she did it was because the experience of that night stood her in excellent stead.

We might just as well be plain in this matter of hearts and Clover Hill City six per cent improvement bonds. Miss Ella Rigler had decided deep in her motherly soul that Calphus Tidd was going to be her Calphus and acted accordingly, which to a woman's way of thinking is exactly opposite—if you know what I mean.

Calphus was bashful, though in later years Mrs. Tidd was wont to refer to it as retiring. During the three years Jerome K. Colson progressed to the post of assistant to the vice president who presided over the department, while Calphus climbed from the files to the ledgers. While Calphus was still clinging to his ledgers Jerome K. left the bank to go with the firm of Fraser and Luce, brokers.

"Isn't it funny," said Miss Rigler when Calphus told her lightly, as one successful wishes another the same, "the way Destiny seems to mark some people from the very beginning with the most wonderful gifts?"

"Uh-huh," said Calphus, vaguely irritated.

"Ain't it simply wonderful?"

"Oh, shucks!"

"And he was always so nice too."

Again the words trembled perilously near the end of Calphus' tongue, "Well, if you think he's so darn wonderful, why don't you go an' get him?"

Time passed—four years to be exact—and Calphus seemed to take his place as a fixture among the ledgers in the loan department. He was the same Calphus in personality, but he was growing grayer in complexion, toward the pepper-and-salt he had adopted as being of the proper conservatism.

Miss Rigler tried hard. She would often say naïvely, "Gee, but you must get lonesome living in that horrid room all alone!"

Calphus had lived alone since his father died the year before. Calphus said that he did—and said no more.

"Poor boy!" she would purr. "Nobody to take care of him."

"Uh-huh."

"Don't he ever wish ——"

A blush so maidenly, head down.

"Huh?" said Calphus.

That was the way it went. And so it went until the big idea came to Miss Rigler. She accidentally met Jerome K. Colson walking along Capitol Avenue, for all the world like an up-and-doing—and smiling—financier. Miss Rigler rushed over and grasped the up-and-doing Jerome by the hand and squeezed it effusively.

"Oh, dear, isn't it just like the old days," she gushed, "to be shaking hands again?"

Jerome K. Colson said it was—rather abstractedly.

They chatted for a time—animatedly on the part of Miss Rigler, abstractedly on the part of Mr. Colson.

"An' you must just come out an' see me," Miss Rigler finished, "an' we will have a nice long chat about old times."

Mr. Colson said that he would be delighted—sometime.

That evening she was slightly abstracted. Even Calphus noticed it after a time.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

Miss Rigler sighed and her ample bosom heaved.

"It's nothing," she whispered. "Jerome Colson, he—he ——"

For a moment Calphus displayed an ominous silence.

"Well," he inquired finally, "what about—him?"

"He—he ——"

"Yes?" insisted Calphus masterfully.

"He—he asked to come over and see me and—and ——"

To Calphus marriage had always been an abstract proposition based on the day when he would be making plenty of money. To ask such a glorious creature as Ella Rigler to go along on his eighteen dollars a week seemed an idea utterly fantastic. But now the idea became deadly real. There surged up within his breast much the same overpowering that had prompted his outbreak at commencement.

"An' what did you say?" he demanded.

"I—I —"

"Never mind what you said."

For the first time in all his life Calphus Tidd allowed his voice to rise above an apologetic monotone. In the crisis of his life he shouted in a shrill tenor:

"I don't care what you said! After all these years you an' me, why ——"

Within her soul the sunlight played, but her white brow showed clearly how surprised she was.

"Oh, Calphus," she whispered, "you never said ——"

And then before Calphus could say just exactly what he meant it was all over. He had meant to explain that as soon as he was improved financially he might—but her arms were about his neck and she was calling soft little names that made him blush and stammer.

"Eighteen dollars a week!" he stammered weakly.

"We'll live right here with father and mother," she cooed, and her eyes were as bright as the high lights on the cornflowers that adorned Calphus' satin tie.

We shall touch but lightly on the events and years that followed. After the elder Riglers had passed on to a bourn where fire bells never rang the young couple discovered that instead of a home they owned a first and second mortgage. Interest on these meant practically the equivalent of rent. And Calphus Tidd did not move ahead with the lightning rapidity characteristic of the young financial genius. In point of fact he seemed to lag. Calphus began to grow grayer and more precise. He took more to talking about the past than about the possibilities of the future. And then the soft voice of Mrs. Tidd took on a new form of irritation. Calphus grunted and nodded his head as long as he could. It had started by Mrs. Tidd's seeing Mr. Jerome K. Colson on Capitol Avenue.

"An' he was in the swellest new car! Honest, the brass alone on that car! It was green with a blue line round the top. It certainly must have cost a fortune."

"Zat so?" said Calphus indifferently.

"Success must be a wonderful thing."

"Uh-huh."

"An' to think that I—I had a chance ——"

That got to Calphus. He stirred uneasily and the evening paper twitched in his fingers. He flushed and he rubbed his thinning front hair with his free hand. He felt that he was growing very angry indeed. Then another thought stopped him. After all why should he, Calphus Tidd, be irritated? He had beaten Jerome K. Colson for the hand of Mrs. Tidd in spite of the Colson prosperity—even then transcendent. He had conquered! He softened.

"Aw, shucks!" he said.

But the thing persisted. It actually seemed incredible the number of situations that demanded Mrs. Tidd's mentioning the prosperity of Jerome K. Colson and by sighing inference the chance that Mrs. Tidd had let go by. Often the fateful words trembled on the brink of Calphus' tongue, "Well, if you think he's so darn wonderful, why didn't you take him?" But he stifled them down. What was the use? And then the way she had of sobbing. But the irritation did take one definite step. That was the step that included one of those snappy suits where the waistline is held up round the armpits by a cute little belt. This was to be the first step in the emancipation of Mr. Tidd. Then he was going to cease to be referred to as a has-been. He was going to take his place with the snappiest man in the department. He was going to be ——

He was and he didn't—that is, he didn't until the big idea in turn was visited on him himself, Mr. Tidd.

Mr. Tidd snapped a rubber band about the Clover Hill City six per cent improvement bonds and called the office boy, Raymond.

"Take these coupons over to Colson and Company," he directed, "and give them to Mr. Colson personally."

The boy took the package. Because after all Mr. Tidd wasn't so much in the loan department, he scowled.

"Say," he protested, "how do you get that way? In these big places they never leave you in to the big squeeze."

Mr. Tidd frowned severely.

"Never you mind!" he directed. "You do as you're told!"

"Rats!" said Raymond.

"If you don't," threatened Mr. Tidd, "you may find out how easy it is to have a large customer have you fired."

"Listen, Dandruff," jeered the youth, "how do you get that way?"

"Go!" commanded Mr. Tidd grandly.

Mr. Tidd watched the boy's laggard steps across the room—and there was no grandeur in his eyes. His thin hands grasped the huge gleaming scissors until the knuckles were white.

"Even the office boy thinks I'm a joke!" he whispered to the sheaf of bonds.

He shuffled the papers and glanced nervously at the clock. It was a quarter to five. He looked about the department whence most of the force had departed. Instead of being one of the last to leave he should have been the first. He should have been Force, the head, going out to play golf. Priority entitled him to that. He cleared his desk. A moment later he donned a ragged gray raincoat and a soft cloth fedora. Then he left the bank.

He always walked home, the Tidds now doing light housekeeping in three rooms in an old-fashioned brick house in Prospect Avenue. The rent was less than the interest on the old place behind the fire-engine barns. Their equity of six hundred dollars went into the Texas Gusher Oil Company. In this way Mr. Tidd was certain their old age would be taken care of—the interest amounting to twenty-four per cent a year. But a peculiar thing happened. Shortly after Mr. Tidd purchased the stock the dividend had been taken off temporarily and had never been resumed.

At first the blow had been softened by the hope that the two per cent a month would be resumed shortly. And with the cessation of dividends Mrs. Tidd's enthusiasm had died a quiet death. It had been her sharp eyes which first noticed the opportunities of Texas Gusher, but now she spoke of it as one who had acted against her better judgment.

"If we had only asked Jerome Colson's advice," she often whimpered.

"Oh, rats!" he had said.

"Some men," moralized Mrs. Tidd, "have such better judgment than others."

"It was you ——" Mr. Tidd had started with a rush—and then he stopped. After all he had signed the check for the stock—and after all he —— "Yes, m' dear," he finished weakly.

And Raymond had said, "Listen, Dandruff!"

Reflecting moodily on all this, Mr. Tidd moved slowly along. It was a cold drizzly evening in early November and the thin soles on Mr. Tidd's tan oxfords hugged the damp too close for absolute comfort. Beyond Ninth Street the bright lights of a haberdashery window caught his eye with their warm radiance. Unconscious now of the drizzle, he stood and stared at the center of the window. It was a mixture of light brown and green with the light green in irregular stripings. The waistline was high and the belt had one of those cute gun-metal buckles popularized on trench coats.

To Calphus Tidd, staring through the drizzle, the giddy waistline and gun metal spelled youth and the snappy things that went with progress and pep. It personified there among wild-hued silk shirts and futuristic neckwear the things that he, Calphus Tidd, never had. It visualized for him a picture that was pleasing, a picture that went something like this:

Calphus Tidd strode into the office. Lightly he tossed his hat and raincoat on a hook and made for his desk. He whistled lightly as the office stared. He called sharply for Raymond, and when that youth lingered he spoke sharply, as Force would.

"Get a move on there! What do you think this place is? An institution? Get busy!"

And while the office stared, Raymond did, mouth agape. Then in the days that followed a change came over the office force. No longer were they laughingly condescending. They addressed him with a new note of respect. They asked him for advice—advice which he could give unerringly from his years of experience. They began to use the prefix "mister" when addressing him.

And then Force noticed. He called upon him for guidance in a certain matter. Instead of agreeing with Force's idea for the sake of harmony he was firm, he was polite—but Force was wrong. Out of his experience he said why. He said it in a terse quick way as one whose time is valuable, just as Banks, the vice president, might.

With a new note of respect Force agreed. Later he called upon him, Tidd, again—and again. A momentous matter of policy came up, and Banks, the vice president, was called in. For an hour they chattered back and forth. Then Force called for Mr. Tidd. When he had finished explaining Banks broke in.

"Now if we only had a precedent ——" he began.

"You have," snapped Mr. Tidd. "Back in ninety-four a man named Robertson ——"

After he had walked away with the proposition settled Banks whispered something else to Force. Later Force called him over.

"I think we have been underrating you round here, Tidd," he said. "Mr. Banks has suggested that you move across the desk here from me—to act in a sort of an advisory capacity."

A dripping umbrella came out of the semigloom and tipped the cloth fedora over one ear. The wet brushed his ear and he came back with a start. Then he made the most momentous decision of his banking life. He walked into the store and pursued his way straight back to the clothing department.

"I would like to take a look at a suit like the one in the window."

"The new Marchfalont model?"

"Er-r, yes," said Mr. Tidd, and blushed.

The clerk was a young man with sleek yellow hair combed straight back.

"This way," he said.

Mr. Tidd removed the damaged raincoat and the pepper-and-salt. The clerk held up the new Marchfalont model. Mr. Tidd slipped into it.

"Ain't that classy, Mr.-er-r ——"

"Tidd."

"Just notice"—the young man ran his plump hand over Mr. Tidd's spare shoulders—"the fit across the back! Perfect!"

"Er-r, yes," said Mr. Tidd.

The young man decided that he had diagnosed the case of Mr. Tidd.

"It makes you look twenty years younger."

Mr. Tidd smiled.

He remembered a story he had read once. It was about a young man who had bought a dress suit and how it changed his whole life—or was it a movie?

"And that flare to the bottom of the coat—if you can beat that for real dash ——"

"That's it," said Mr. Tidd eagerly—"dash."

"Sure!"

Mr. Tidd twisted back and forth before the glass.

"How—how much is it?"

"Thirty-seven-fifty."

With a gulp Mr. Tidd began to remove the fastening of the cute little gun-metal buckle.

"I—I guess I'll look round a little more," he said weakly.

The clerk had met many such cases, but mostly they had been young men.

"I know it's high," he admitted, "but then if you stop to consider that your credit is good here and you can stretch the payment over a couple of months—in that time it will mean nothing to you."

The silken song of credit made the weekly pay envelope nestling within Mr. Tidd's inner vest pocket, fastened to the lining with a safety pin, seem almost opulent. After all, if things went as he planned what would thirty-seven-fifty mean to him? With twenty-four dollars in his pocket Mr. Tidd held his head up in high hauteur.

"It isn't the money," he began grandly.

"I know," interrupted the clerk to whom the words and the rest of the sentence came quite by rote, "just a temporary need."

"That's just it," Mr. Tidd admitted.

"If you could give me a reference ——"

"Call up the bank." Mr. Tidd said it with the tone of one long used to giving gilt-edged references. "Maybe there is someone still about the loan department."

There was. They admitted that Mr. Tidd was in that department and that the voice over the phone was his. Farther than this they had nothing to say. But the clerk was satisfied. He made out a long ticket

"Could I take them with me?"

(Continued on Page 65

# "Male and Female"

IN this great Cecil B. DeMille Production you are plunged into a tornado of dramatic experience absolutely foreign to anything you ever experienced or saw.

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Mason, who is a Speed-grits salesman, watched the workmen putting the finish on the fine nickel-silver compasses by hand with strips of emery cloth. Yes, it was slow—and tedious and costly.

"What's wrong with your machines?" he asked finally, pointing to the row of belt-grinders that stood idle along the wall. "Nothing—with the machines," replied Misik. "It's the belts. The 'jump' from the belt-joints in an abrasive belt spoils the finish on our instruments. I've tried a lot of belts but I stick to hand work."

The first thing Mason did when he got back to his office that afternoon (August of this year) was to send Misik several samples of the new Speed-grits Uniflow Belt. Then several days later, he went back to the K. & E. factory. The first thing that greeted his ears as he came up the stairs was the hum of busily whirring belt-grinders.

Misik came forward to meet him. "You win, Mason," he said. "That joint in your new Speed-grits Uniflow Belt does the trick. We are getting our fine finish by machine now, fast—but sure.

"The jump has gone from the belts and the kick has gone from the workmen."

*Good workmen know the difference.*

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(Continued from Page 62)

The clerk reflected. This little old man wouldn't care about the little things like little wrinkles about the collar—and he would probably turn up the trouser ends anyway.

"Sure!"

Mr. Tidd smiled and waited. A few moments later he moved toward the door. At the entrance he halted and hesitated until the clerk came up. His eyes were filled with sudden misgivings.

"You—you don't think it's a little too—too loud?"

"Not for you," said the clerk. "Not for a man of your build—an' that works in a bank."

Once again Mr. Tidd smiled rosily.

"Good night," he said.

All the way home in the drizzle he kept smiling over what the clerk had said. He was a smart boy—that clerk. What would Mrs. Tidd say? It was the first time in his life he had come home with a purchase of any consequence without the approval of his better half. What would she say? With an almost wild feeling of exultation he realized that it was part of the new order that he should not care one bent particle what she said—or did. He began to whistle. He opened the door of the old-fashioned house where a gas light trembled in the hall with the whistle still on his lips. He went up the stairs to the second floor front where they had three rooms. The door was ajar and he walked quietly in, the package held defiantly before him.

Even in the doorway there was something strange. He was nearly across the room before it came to him that he missed the familiar smell of frying food. The strangeness of this made him proceed more slowly. In the doorway to the other room he halted. Before him in the gloom sat the figure of Mrs. Tidd, her very posture spelling tragedy. In her fleshy hands she clutched a newspaper.

"Hello, Tickles!"

It was Mrs. Tidd's pet name.

Silence.

Mr. Tidd moved forward on tiptoe now. The gloom seemed to lessen his newly found aggressiveness. He held the package less conspicuously. Almost before her he sighed with sudden relief. Her eyes were open—but hard.

"Oh, Tickles," said Mr. Tidd, "how could you scare poppa so? For a minute I thought you were dead or something."

The tragic figure stiffened. It sighed melodramatically. She never glanced at the box.

"Whatza matter, Tickles?"

"What is the matter?" With a billowy movement Mrs. Tidd rose like a huge avenging angel of the gloom. She laughed dramatically. "Oh, nothing!"

"But, Tickles ——"

"Don't!" Mrs. Tidd implored shrilly. "Don't add anything to it! Don't turn the knife in the wound. I know I am living here in a cheap rooming house. I know it is the best I can ever expect. I know it! Don't taunt me with it! I know I am going round in clothes not fit for a janitress! I know I can't go anywhere like most women!"

The package slipped out of Mr. Tidd's hands.

"Aw, lissen!" he began.

"Don't!" implored Mrs. Tidd again. "Don't remind me of it! Don't let me remember that I might be riding in fine automobiles, with diamonds and dinners at fine hotels!"

With a sniffle she dropped the paper and moved to the bedroom.

For several minutes Mr. Tidd stared in pained amazement, then with mechanical neatness he picked up the crumpled newspaper and smoothed it out. For a moment he gazed at the headlines with eyes that saw nothing but a confused jumble, then suddenly they focused on a small headline in the center of the page.

JEROME K. COLSON ON NATIONAL BOARD

President Farrell, of the Bighurg National Bank, to-day announced the appointment of Mr. Jerome K. Colson, of the firm of Colson and Company, bankers, to the directorate of the bank to succeed ——

With what would have been an angry snort in a larger man Mr. Tidd tossed the paper to the floor. Then he jumped upon it, mouthing his rage in little articulate noises. Then he made for the door that had closed behind Mrs. Tidd. He knew now that he had the courage to shout it. He could hear his voice ringing through the gloom: "Well, if you thought he was so darn wonderful why didn't you take him?" That would settle that.

He reached the door and pounded on it. From behind a tearful voice quavered, "Oh, go away and leave me!"

Mr. Tidd opened his mouth wrathfully—and then he closed it again. After a minute he said, "Oh, please, Tickles!"

Then he tiptoed over to the package, and lifting it carefully ran it in under the dusty recesses of the old horsehair couch.

III

IN THE morning Mr. Tidd reached the bank five minutes late and he shuffled nervously from the little cloak room toward his desk. Halfway across the room the voice of Force came to him:

"Mr. Banks wants to see you at once."

It was so unusual he stopped and gaped at Force. Some one snickered. A sickening sense of impending disaster swept over him. He tried so hard to be nonchalant as he moved across the room toward the door. In the office of the vice president he found Banks regarding him carefully. Mr. Tidd changed his foot.

"You have been with this institution a long time, haven't you, Mr.—er-r Tidd?"

Mr. Tidd nodded. It was his best at the moment.

"Therefore you know how ticklish a situation it is to have an influential customer condemning us for carelessness—er-r especially if he is also a newly elected director of this institution?"

Mr. Tidd brightened. He understood now. It had been just as he said. Raymond had broken the peculiar but steadfast rule of Jerome K. Colson regarding interest coupons.

"Yes, sir," he assented. "And I told Raymond to be sure and take them to Mr. Colson personally as are his imperative instructions." Mr. Tidd sighed. "But I am afraid the modern youth ——"

Mr. Banks shook his head.

"It wasn't that," he said. "In clipping the bonds the person who did it carelessly clipped one of the coupons dated February first and included it with the others—and I understand—er ——"

"Yes," said Mr. Tidd slowly, "it was me."

"I know it may seem trivial, because the coupon can easily be returned, but Mr. Colson is peculiar—and, after all, carelessness in a bank, Mr. Tidd, is practically criminal—no matter how innocent."

Mr. Tidd made some inarticulate assent.

"In fact," the vice president went on, "I had great difficulty in persuading Mr. Colson not to insist on your discharge and I thought that it might help things along if you went over to his office yourself and brought back the coupon—and er-r explained that you were sure it would never happen again."

Mr. Tidd nodded eagerly.

"I know Mr. Colson. He—we—went to school together."

"Good!" said Mr. Banks. "Mr. Colson is a fine man—and charitable."

Mr. Tidd got his hat and coat and hurried down the lobby to the street. A block farther up Colson and Company had their offices in the Metropolitan Building. He found the offices of the great Jerome agleam with mahogany and green-plush carpet. He gave his name and sat on the edge of a chair. Twenty minutes later he was ushered into the office of the great man.

Jerome K. Colson looked much the same, except perhaps that he was heavier and under his eyes little puffs of flesh had begun to form. But his mouth still gleamed.

"Tidd," he said, "sit down. What can I do for you?"

In a rush of words Mr. Tidd told him. During the recital Mr. Jerome K. Colson watched him closely.

"So," he said, "that was it, eh? Well, listen, Tidd! For old time's sake it will be all right. But listen"—the blue eyes above the little puffs of flesh grew suddenly cold—"if you or any other clerk in the loan department gets careless with my securities—there is going to be trouble."

Mr. Tidd nodded.

"Thank you, Mr. Colson," he said.

Mr. Jerome K. Colson watched the thin little figure move toward the door and a slight sneer wreathed his mouth.

"And to think that I might have been just like that—if I hadn't found ——"

IV

CHAPTER FOUR is tragedy pure and simple. Black tragedy that curled its ugly fingers about the little figure of Mr. Tidd almost before he had hung up his little cloth fedora. For hardly had he reached his desk when he discovered that the coupon had been lost! Wildly he clapped his hands against his thin sides; with frantic haste he searched first one pocket and then the other. But nothing availed. The coupon was gone!

He sank into his chair and his thin little face went as white as the papers before him. If Colson had been so unreasonable about the mere clipping of a coupon, what would he say if one was lost? And he had said there would be trouble if—with a tired little sigh he slumped back in his chair.

They could say he was a thief! That he had stolen the money too—to gamble with or something. He—he ——

The rest of the day was a haze. Mechanically he performed the routine tasks. Many times he tried to crowd his courage to the point of going to Banks and telling him. But he never could—he couldn't. He read the evening paper without remembering what he read, dreading to go to bed. When he did, under the acidulous suggestion of Mrs. Tidd, he could do nothing but toss.

Toward morning he sat bolt upright in bed. Why couldn't he have the coupon replaced? Why couldn't he write to the city clerk of Clover Hill City and explain the situation exactly? Surely there must be some way of arranging things of that sort! He sighed and for the first time fell asleep.

The next morning he wrote the letter. It covered three closely written pages and bared the troubled soul of Mr. Tidd to the bone. He mailed it special delivery, giving the number of the bond, which was one hundred and forty-six, and the date of maturity. He added the amount of the bond—five thousand dollars. Then he sat back and waited.

Mr. Calphus Tidd will never forget the agony of the next four days. The way he searched the incoming loan department mail for the letter from the clerk of Clover Hill City, the disappointment of finding—nothing.

And then the letter came. With fingers that trembled nearly beyond control Mr. Tidd fumbled with the flap of the envelope, and even with the letter itself before him the typewritten characters jumped and blurred. When they faded back into position Mr. Tidd read the letter:

*Dear Mr. Tidd:* We have your letter of the other day in regard to coupon lost from Bond Number 146 for $5000. We of course pay interest on lost coupons, providing a suitable guaranty, or security, is given in case the coupon should be inadvertently paid.

However, we feel that some mistake in the number of your bond must be made as Number 146 Clover Hill City sixes is listed and owned by Mr. Johnson Ames, a well-known citizen of this city.

May we not hear from you further on this?

Sincerely, S. J. RYAN, City Clerk.

Mr. Tidd stared at the letter and then ran an anxious hand over his brow. The bond from which he had clipped the missing coupon was certainly numbered 146 and it certainly was not made out in the name of Mr. Johnson Ames. It was made out in the name of Mr. Jerome K. Colson. He went down into the vault and opened the envelope. There were the bonds—Clover Hill City sixes—and there was Number One Hundred and Forty-six with the February coupon missing. With a troubled shake of his head Mr. Tidd went back upstairs and wrote an answer explaining the situation. He mailed it special delivery.

Late the next afternoon Mr. Tidd startled the office by receiving a telegram. The telegram announced the arrival of the city clerk by an early morning train to investigate what was probably a mistake in numbering. With acute grief Mr. Tidd realized that his further inefficiency was bound to come out; that after fifteen years of faithful service he would probably be kicked out in the street—a pauper.

To his mind a confession to Banks was useless—Colson was the only one who would help. With red eyes he thought of the only way out. He would have to throw himself again on Colson's mercy. He—he—she was right—after all he was nothing but a ——

He stumbled to the cloak room and took down the faded raincoat and the cloth fedora.

"I have to go out for a minute," he told the stenographer.

He had to wait longer in the anteroom of the great man this time, and when he was admitted his troubled eyes saw no kindness in the face of Mr. Colson.

"Well, Tidd?" he asked shortly.

"It's the coupon," began Mr. Tidd slowly. "I lost it."

"You lost it!" With a cry like an angry bull Mr. Jerome K. Colson shook his clenched fist in the face of the shrinking loan clerk. "You old fool! Do you think I am going to stand having my coupons laying about the street for any fool to—to—I'll fix you right now!"

With an angry lunge he grabbed the telephone.

"Get me Mr. Banks at the National!" he shouted.

Trembling like an autumn leaf, Mr. Tidd held out his arms in mute appeal.

"Please don't have me discharged!" he cried. "I didn't take the coupon! You won't lose anything by it! I wrote to the clerk of Clover Hill City and he said ——"

"What did he say?"

The face of the broker had grown suddenly white.

"He said you could get the interest just the same—only—only ——"

"Only what?" whispered Colson.

"There was some mistake in the numbers. The clerk says that Number One-forty-six is owned in Clover City—so he is coming here to make an investigation."

"An investigation!"

It was a gasp, but to Mr. Tidd, merged in the details of trying to save his job, the gasp and the clutching fingers passed unnoticed.

"Yes," he said, "he'll be here to-morrow morning."

Jerome K. Colson stood on his feet teetering to and fro like a drunken man.

"The clerk thinks it's a case of duplication," continued Mr. Tidd innocently. "An' when they go over all the bonds the mistake will be found. But—but what's the matter, Mr. Colson?"

"No—nothing." He reeled toward a door behind the desk. "Will you excuse me for a moment—Mr. Tidd?"

In amazement the befuddled Mr. Tidd watched the figure of the banker through the door and watched it close.

A moment later the room was filled with a deafening report. Clerks ran in; girls screamed and to Mr. Tidd it seemed as if the end of the world had come. In the midst

of it all the telephone on the desk jangled. Dazed, Mr. Tidd removed the receiver and said "Hello."

"This is Banks, Mr. Colson. You were calling me?"

"This is Tidd," a hoarse voice whispered back. "Mr. Colson just killed himself!"

▼

CHAPTER FIVE is the kind of chapter that every scribbler of fiction loves to write. It is filled with satisfaction and "I told you so's," and also because it is the last. There are many ways to write it, but none is quite so succinct as the account in the Morning Telegram. For that reason we give it verbatim, but much of the glory is lost because the picture of the suicide, the scene of the suicide and the hero of it all can only be imagined:

BANKER CAUGHT IN SWINDLE KILLS HIMSELF IN OFFICE

Jerome K. Colson, head of the brokerage house of Colson and Company, shot and killed himself late yesterday afternoon when confronted by Mr. Calphus Tidd of the loan department of the Bigburg National Bank.

Investigation this morning by officials of the bank showed that Colson, who purchased the entire issue of many bonds, stipulated in buying the issue that he would have them printed himself, giving as a reason that he was interested in a printing company that specialized in this work. He then had two issues printed bearing the same numbers—in the case of the Clover Hill City bonds, from one to five hundred. He then sold the original issue on the market and after a short time used the other issue as collateral at various banks.

MONEY USED TO SPECULATE

According to reliable information, Mr. Colson had been speculating in the copper market for years—but always supposedly on the winning side. Present revelations show this, however, to be erroneous.

SAY LOSS WILL RUN INTO MILLIONS

Reliable information is that Colson has borrowed more than a million dollars on spurious security.

Colson has moved in the best society and was commonly believed to be a rich and successful broker. He was a member of all the prominent clubs and was a director of four local banks.

BANK CLERK HERO

The man to whom goes the vast credit of unraveling the greatest fraud ever perpetrated on local banks is Mr. Calphus Tidd, an old employee of the Bigburg National, whose investigation led to the fact that there were duplicate bonds. Mr. Tidd's investigation undoubtedly has saved many millions to the local banks, as Colson never used the interest coupons from the bogus bonds but burned them after they were clipped.

Colson began as a clerk in the loan department in this bank and it was undoubtedly here that he worked out the plan to fleece his erstwhile employers.

A detailed account of the events leading to the discovery of the bogus bonds could not be obtained because of the absence of Mr. Tidd, who it was reported was entirely too busy to be interviewed. More details will be announced in later editions.

And Mr. Tidd was entirely too busy to be seen, for ever since the scurry over the death—and the arrival of Banks—he had been hugging to his breast the greatest idea ever conceived by man. Banks had kept him downtown at the best hotel in an effort to keep the bank from any unpleasant notoriety.

The next morning when the books of the city clerk were compared with the collateral at several banks and Mr. Tidd and others knew the biggest part of the truth it had come to him full grown.

At last he could go home and answer Mrs. Tidd! All through the excitement and hurry of the day he had thought about it. Little details crept into his mind and made him whistle gleefully. He could hardly keep his feet from running all the way home. He felt that beneath his feet there was nothing but air—and more air.

He opened the hall door and crept quietly up the stairs; he opened the outside door and tiptoed across the room. The room was filled with the appetizing smoke of frying pork. At a tiny range the ample figure of Mrs. Tidd was busy turning meat.

"Don't!" he shouted with deep satisfaction. "Don't turn the knife in the wound! Don't tell me that I might have been the wife—of a thief!"

For fifteen years he had waited for the satisfaction of saying a thing like that. Smiling, he awaited the discomfiture of his better half.

Mrs. Tidd turned and slowly surveyed her husband.

"So," she said calmly, "you think you're smart, don't you? But I knew it all the time—why did you suppose I didn't marry him?"

Mr. Tidd's mouth sagged as he moved into the bedroom. There in the silence he voiced the wonder of it all in an awed whisper:

"Crickets, but ain't it wonderful the way a woman can read a man?"

Then he reached under the lounge and dragged out a dusty package.

# WORLD TRADE AND OUR SHIPS

(Continued from Page 12

that tens of thousands of rivets were slovenly driven; that in instance after instance wooden pegs were slipped in in place of the rivets, in the hope that no one would see. The wooden ships—the revival of the well-famed handicraft of those same grandfathers—were no more like the carefully fabricated clippers of yesteryear, when each piece of timber and each workman was hand picked, than the hastily made paper-soled cheap shoe of to-day is to be compared with the bench-made article of genuine leather. Built hurriedly, in many cases of the greenest of timber, they sometimes had to be calked a second time before they could be launched.

Nor was all this failure to be charged entirely to labor or raw material. A great shipyard organized with some real degree of efficiency found that all its haste in putting its fabricated steel ships over into the water came to naught when they were held in a long line at its outfitting wharf awaiting their turbine gears. And when some of these came they were so poorly executed as to be useless, so that a vital part of the fitting job had to be done over again.

I have set these things down at the very beginning because there is no desire on the part of any of the many men whom I have met in the offices of the United States Shipping Board to have them hidden. These men have been fully cognizant of all of them; they knew almost in the very hours in which they were being put through, but were forced to keep silence because to have done otherwise would have caused further great delays in a work which already was far too much delayed, and even a poorly wrought ship, brought for the time being to a point of safety, would be able to complete at least two or three round trips to Europe and was better than no ship at all. With the very fate of the war hanging upon the question of the food and men and war supplies across the Atlantic we could not be meticulous about the quality of our ships. Any old ark that could be fairly trusted to negotiate the voyage in a fair degree of safety was a prize and did its full part toward hastening the ending of the war.

With that thing actually accomplished the situation changed quickly—almost overnight. The shipping board abrogated many of its contracts; particularly for the smaller craft both of wood and of steel. Others of this last type were sold, many of them to foreign buyers. In a single $80,000,000 transaction a hundred small steel steamships, practically all of them built in the yards along the Great Lakes, were sold, and nearly as many more small ships, both steel and wood, have been disposed of in smaller lots. But our Uncle Sam is taking very good care not to sell many of his ships of more than 6000 tons burden; absolutely none whatsoever to foreign purchasers. He does not propose to be caught in another war without transport facilities. It would be folly and worse to have built a great armada of merchant ships under stress and strain such as the larger part of our new ships were built under, and then permit them to slip out of our hands into those of potential enemies or even none too friendly neutrals.

What is to be the policy as to the future of our ships?

I think that I have just answered that question—in the main at least. Presently we shall consider it in detail. Before we come to this let us take up, for a paragraph or two, the question which we have just seen—the insistent question that creeps up now and then and again, here and there and everywhere these days:

"Where are those ships that were to come dropping off the launchways each calendar day?"

Some of them—not many, to be sure—were in service before the great day of the signing of the armistice. By that time there were already more than 1300 vessels, large and small, in the hastily resuscitated merchant marine of the United States. Since then the total has grown steadily, despite the selling of the smaller craft, the abrogation of contracts and the very sensible determination of the shipping board to substitute a merchant fleet of a little more than 2300 vessels—but ships of individual efficiency and worth—totaling some 18,600,000 tons dead weight—9,000,000 tons gross—for its original scheme of 3000 ships, of every conceivable type and variety and totaling approximately 16,000,000 tons dead weight.

### *Mr. Rosseter's Plans*

Between the time of the driving of the first rivet in this new American armada—away back in the late summer of 1917—and the time that this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST comes to your eye more than 1500 ships of the United States merchant marine have been launched; which is considerably more than one a day. It is difficult to state the total exactly, it changes so rapidly and so constantly. But it should be enough to state that to-day nearly four ships a day—some thirty a week—are being put into the hands of Mr. John H. Rosseter, director of operations of the shipping board, for immediate use. We have become quite easily the second maritime power in the world, with a total registered tonnage at the present moment of 11,933,000 gross, as compared with Great Britain's 16,345,000 gross tons. And remember if you will it is quite possible that, if our shipping board had stuck by its original program of sixteen million tons of new construction, in a year or two more we might have equaled England's merchant marine, if not actually have passed it in size, which really would have amounted to nothing except bombastic pride and a probable bitter demonstration of the operating difference between a slowly and carefully constructed British ship and a hastily and poorly constructed American one. For, when all is said and done, the average Britisher is from the very center of Missouri when one talks of the excellence of our ships matching the excellence of his; which shows that the shipping board was considerably more than ordinarily wise when it began rejecting mere quantity and demanding more quality.

Given the ships—good ships if you please, good in design and good in construction—the next problem that faces our Uncle Samuel is the all-important one of their operation. That problem he has now been facing—and solving—for some months past. It is a job which from the beginning has been delegated to an experienced man. We have had amateur transportationists in other branches of our great war problem; far too many of them if you please. A man like John H. Rosseter is far removed from the amateur class. As vice president and operating head of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company he has had plenty of hard-headed experience. He has been in the shipping game for thirty-one years and has learned it from the bottom up. There is little about a steamship or its operation that he does not know.

One would scarcely expect a man of Rosseter's experience and hard-headed business sense to advocate a direct government operation of the ships; not in the bureaucratic sense, for instance, in which our post office is operated. Yet no one realizes better than he must and does realize the absolute necessity of our Uncle Samuel's keeping a direct hand upon his ships. Practical and efficient as it might seem to be in these times of peace to intrust their operation to companies of friendly aliens—companies skilled by long experience in the handling of ships—our recent war experience—when we were caught almost without water transport facilities for our Army—should tell us quickly of the potential danger of such a course. The question of registry or of the vessel flying our flag is not even in the consideration. No American with the least bit of red blood in his veins would for a single instant even consider the withdrawal of these symbols of our new power.

There are plenty of foreign owned and directed companies that would quickly concede these two points, however. Many of them would consider the retention of American registry and the flying of the Stars and Stripes very good advertising for the rich American traffic. There is, moreover, plenty of capable and experienced foreign capital that would be glad to organize American lines—American in name and in incorporation and with a fair proportion of bona-fide American citizens upon their directorates and stockholders' lists.

Yet none of these lines need apply to our shipping board. It is looking for private ship operators and needs them very soon; for not only are the completed cargo craft coming from the shipyards at the rate of thirty a week, but the Army and the Navy are beginning to turn over to it the twenty-eight German passenger steamers—with a total tonnage of 370,126 gross tons—interned here at the beginning of the war and seized for our transport necessities as soon as we were entered upon the conflict. These passenger ships—their total tonnage registering a little more than half the total of German and Austrian cargo and passenger ships so seized—range in size from the little Wyandotte, formerly the Willehad, of 4761 tons, up to the great Leviathan, the old Vaterland, with her huge displacement of 54,282 gross tons; in passenger-carrying capacity from the Black Arrow, once the Rhaetia, with accommodations for 832 passengers, up to that same Leviathan, with her accommodations for 3958 passengers of all classes and descriptions. The Leviathan of course carried much more of a ship's company while in our transport service. Her full complement consisted of 11,600 enlisted men and 1000 officers in addition to her own officers and crew—some 2000 in all. And even this great total was upon one or two occasions considerably exceeded.

### *Consider the Leviathan*

If we had no other merchant marine whatsoever the bequest—if one cares to term it such—of some 687,000 tons of German and Austrian shipping—including in this figure of course the exclusively cargo ships of our former enemies—would set us to scratching our wits how to make proper use of them. They are no mean ships. Start at the very top of the list and consider the Leviathan. She is the greatest ship in all the world; so very great indeed that even her very builders wondered if they had not erred in attempting her construction. For it did seem at the outset as if she were to be as great a maritime disappointment as that other whale, the Great Eastern of half a century ago. Built for a speed of twenty-four knots an hour she barely made seventeen in the five single trips she made before the first declaration of war overseas and the sincere tribute which her Hamburg owners paid to the prowess of the British Navy by interning her in the stout shelter of her Hoboken pier.

Little secret was made of the fact that if ever she had finished that third round trip from Hamburg she was to have gone back into dry dock in her home city for complete reconstruction and repairs; in fact, on the July day of 1917 that our Navy was assured of its legal rights to take over the German ships which had been interned and idle in our waters for nearly three years and had taken physical possession of the Hoboken piers as well as the ships lying fast to them, the Navy Department engineers found many hundreds of feet of copper piping lying, disconnected and useless,

(Continued on Page 69)

# Your Birthright—White Teeth

IT'S *natural* for teeth to be white—pearly white. The teeth of little children have that true pearl whiteness.

It's unnatural to have discoloration and decay. They come from neglect and improper care.

*Everyone* should have white teeth. Make up your mind to-day that your teeth shall be pearly white.

Begin by using Klenzo Dental Creme. Use it carefully, at least twice a day. Then watch how soon the discoloration begins to leave—how pearly whiteness replaces it.

For Klenzo is a snow-white cream, that cleans, whitens and polishes in a different way. No other dentifrice accomplishes identical results; for no other dentifrice is made by the Klenzo formula.

You know Klenzo is at work in your mouth. You know it by the Cool, Clean, Klenzo Feeling.

Get a tube to-day at the nearest Rexall store. No other druggist has it. Every tube is sold with the distinct understanding—your money back if Klenzo fails to improve your teeth.

Claim your birthright—pearly white teeth. Start using Klenzo to-day.

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*In Canada, 35c*

***At The 8000 Rexall Stores Exclusively***

UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

*Winding the phonograph is laborious. If that is what has silenced your phonograph, G-E motor drive will bring back the old pleasure.*

## *"Cranking" a phonograph is as unnecessary as cranking a car*

G-E MOTORS are *the* phonograph motors this Christmas, and every other Christmas—for new phonographs, for old phonographs, for phonographs of every make.

Laborious winding between records—like laborious cranking of motor cars—is unnecessary now. You like your phonograph as much as ever, but the constant winding has grown irksome! G-E motor drives will wind—and let you re-discover the lost pleasure.

The three small sketches show three types of G-E motored phonograph drives. One type replaces the hand crank, and automatically keeps the regular spring motor wound. Another, placed in the top of the case, drives the turn-table through friction with a small rubber pulley attached to the tiny motor. Another type goes directly into the machine in place of the ordinary spring mechanism. Any of these types are connected by cord to any lamp socket or wall receptacle.

The G-E motors are silent and smooth-running. You merely switch the current on or off—no other attention. They always give the instrument perfect tempo. They eliminate hand winding for good.

Ask your phonograph dealer to show you G-E motored phonograph drives—as readily applicable to old machines as to new. General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.

# G-E motors

*From the Mightiest to the Tiniest*

95-115

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 66)

in the hold of the Vaterland. A little inquiry developed the fact that this piping originally had served as a heating system for the boiler water. So inadequate had it proved for this purpose however that the chief engineer on the first trip across to America in high dudgeon had ordered the entire contraption ripped out.

It was this same chief engineer who, while he was being taken across New York Harbor to Ellis Island for internment, was asked by the high officer of the American customs service if he would make a statement as to what he had done to wreck the engines of the Vaterland. He was told that utter frankness would not only not harm him but would prejudice future events in his favor.

"Ruin those engines?" he laughed. "I didn't have to. They were ruined before she ever started on her first trip out of Hamburg." And a moment later he added: "I will take off my hat to the Yankee engineer that can ever make that rubbish do decent work."

I hope that the chief of the former Vaterland so stood on Ellis Island that he could see the Leviathan—his old ship—sail down past there a bare six weeks later. I hope that he took off his hat to her. For a Yankee chief—a mere slip of a boy, he seemed—was driving her, with a steady precision that she had never known before; and of course with the same engines. With the exception of the replacement of two of her forty-eight boilers, which had been ruined, either deliberately or accidentally, by dry-firing, and the substitution of an honest-to-goodness heating system for the water feed, she had the same engines that the German had so confidently predicted would never turn her screws again. She went on that trial trip to Guantánamo, Cuba, and back; making her way down slowly enough until her new Yankee crew could acquaint themselves with her whims and possibilities, but returning for long stretches and under forced draft at twenty-three and three-quarters knots an hour, which was something like the figure that her builders originally had promised.

### Home Scenes for American Ships

She did not do the twenty-three and three-quarters in transport service. That would have represented a coal extravagance that the exigencies of the situation hardly warranted. But she did her twenty and twenty-one knots with exquisite regularity, and so proclaimed herself the dandiest transport ship that any nation ever had known. Now she is out of transport service once again and in her old dock at Hoboken being fitted for the passenger service for which she was originally designed. It was thought at one time that her original fittings would be returned to her when she again sought the de-luxe traffic. For one thing the warehouse in which they were stored burned during the progress of the war, and for another they do not represent the type of fittings that is to distinguish even the finest of our new American passenger ships. The heavy ornateness, the elaborate carvings, the thick air-stopping and dust-collecting plushes and brocades which are so dear to the heart of the German interior decorator have little place in the canons of our own good taste. We incline more to the simplicity and the cleanliness of the English, plus a little of the lightness and the delicacy of touch of the Gallic mind. And so the decoration of the cabins of the Leviathan and all our other passenger-carrying ships is to be light and simple and clean. It has been suggested that in the case of the larger ships the panels of the great cabins which formerly bore the pictures of strange castles overseas, visions of the Rhine or the Moselle flowing between terraced and vine-landed hills, be replaced by murals of our own America—the color of the Grand Cañon, the Washington capitol, the sky line of New York, the vision of Mount Rainier, the gentle charm of a New England village, Niagara Falls, and other subjects similar to these.

I hope that the suggestion is accepted. I know of nothing that will give a traveler, weary and Europe-worn, quite the thrill that he would gain at stepping on his homebound American ship at Southampton or Cherbourg or Hamburg American in every way: ownership, crew, operation—in seeing these great scenes of his homeland once again; nothing, unless it is the presence upon the bill of fare of Yankee things to eat. I well recall the day in May when I clambered up on the deck of the Holland steamship Rotterdam in the harbor of Plymouth, England, and finding my way to the breakfast tables in her commodious dining room found them high-laden with great steaming piles of New England wheat cakes and plenty of yellow butter and maple sirup to make them slip down easily. It was a moment of consummate joy.

The outer appearance of these new Yankee liners of ours is to be in full keeping with their interior. The selection of a standard color for so great a fleet was no slight task. Black was the first thought. But no matter how appropriate black may be for ships upon the North Atlantic it has been shown under actual test to raise the temperature of a vessel in tropic seas a full seven degrees. White is too dazzling. Green was considered for a time by the shipping board but was rejected when it was found in use by a privately owned corporation upon the Pacific. A blue-gray color finally was chosen, with smokestacks of buff or gray, surmounted by a double ring of red, white and blue stripes set diagonally upon the stacks—surely a mark of distinction to be seen easily a long way off.

So much for the moment for the mere appearance of these new American passenger liners. Now let us come again closer to the meat of the coconut—the method of their operation. As I have already hinted this is to be accomplished by placing their exact operation in the hands of American steamship companies—100 per cent American, if you please, 100 per cent in ownership and in direction. These companies—it is hardly remotely possible even that any one company would care to undertake carrying conditions so varied as those which must be undertaken by our new merchant marine as a whole—will not buy or even lease the ships outright, but will operate them as agents for our Uncle Sam, probably at a fee of about two and a quarter per cent on the total gross, which in turn will become itself one of the operating costs, along with fuel, pay roll, repairs, wharfage, supplies, and the like. The expenses of solicitation as well as those of the overhead of the operating company will have to come out of its fee.

Here then is an experiment in government ownership, interesting in itself, whether it were to be applied to ships or railroads or the post office. It keeps transportation just a peg outside of bureaucratic inefficiency. It properly makes our Uncle Samuel personally responsible for any large additions in costs which his wage commissions or his groups of busy reformers may develop from time to time, and yet gives him the benefit of the little practical kinks of private business; the selection and rejection of personnel as well as holding it, between times, to the full appreciation of its job, the skill and force and pep of competitive solicitation, the sharpness of marketing—these things our Uncle Sam gains with his very ingenious way of avoiding the pitfalls of actual government operation and still having for himself at a moment's notice his ships when he needs them, which after all is the chief reason for his building and maintaining them. It is interesting work, commercial pioneering, this exploring and laying out new trade routes in every direction across the globe; it is work pregnant with possibilities, but great as these may be they still must remain second to the necessities of our national defense.

### The Tourist Rush in 1920

As for the operating company, it gains great experience, with a possible very valuable residue of by-product work, without one cent of risk. If the ships make money Uncle Sam will absorb the profits and count himself mighty lucky indeed. If the ships lose money—which is far more likely at the outset anyway—he will have to make good on the deficit and charge it off to the necessities of national defense. But the operating company will have little cause to worry. And a two and a quarter per cent fee on even a fairly good-sized volume of traffic ought to come to a pretty penny or two.

The statutes under which the shipping board operates already permit it to establish and maintain routes in any direction or to any ports that are not already adequately served by American lines, which in practice permits it to go in several directions.

The most interesting direction to the average American—particularly in this rapidly oncoming year of grace 1920—is toward Europe. There is a little sector in Northern France and in Belgium which in the past five years has become the best-advertised corner of the world; and, in some senses, the least visited. Now the bars are down and both France and Belgium are beseeching Americans to come and see the terrible devastation that the Huns wrought upon them, with a passing thought perhaps that a goodly visitation of American tourist dollars may help their wavering exchanges. In any event I am afraid that it is going to be a hard year for the see-America-first movement. The traffic barometers point toward a tourist movement from the United States into Europe this coming summer that will reach high in excess of even the great peak-load years immediately preceding 1914. The old-line transatlantic companies, despite the great losses that each of them suffered through the war, are making heroic preparations already to meet the superdemands that are going to be placed upon them by midsummer.

Therefore the shipping board is already planning to take three of the larger and swifter of the commandeered German ships—the Leviathan, with her passenger capacity of 3953 persons; the Agamemnon, carrying 2419; and the superbly equipped Mount Vernon, with her accommodations for but 1871 people but almost all of them first-class passengers—in a weekly service between New York and Southampton and Cherbourg. For a similar service between New York and Hamburg or Antwerp, though possibly at a slightly wider interval, the Von Steuben, the George Washington and the America—slightly slower ships but with a great package freight as well as passenger capacity—have been chosen tentatively. And because there is a definite demand for it Mr. Rosseter has promised Queenstown that it may again become a regular port of call, either on the line of the Hamburg boats or of a projected line to the Baltic ports.

With the great ports of Northern Europe reached with service by our own boats those of Southern Europe must come in for proper consideration. A little later there will follow one or several lines to the Mediterranean, to the coast cities of France and Italy and Greece and Turkey and Rumania, with Northern Africa as a further possibility. A line may be established to Spain, and another to the rapidly developing west coast of Africa.

### The Corbin Plan Revived

Yet to the average American exporter at the present moment no territory is quite so fascinating as South America. It is well enough, he may argue, that upon the Rosseterian desk the charts may show preferred lines to the Philippines; China, Japan and Siberia in the one direction and the Straits and India and Australia in the other, with even Cape Town as a far more remote possibility. What he really wants to see is far more and bigger ships plying between New York and Baltimore and New Orleans and our other Yankee ports and those of Central and South America. Those ports are not out of Mr. Rosseter's mind for one moment. As vice president of the house of W. R. Grace & Co., he has personally known and studied each of them. And his definite schemes for the operation of our American ships contemplate services from our larger ports of the North Atlantic weekly—semiweekly if necessary—to those of both the east and the west coasts of our southern neighbors.

To accomplish so worldwide and far-flung a scheme of maritime development will require even at the outset far more than the twenty-eight passenger ships which the fortunes of war took from the Germans and delivered into our hands. These are far from perfect ships. The most of them are good ships. Yet they are not the exact kind that we should have built if we had first undertaken the problem of their construction.

A little time ago word emanated from sources close to the then head of the shipping board that the United States was about to begin building at least two great one-thousand-foot quadruple-screw passenger lines that would make the transatlantic run in four days. In connection with these there was talk of the revival of the old scheme which Austin Corbin, the one-time president of the Long Island Railroad, inaugurated more than twenty years ago, for utilizing Fort Pond Bay, close to the extreme easterly end of Long Island; as a huge American passenger port, with direct fast rail connections with New York City, scarcely one hundred miles distant. It would be quite similar to Fishguard, in Wales. That was a pretty scheme—that Montauk Point terminal—but an entirely unnecessary one. Granted that several hours could be saved by turning a fast steamer into Fort Pond Bay and there quickly reloading her passengers, mail and baggage into waiting express trains, over the present rather tedious voyage along the South Shore of Long Island and directly into New York Harbor; the question still remains, if this were worth while why not put these superswift ships into some harbor still farther east, such as Boston or Portland, and save still more time, to say nothing of the expense of constructing brand-new high-speed rail lines to it?

The shrewd shipping men in and round New York laughed when they heard of the one-thousand-foot ships and the revival of the ancient Corbin plan. I think that I can explain why they laughed at the ships. On the vessel which carried me across the Atlantic early in the present year the hard-headed master endeavored to give me some practical ideas of ship economy.

### Slow Boats and Big Earnings

"Here we are with this ship," said he, "24,000 tons burden and well-constructed, every inch of her from stem to stern, burning some 350 tons of coal a day and employing some 600 people. Take that magnificent flyer, the S——, of the fine X—— line. She does New York to Liverpool in five days—we take eight or nine sometimes—but she takes more than twice our number of people to operate her and three times the amount of coal. Yet with all her 40,000 tons she carries no more passengers and not quite so much package freight. The X—— line has hard work to pay a two and a half per cent dividend a year. We are paying ten per cent to our stockholders and keeping it up. I think that is the answer. I think that is the reason why our own big new liner, which was commandeered by the British Government when she was awaiting completion in a Belfast yard and sunk by a mine on her fourth trip out from New York, will never be duplicated. Our line is going to build two replicas of this ship. They've good sense, my bosses."

I too think that is the answer. And because of that feeling I have a due sense of gratitude that the new passenger and cargo ships which are actually being built by our shipping board are not whales, but of a size and construction that give them great flexibility and opportunity of service. There are twenty-six of these new craft now under contract and construction—each of them of approximately 16,000 tons gross. Nineteen of these new vessels are 535 feet long and able to maintain seventeen knots an hour. The seven others are slower—about fourteen knots is the best that they will do—but in exchange for speed they give a longer cruising radius: 15,000 miles without a refilling of their bunkers, as against 9500 miles on the part of the faster ships. These last will be designed to carry about 250 first-class passengers, the slower ships only eighty-five.

Yet even these slower, smaller ships have their uses, and very definite uses too. You could not send the Carmania up a narrow twisting river of Siam or of South America; or even the smaller ships such as the old St. Louis or the St. Paul. The Leviathan can never ascend the Schelde to the wharves of Antwerp. Yet there is valuable traffic, and much of it, awaiting American ships in the river landings of far-distant lands and upon the quays of the great Belgian port of Central Europe.

Beyond all these factors too is the underlying one of cost. Because of their labor and fuel conditions the construction prices in British yards already have begun to creep closely alongside those of our own yards. As late as last May Sir Joseph Maclay, the Comptroller of British Shipping, told me that the yards along the Clyde could turn out steel cargo vessels profitably at £24 per ton as against £29 along our Delaware. But that was last May. In the time that has intervened the disparity has decreased. We are now much closer and—this is important to remember—making a much better grade of ships than ever before we have made.

But the fact remains—and remains indisputably—that ship costs have risen tremendously in the past four or five years;

have doubled and nearly tripled. A great supership, like the superb Aquitania, of the Cunard Line, for instance, could not be duplicated to-day for less than $15,000,000. And though the keen-witted British shipping sharps are keenly alive to the possibilities of folks paying de-luxe prices to ride on de-luxe ships, they see nothing in the business with fifteen-million-dollar ships. I think that I can set it down as a fairly safe prophecy that there will be none of these rather extravagant craft built for a number of years to come—on either side of the Atlantic.

In fact, just as the mainstay of the successful railroad is not its showy, high-speed Pullman trains but its grimy and substantial freights, so it is that the mainstay of our oncoming merchant marine is and must remain the cargo ship. The fifty-four new and commandeered passenger ships which the United States Shipping Board has now in definite sight will aggregate only a little more than 750,000 tons gross. The exclusively cargo ships will outnumber these far more than forty to one in number and nearly twenty to one in tonnage.

For these last ships as well as the first traffic must be found—in great and increasing volume, which in turn means solicitation upon a huge scale. Mr. Rosseter's plans for this are definite and comprehensive. In brief, he proposes to utilize the entire widespread organization of our national railroads to gain business for his ships, and he believes that this may easily be accomplished, whether these land carriers remain in the hands of the Federal Government or not.

"Every inland railroad agent in the United States should be a fully constituted agent of its merchant marine," he argues. "In that way and only in that way can these ships be of fullest utility to the American manufacturers and exporters. Suppose, for instance, a tire manufacturer out at Akron, Ohio, wants to send six cases of inner tubes out to-day—two cases, let us say, to Durban, two to Hong-Kong and two to Manila. About the best that he can do under present circumstances is to forward these by rail to a broker in New York and then to trust to the broker's judgment and experience. In the course of time and with ordinary good luck he will be advised of the shipment of the six cases and the name and line of the boat or boats upon which they were exported.

"Now suppose, however, that the railroad agent in Akron had not only the definite sailings and schedules for every United States Shipping Board craft bound from our various coast ports to every corner of the far seas but the through tariffs and the waybills as well. Instead of the maker of tires being more or less at sea in regard to—as a single instance—his cases for Durban, he would be advised by his home-town railroad agency that they would go out of New York on the steamship Algonquin, sailing on the seventh of the following month, and that the rate would be precisely so many dollars and so many cents. Before he left the office he would hold in his hand the through waybill from Akron to Durban, which could be presented at his bank as a preliminary to the drawing of a sight draft upon his customer."

### The Wail of the Croakers

The idea seems simplicity itself, most workable at every turn; in fact, so simple and so very practical is it that one must regard it, good as it is, as one of the least of the many operating problems that to-day confront our shipping board. It is in degree in fact even less pressing than the question of personnel for our ships, of finding at the outset seventy thousand men—one-fifth of them officers—for their decks and engine rooms, and each average year some twenty thousand more for the proper renewals of the force.

Those same croakers who said that we could not build good ships in this country and who laughed openly at some of our first pathetic failures under the stress of a great emergency also said that the American boy in this day and generation could not be induced to take to the sea as a profession. They did little credit to the romance and to the idealism of our youth. Richard Henry Dana has hardly ceased to be a best seller. And the enlightened legislation which that great chief of the ordinary seaman, Andrew Furuseth, of San Francisco, has brought about to protect the living conditions as well as the pay envelope of the man upon decks as well as below has been another potent factor. Our new American merchant ships of every type have living quarters for their crews such as hardly would have been available for first-class passengers half a century ago. So do we progress.

And so, too, we shall fill the ranks of our human merchant marine. The great emergency recruiting structure which was built up to a genuine efficiency in our short months of actual warfare is functioning very well indeed as against our peace needs. The boys are coming in in goodly numbers. As the sea called to American boys in the days of our supremacy in sailing ships, so is it calling again to-day. And it is not unheeded.

The supreme, the predominant problem of our merchant marine is, however, as I intimated at the very beginning of this article, that of proper fueling facilities. You will recall that we saw how the foreign policy of Great Britain had been so carefully wrought upon her necessity of keeping coaling stations for her ships the world over at intervals of four thousand miles or less. And because at the beginning no other nation had possessed the vision and the commercial foresight of England no other nation apparently might ever hope even to rival her merchant armadas, for in many sections of the globe she seemingly had preëmpted the only available sites for coaling stations. The other nations were too late.

And so were we too late—for coaling stations. If coal were the only available fuel for our new ships we should find ourselves to-day in a very great impasse. For though England ordinarily is gentle and generous in opening her coaling stations to the uses of the ships of alien flags she reserves for herself—and quite rightly—the privilege of closing them to strange ships should the emergency rise. In fact, at this very moment she is exercising that privilege by shutting off her coaling stations in the North and South Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic to all except British ships. The momentary great shortage of coal overseas is her excuse for this drastic step. It is a most legitimate excuse, but the fact remains that the ships of all neutral nations—save ours—are put at a tremendous disadvantage.

### Independence of Coal

It is hard to write of our ships and their future and leave England out of the reckoning. Her influence over all the sea lanes of the world in the past is almost incomprehensible for a layman to understand. It has been said, and truly, that because of her control of two marine factors alone—registration and insurance—she was in practice actually able to say when an American ship should or should not leave one American port for another—New York for Manila or Manila for San Francisco. That in the past she wielded this power judiciously and even generously is not the point. The point is that she held the power and that if it had suited her necessities she would not have hesitated to wield it, even though it might have been death to our own maritime success.

Now at last, and through a combination of circumstances not to be regarded, we are free. The pathways of all the seas are as open to our ships as to those of the Cross of St. George. England may have her coaling stations and hold them to her own exclusive use if she chooses. We no longer are dependent upon them, for our ships are ceasing to be coal-burning ships. Instead of the cumbersome machinery and the great human forces of the stokehole have come tanks and pipes, until with the very twist of the hand, the opening of a cock, a boiler may be fired and fed. Our merchant ships, like those of our Navy, are going to burn oil.

Let me repeat this statement and then add a little to it. Oil as a ship fuel has freed us of the quiet sea domination of our cousins overseas. Not that we should bear them any grudge whatsoever in the matter. On the contrary we should perhaps be thankful that Britain with supreme power in her fingers never used it against us. More too—we should be fair and generous enough ourselves to realize that the commercial interests of the two great English-speaking confederations lie more together than apart. Their political interests are even more in common. And so, having gained our marine independence apparently for all time—we can well afford to cooperate. Such cooperation, indulged in to a reasonable degree, is, moreover, decidedly to our own commercial advantage. We can be competitors—good competitors, strong competitors—and still not forfeit the right of friendly coöperation.

I have shown you how the bunkering plans for a world-flung armada of peace and war necessitated coaling stations at intervals of not more than four thousand miles. Now let me show how with oil as a marine fuel these can be spread ten thousand miles apart and still enable the merchant ships and the fighting navy of a nation to cover the entire globe—all of its practicable ports—and still compete at great advantage over the best coal-burning merchant fleet in the world.

Here is the new bunkerage map of our shipping board. It wastes neither time nor space upon the fuel facilities of the home ports in the United States because they are so universal. But it does show the stations that are available well away from the home land. We should of course find such a station at the Canal Zone, and at it the indicated distances for through sailings—Colon to New York, 1974 miles; to Newport News, 1776 miles; to Savannah, 1607 miles; to Galveston, 1500 miles; to New Orleans, 1403 miles; in the other direction—Colon to San Francisco, 3290 miles; to Valparaiso, 2661 miles; to Honolulu, 4727 miles. It is in turn 4767 miles from Honolulu to Manila, so that a steamer sailing from the Panama Canal to the Philippines, with bunker capacity in excess of 10,000 miles, would not be forced to stop at Honolulu for refueling, though as a matter of actual practice she probably would want to do so. The journey from either Seattle or San Francisco to Honolulu is of course far less, 2409 miles in the one instance and 2091 miles in the other, so that with a vessel of the larger class the necessity of refueling in the Hawaiian Islands becomes even less, even though she be bound straight through to the Philippines. If, as is the more general practice, she first touched at Japan the problem becomes still easier. Yokohama is 1373 miles nearer Honolulu than is Manila.

It begins to look as if, after twenty-one years of existence as a continued question mark in our national policy, the Philippines at last were to justify their real worth to us. As a strategic point in the operation of an international merchant marine Manila is quite the equal of Hong-Kong, and then somewhat better. Its harbor is not as fog-infested. It is comparatively free from the devastating typhoons that sweep the China Sea at so many seasons of the year. Moreover, under the direction of the shipping board the oil-fueling arrangements at Manila have been made to include not only its own specially reserved piers but by pipe line every other pier in the entire harbor side. No other port in the Far East is so equipped, few others in the entire wide world.

### The Bizerta Station

Now to begin to see the fullness of the scheme, begin slowly to swing your library globe. New York to Manila. What an easy voyage it is—under oil. Fuel at the Colon terminal of the canal; fuel again if you need it in the lovely harbor of Honolulu; now you are clear and set and bunkerful all the way to that Yankee port of ours among the Philippines. But suppose you should have set your heart on not changing the main course of your ship and want to come back the other way—the Indian Ocean, up the Red Sea, through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean, Gibraltar ——

"Easy enough," interrupts the skipper who wears the natty uniform of the U. S. S. B. "We will fill our tanks chockfull here and refill them at Bizerta. It's only 7615 miles to Bizerta, which gives us bunker room and much to spare. And at Bizerta ——"

Bizerta?

That name has a strangely unfamiliar sound. Back again to your globe or to your Mercator's map. Somehow it is elusive. Your finger does not fall upon it quickly. The skipper comes to your aid.

"In the Mediterranean," he guides you. "It's a tiny island, right off the shore of Northern Africa, opposite the jutting cape of Tunis. There it is, old boy, the newest little corner of the U. S. A., and just where old Stephen Decatur used to sail the Black Coast and yell into its stupid face: 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!'"

There it is indeed, a tiny concession from the French Government to us, but an immensely valuable one, for Bizerta is in the direct path of all ships bound between Gibraltar and the Suez. That we were able to obtain it at all was due in the first instance to the vision and enterprise of our own Standard Oil Company. It took root there fully ten years ago and set up one of its purely commercial oil stations—a couple of 5000-barrel tanks and a pier on the lonely place. It is this plant that is now being expanded into a government station by the construction of two really mammoth storage tanks, with storage facilities between them of 92,000 barrels. These two tanks are being set aside by contract for the exclusive use of the United States Shipping Board. It, however, is in no way whatsoever obligated to purchase its fuel from Standard Oil. It is open market and free field.

So is it open market and free field at the Azores station—the intermediate station between Bizerta, African West Coast and Spanish and Italian ports and those of our own United States. There again Standard Oil preceded the flag—one can hardly help doffing the hat repeatedly to the bigness and the imagination of Mr. Rockefeller's enterprise—and when it found itself in something of an impasse with the Portuguese authorities discovered that our governmental shipping board was able and willing to see it through—in exchange for a concession and free rights similar to those at Bizerta.

### The Advantages of Oil

So have we blazed our way in strange and none too friendly waters; a privately operated but vastly enterprising merchant corporation doing the pioneering and a government-operated board, seeking quite frankly to emulate the successful methods of private business, coming upon its heels.

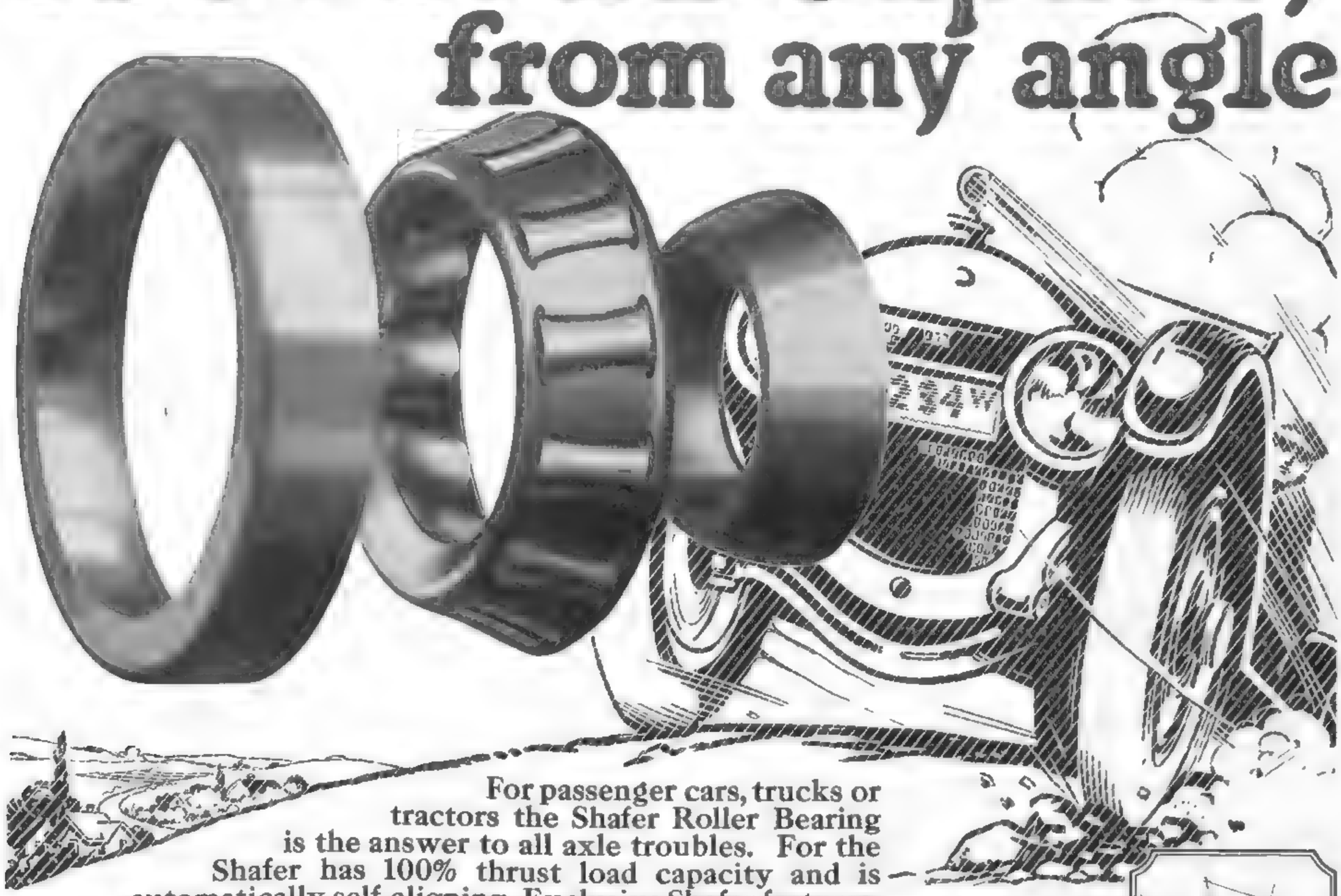
One other fuel station off the home shores attracts our attention. I have left it until the last purposely. For one thing it is the station already completed and ready for our ships. It is situate at St. Thomas, that little island that we purchased not many months ago from Denmark, while many folks wondered why we did it. Those folks were not aware of the definite operating scheme for our new merchant marine which even then was beginning to take its definite form. They did not appreciate that St. Thomas lies in a fairly direct pathway between our ports of the North Atlantic and those immensely valuable commercial opportunities of the east coast of South America as well as the still more distant Cape Town, Africa. True it is that a vessel bound south from New York or Newport News will have to beat her way a bit against the current of the well-known Gulf Stream to make St. Thomas; but this, in the experience of sage skippers, is not a difficult trick; while as for coming north, that same old Gulf Stream just whips a ship into our bunker station, and after a few hours, when she is properly refueled, whips her out once more and off to the north again.

This is almost literal. With coal-burning ships refueling is a tedious and an expensive business—and a fearfully disagreeable business. If the ship can be run along the pier it becomes necessary to close all doors and cabin windows and ventilators; and even then the chief steward is lucky if he can keep the fine coal dust from sifting down into his rugs and curtains and linen. The job may and generally does take sixteen to twenty-four hours.

With an oil-burning ship of even the largest size refueling hardly ever takes more than six hours. Granted that there may be a slight odor from the oil itself, that is as nothing compared with the dirt and the discomforts of the other method; and two men operating a pipe line can accomplish the entire job. It has been estimated that to refuel a ship like the Leviathan with coal requires the services of at least fifty deck officers and men, to say nothing of the vast forces underneath the decks.

Here we are, then, squarely brought to the greatest economy of oil. It is not in its cleanliness, in the ease with which it is loaded into the bunkers, in the fact that it doubles and more than doubles the sailing radius of a ship without refueling; it is the vast economy which it works in the operation of the ship itself; in that department which in these days of the multiplying cost of human labor requires the most of it—the fireroom.

# 100% Load Capacity from any angle



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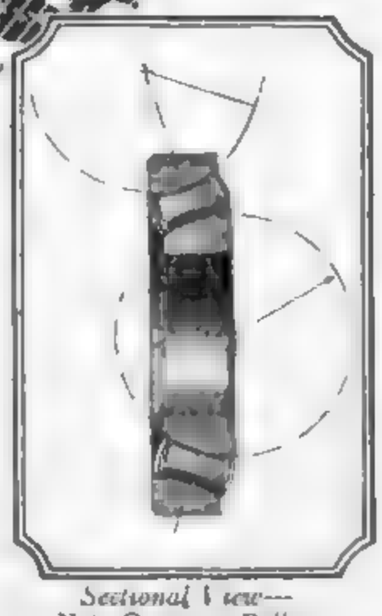

*Sectional View— Note Concave Rollers*

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**Self Aligning SHAFER Roller Bearing**

**100% Load Capacity From Any Angle**

# THE FIGHTING MACHINE

(Concluded from Page 23)

A few days after my return he was booked for his first semifinal; six rounds against Young Jeffries, a powerful welter who could hit like a middleweight and move with the speed of a bantam. The papers were predicting that Jeffries would show up the dude.

I think, though he would never admit it, that Pritchard underrated his man this time or that his easy victories over a lot of no-account aspirants had given him an exaggerated idea of the purely theoretical side of his avocation. At any rate I am certain that he came very near being knocked cold that night. Young Jeffries was versatile, had had a lot of ring experience, didn't in the least mind Pritchard's pecking away at his bony features, and kept whaling away with both arms, every wallop a potential K. O.

Despite Pritchard's uncanny judgment of distance, his coolness and accuracy, three or four chance clouts landed, and one of them at least partly dazed him. By good luck the round ended there, and Barnabas' clean living, together with a glass of water some friendly ringside sport threw into his face, put him all right for the final session.

Again it was by good luck that one of his piston lefts found and closed the right eye of Young Jeffries, deep in its bony socket like an anthropoid ape's. As he had scored at least ten times to Jeffries' once, and was himself unmarked, save for a redness about the body where the stronger man had roughed it in the clinches, the referee was obliged to raise Barnabas' arm, sorely against his wish, and to an accompaniment of groans and boos from the disgusted fans.

Since my friend's first patent was sold a few weeks after this, insuring him an ample income, to which he added steadily as long as he lived, his career ended with one more fight; and it is of this last match I must write a little more in detail.

His go with Jeffries had taught him the difference between a roustabout and a crafty ring general, and he was quick to profit by it. The purse of two hundred dollars had been a welcome one, and there was five hundred waiting for the winner of the forthcoming contest.

At this time he had no reason to suppose that he would have any other source of income than fighting; and he brought to his go with Butcher Martin every resource of science. The match was at catchweights; it was certain that he would be outweighed by at least ten or twelve pounds, and this would all be solid brawn. Martin had held the New England championship until he could no longer make the weight in his class, and was a hard nut for anyone to crack. He was noted for his ability to get the goat of his opponents.

There must have been four thousand paid admissions that night; and it is a safe bet that three thousand nine hundred of them prayed for the defeat of the Fighting Machine.

I have said that he never had employed a second. This was one reason why he was disliked. It was believed that he was too stingy to pay the few dollars customary; but as he told me he saw no reason for hiring a man to wave a dirty towel in his face between rounds and give him a lot of unsound advice.

To-night for the first time he brought with him an assistant, a little mild-looking chap named Pevey, who was doing exceptional work in physiology at Harvard. I went with them to the box stall of a dressing room, and there witnessed Pevey produce a hypodermic and give Barnabas a shot in the arm when he was clad in his ring tights.

"For heaven's sake, old man," I expostulated, "you're not doping yourself!"

Pritchard smiled faintly.

"It's only adrenaline," he said.

"Never heard of it!"

"You can learn all about it in any medical textbook dealing with the ductless glands. We don't know much about them yet, but we learn something every day. It has recently been discovered that fear produces certain physiological changes due to a stimulation of the adrenal gland. Briefly the process is as follows: The emotion of fear having caused the adrenal gland to excrete its peculiar principle, adrenaline, this produces increased blood pressure, a strong slow pulse, pallor due to constricted blood vessels—and a great release of sugar from the liver. Thus terrified people often perform what we term prodigies of strength and agility, as do the insane or delirious. The released sugar and the increased blood pressure, together with the steady pulse, which give such tremendous energy, can be artificially produced, without the accompanying panic, by a dose of adrenaline, administered intravenally, subcutaneously or orally. The quickness of the reaction varies in the order given. I have received a subcutaneous injection, which will act a little later, or about the time I step into the ring."

"But—is there no reaction?"

"None save the normal fatigue that follows all violent effort. The effect is, however, brief, and Pevey here has some adrenaline pills in his pocket, which he will administer from time to time as needed during the fight."

The picture of the old-time second with his half lemon, his bucket, sponge and towel flashed across my mind.

"What else do you carry, Pevey?" I asked him.

"A cylinder of oxygen," he chirped. "It will counteract the beastly air he has to breathe. It works harmoniously with adrenaline. Tried them on myself. Felt just like a bally lamb; wanted to gambol, and all that sort of thing. I've got some strychnine too, in thirtieth-grain tablets; but these are only for emergency. And a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia."

"Well," I allowed, "either you'll kill him or he will fight like ——"

The bell interrupted me, announcing the end of the semifinal. A rough fellow knocked on our door, poked his head in and growled, "You're next!"

"How are you feeling, old man?" I asked affectionately, helping Pritchard on with his bath robe, while little Pevey picked up his bottles, pill boxes and oxygen cylinder.

He looked tranquilly at me.

"Why, how should I feel? Very pleased to have five hundred dollars—of course!"

We passed down a corridor, then along a narrow runway banked on either side by sweltering devotees of the historic pastime, through the chairs of the reporters and privileged sports, shirt-sleeved and smoking, and Barnabas climbed up into his corner and sat down on the camp stool. Pevey seated himself fussily below, and I found a chair close by.

One of the methods employed by experienced fighters to get the goat of a novice is to keep him waiting in the ring. That he keeps the thousands of spectators also waiting matters not at all to him.

A beginner sitting alone in the brilliantly lighted square, the focus of observation and comment, wondering why the other man does not show up, is apt to let his imagination run away with him and get all wrought up. Many a fight has been lost thus.

It was evident, as five minutes, and ten, and fifteen passed, that this was just what Butcher Martin was doing. The effect upon our man was simply to bore him. He hated his environment, wanted to get his money and go home.

He had been kept waiting a few moments, before; and had been accustomed to slip a textbook into his bath-robe pocket, in which he browsed unconcernedly until the other man clambered into the ring. To-night his hands fumbled in vain. He had forgotten to bring any reading matter along.

He sat gazing idly about, a strange figure for a prize ring, wearing amber-colored goggles to protect his eyes from the glare. He paid no attention to the coarse badinage, the whistles, stamping feet, shouted wagers that came from all quarters.

I have said that he practically never smoked. Now by some chance feeling absent-mindedly in one of his pockets his fingers touched an old dry cigarette that had lain there possibly for weeks. He drew it out and put it between his lips. He leaned over to where the Telegram reporter was smoking, directly below.

"I beg your pardon, but may I trouble you for a light!"

The man lighted a match and held it up, without comment. Barnabas nodded his thanks, leaned back and inhaled the smoke.

The effect upon the crowd was astonishing. Yells and laughter swept the house, above the general babel. There was not a man present who was not strongly affected by the sight, since it was absolutely unprecedented.

Some regarded it as sheer bravado; others took it as an indication that the match was fixed. The rest were convinced that he was a nut.

At this moment Butcher Martin made his tardily dramatic entrance, and was the most upset of them all. He made certain that his foe was advertising to the crowd that he held Martin cheap. The glare he fixed upon him was positively murderous.

Poor Barnabas was not even aware of what he had done. The act had been purely involuntary; he told me later that his mind had been engaged with the annual parallax, since he was interested about that time in a more accurate measurement of the distance of certain of the fixed stars from our earth.

On the Butcher's entrance, preceded by a hunchback boy—Martin being superstitious—and followed by a small army of handlers, Barnabas threw away the cigarette, from which he had drawn but a whiff or two, removed his amber goggles and rose to his feet.

For a moment, in the center of the ring, the referee rehearsed the conditions under which they were to fight; catchweights, ten rounds, no hitting in the breakaway; and then they returned to their corners and removed their bath robes.

New gloves were laced on. Martin's seconds ostentatiously examined his, and were careful to work back the horsehair padding so as to leave the knuckles as free as possible. Barnabas' mitts were put on without ceremony, and he did not glance at them. The men rose and bowed as they were formally announced, the timekeeper set the automatic gong, and an instant later they were sparring away in the center of the square.

I cannot say whether the adrenaline was working, but certainly Barnabas seemed to have more steam to his jabs than ever before. At the very first crack he drew blood from Butcher Martin's nose, souring an already uncertain disposition.

There followed for three rounds a wild pursuit, with the powerfully muscled Martin never for an instant ceasing to bore in on his slender opponent, to try to work him into a corner, clinch with him, batter him down with blows any one of which, I felt sure, would at the very least break one or more bones.

The little man never permitted him to get him out of position or on the ropes. Always, seemingly by a miracle, and by the narrowest of margins, he slipped away or to one side, without an unnecessary move or an awkward posture.

At the end of each round little Pevey handed up the rubber tube and gave him a definitely measured amount of compound oxygen. While he was taking it Pevey was taking his pulse. At the end of the third round he fed him an adrenaline pill.

The Butcher was puffing when the gong sounded for the beginning of the fourth. He had worked incessantly, and twice as hard because his blows had not landed but had whirled him round out of position. On Barnabas the perspiration had scarcely started. He had emptied his lungs of the foul nicotine-laden air, and refilled them with oxygen purer than the breezes of the mountain or the sea.

Still, as matters stood Martin led, because he had forced the fighting. Now that he was momentarily slowed down Barnabas began pecking away again at his face. His blows carried little force, but they landed clean and straight, and started Martin's nose bleeding again. Also a slight cut was opened over his left eye.

Almost insane with rage and the jeers of the gang—which he heard, though Barnabas did not—he tore in again, before his wind had fairly mended. For the remainder of the round and during all of the fifth he never let up. When the bell sounded his knees were quivering slightly. Barnabas was breathing easily through his nostrils, unmarked, and unmoved. Pevey fed him another pill and doubled his allowance of oxygen. He thrust a clinical thermometer into his mouth, and nodded with satisfaction when he examined it.

"No temperature!" he chirped.

Butcher Martin was obliged to slow up during the sixth. Making no effort to lead he succeeded after a time in clinching; and throwing his entire weight upon Barnabas he leaned his head upon my friend's shoulder, his mouth close to his ear.

From his tobacco-stained teeth seeped such a stream of conversational sewage that I am sure Barnabas was ignorant of the very meaning of most of what he said in his effort to get his goat; but his family tree was pretty well stripped of branch and leaf. He looked faintly interested, but not annoyed. Martin's weight tired him, however, and he looked questioningly toward the referee, who seemed in no hurry to pry them apart.

As soon as he had done so Barnabas flicked out at once with his left, and again started Martin's nose. As the Butcher tore in he was met with the stiffest punch he had yet received, square in his left eye, with the added force of his own onrush to drive it home. The eye instantly closed and seemed to puff out like a mushroom. The gong sounded, and Martin in his rage would have followed his man and fouled him had not the referee thrown himself upon him and held him back.

Between rounds the Butcher's seconds skillfully fixed him up, stopped his nosebleed once more, and considerably reduced his swollen eye. Even so, when he came up for the seventh it was undeniably closed. But he seemed to have gotten his second wind, and he was as mad as a wild pig.

But Barnabas now possessed an immense advantage. With his pecking style he was like a perfect marksman armed with an air gun against an indifferent performer toting a forty-five. He was obliged, with his small bore, to find a vital mark. He proceeded to rap the damaged eye a couple of times more, to make certain that it would stay shut, and then by keeping on the Butcher's blind side he had him like one groping in the dark.

Martin continued to swing as powerfully as ever, but it was much easier to avoid his lunges.

It was impossible to talk in the minute of rest, the uproar was so great. The crowd had bet heavily on Martin, and had even given odds on him. They foresaw his certain defeat unless a chance wallop should slip past the pale student's defense. They called on him, each in his own tongue, to deliver that wallop!

In the eighth and last round Barnabas, his task cut in half, devoted himself wholly to the one undamaged optic. Martin might have tin-canned, and saved it, but he knew that as it stood he had lost the battle on points. His only hope lay in putting over the sleep punch; and to do this he was obliged to uncover. Whenever he did Barnabas popped his glove against his right eye.

If constant dropping will wear a stone, still more will it wear a human eye. Before the round was half over Butcher Martin was blind. He groped about like a baited bear, cursing thickly, and making ugly if ineffectual jabs at wherever he fancied his tormentor might be.

"Oh, boy! Soak him agin in de smoked lamp!" shrilled a voice.

It was Muggsy O'Brien, who had secured for the Fighting Machine his first match. Barnabas stepped back, dropped his hands, and looked questioningly at the referee. He abominated the idea of hitting a helpless victim. The fickle mob now shifted toward the victor.

"Knock the big stiff out!" it squalled.

With repugnance Barnabas stepped noiselessly in and took aim. It is doubtful, even had Butcher Martin's hands been tied behind his back, if he could have knocked out that iron-jawed veteran; but seeing the hopelessness of it one of the Butcher's handlers saved him the disgrace by tossing a sponge into the ring.

An instant later Barnabas' hand was held up by the referee. It was all over.

"Well, well!" fussed little Pevey when we had worked our way back to the dressing room, "now, I think, you can have one strychnine tablet!"

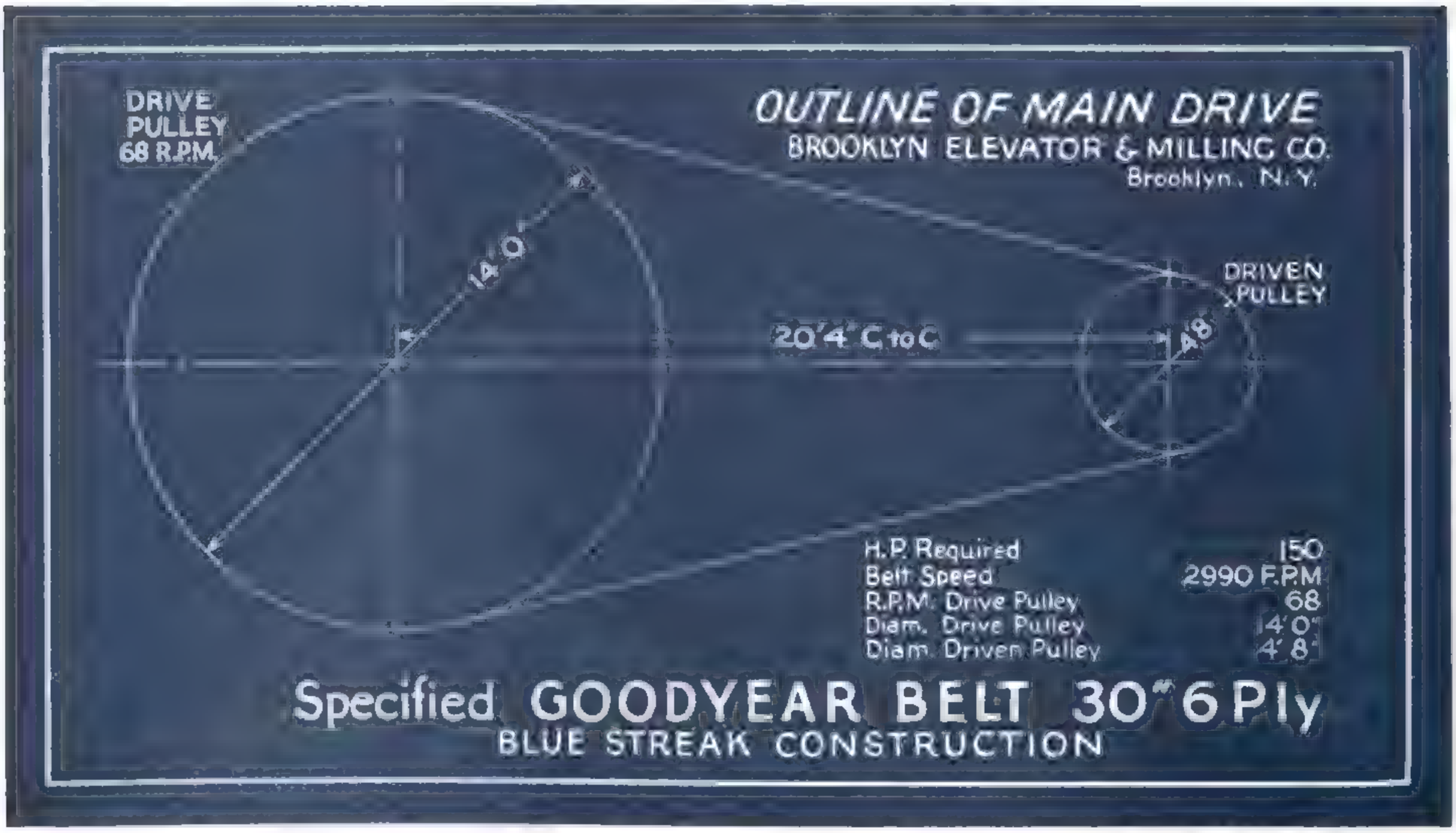
Barnabas shook his head impatiently.

"Don't need it," he said curtly.

"It seems to me, Barney, old chap, that you are entitled to a little celebration tonight!" I avowed. "It's on me. What shall it be?"

Barnabas Pritchard smiled.

"I feel a little devilish myself," he admitted. "Let's see what time is it? Eleven-fifteen? Hm! I have it the very thing! Professor Puckering is giving an illustrated lecture on the canals of Mars, over at the observatory. Let's go!"

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# A Main Drive, an Idler, $3.28—and the G.T.M.

***There used to be an idler on the main drive*** of the Brooklyn Elevator and Milling Company. There used to be expensive belts on the drive costing $6.84 a foot. They used to last about 18 months. For more than three years that drive has been belted at a cost of $3.28 less per foot than they used to pay—the idler has been taken off—and they have saved $583.92 in 36 months on that one drive. It happened this way:

***One day in 1916 a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man*** —called and explained the Goodyear Plan of selling belts to meet conditions. He explained the plan in detail, pointing out that a belt was really a machine part and should be bought just like any other part, to fit the conditions—and not as one buys nails. He told them how the Goodyear Technical Man carefully studied a drive before specifying a belt for it, and enumerated some of the savings that had been made on the drives of a number of plants.

***They asked him to study the main drive,*** because the expensive belt on it was just about giving out. He did so. He found that the idler on it could be dispensed with provided a certain kind of Goodyear friction-surface belt was used. He also found that the slow speed and other conditions could be met better by a certain kind of 6-ply Goodyear construction than by the belt then in use.

***He specified a certain 30", 6-ply Goodyear.*** It cost $229.60 less than the belt they had been using. They decided to try it. It came, was applied, and has already given 36 months of trouble-free service—and still looks as good as new. With the old kind of belt that drive used to cost $26.60 per month plus trouble and repairs. With the G. T. M.'s belt it has cost less than $10.38 per month —and no trouble or repairs. For the 36 months the saving has been $583.92.

***Since then the G. T. M.—Our Mr. Kernohan***—has been asked to study many other drives in that plant. His recommendations have saved so much for the company that when they built a new plant every drive in it was belted according to his analysis and specification.

***If you have a belt devouring drive***—no matter how small or how large—ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when next he is in your vicinity. The G. T. M.'s services are free because the savings they effect for belt users are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business is certain to come to us within a few years from the plants served.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

# Blue Buckle OverAlls

Union Made

*REGULAR man-job-overalls*—that's what you'll call Blue Buckles! You never wore a work-rig that struck you right in so many ways as do Blue Buckles!

Blue Buckles, first of all, are cut generously big and roomy. That's why they're so comfortable, and one reason why they last so long! *Oversize at the strain-point saves the garment!*

Made by the best Union Workmanship, Blue Buckle OverAlls and Coats are perfection from the ideal wear-weight indigo-blue denim down to the smallest manufacturing detail.

Blue Buckles are built to give a great service job and to make their return to you far exceed their cost.

**JOBBERS OVERALL COMPANY, Inc., Lynchburg, Va.**
*Largest Manufacturers of Overalls in the World*

**New York Office: 63 Leonard St.**
**W. T. Stewart, Representative**

# THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

(Continued from Page 29)

Mrs. Bowker rose as though impelled from behind. She was a woman of slow reactions, but she was quite intelligent enough to know when she had been told to mind her own business.

"There is one thing else," she said, fumbling for her lorgnette. "I have heard indirectly a rumor, which I cannot believe, that you and Mr. Bangs are circulating a petition to place the managing director of the club on a small salary, with no commission. And I want to tell you here and now that both Mr. Bowker and I would consider that as an impertinent and an unwarranted action. As I say, we cannot believe it of you. Mr. Sugden has done nobly. He ——"

"I know he has," said Sylvia, "but he's leaving us next month, and the next man won't have to do all Mr. Sugden's work over again, and he certainly shouldn't get a bonus for the members Mr. Sugden got."

Half way to the door Mrs. Bowker remembered politics, and paused. Her expression changed, by degrees and by visible effort, to one of conciliation.

"Sylvia, I don't wish to quarrel with you. I like you too well. But—I'll confide in you. Listen to me. The club is hardly started. With proper management it will control every Wellington activity. Next year we should be strong enough to elect the city officials. We want to send our representative to the state legislature. We want to establish a state federation of reform clubs, with our own club as the model and Wellington as the headquarters. And we can do this. If we do, some of our members will be nationally important. I've been thinking for a long time that you should have been a councilor."

Sylvia winced. In this very room she had made Mrs. Bowker an officer.

"And—and John?"

"Until we heard that he had taken the retailers' association as his clients we were inclined—at the next meeting of the board—to offer him a very liberal remuneration to act as our attorney. It isn't too late, even now—but, of course, he can't represent two such different associations. Frankly, my dear, you and your husband have possibilities of importance in this club. And if Mr. Bangs should be our legal adviser—why, when he had made the legal plans for the state organization—you can see for yourself the future in store for him." She regarded Sylvia closely. "Don't do anything rash, my dear. Come up to dine with us to-morrow evening, and let's talk it over amicably—for the good of Wellington. Won't you?"

Absent-mindedly Sylvia said she would come unless Mr. Bangs had some other engagement; but that didn't prevent her from securing nine more signatures to her petition that same afternoon. Nor did it prevent Mr. Bangs from opening a checking account of three hundred dollars in Sylvia's name. And when he heard of the invitation he put back his head and roared with laughter. The Bowkers were actually getting afraid of him.

"Go?" he said. "I wouldn't miss it for a farm!"

It was two o'clock on the following afternoon that he telephoned Sylvia in great excitement.

"Trouble, and lots of it!" he said. "By George! We've come to a showdown! Freight handlers, teamsters, machinists and street-car men have gone out, and the telephone operators are going to quit in an hour. Get a big order over to Sugden right away! You'll have to walk, I'm afraid. Stock up for two or three weeks anyway."

Sylvia hurried as best she could, but the club offices were packed solid when she got there. Sugden, maddeningly composed, was explaining just what had happened.

"The associate members have quit in a body. They must have seen this coming. The retailers have got big stocks, and they've made a private arrangement with the freight handlers to bring in four carloads of stuff so the strikers' families won't suffer. We can't move a finger. And before the associates quit they bought so much of our current stock that we're down to almost nothing. . . . No, Mrs. Kellogg, we can't stop the strike by cutting off the associates' privilege, because they've already cut it off themselves. They don't want it any more. . . . I'm sorry, but the by-laws provide for filling orders in turn. In a day or two we'll be out of almost everything. I'll see what arrangement I can make with the retailers to help us out. That's all I can do. I'm sorry. You'll have to buy wherever you can until we're stocked up again."

It was with deep seriousness, then, that Mr. Bangs and Sylvia went up to dine at the Bowkers'; and there was only one topic of conversation.

"If we had a state organization now," said Mr. Bowker, "we could stop this. We could stamp on it. You can't do much locally. Things are going from bad to worse. I want to call for delegates to a state convention. It's just about time. Tie it up to good government somehow. Everybody always blames the present administration for labor troubles, so we can count on antiadministration support. But we'll win out in Wellington yet. Trust me."

This was a trial fire, but after dinner, while Mrs. Bowker was ostensibly showing Sylvia some new fineries, Mr. Bowker opened with fire for effect.

"John," he said, "the time's come to show our colors. We want you for our attorney. Sugden's through in a month, and I want you to support my candidate for his successor. I want you to stand by me. I want you to go in with me for expansion. I want you to stump the state for our sort of reform. You can have all the prestige I can give you; all the glory."

"And all the brickbats," said Mr. Bangs amusedly.

"There wouldn't be any, John. And, of course, you couldn't represent us unless you had an official connection. We'll make you a director."

He produced four good cigars in an envelope, and offered one to Mr. Bangs.

"No, thanks."

Mr. Bowker's face fell. "Why I bought 'em especially for you. Well, never mind. What do you say, John?"

Mr. Bangs eyed him squarely. "You're quite willing for me to get all the glory, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"So whether the scheme falls down or not I get all the criticism from the retailers all over the state? I'm the man who'll stand out as the one who's trying to put 'em out of business?"

"That won't hurt you any. And I'll make you city counsel, John."

The city counsel was appointed by the mayor, so this was intended to be very subtle.

Mr. Bangs slowly shook his head. "You don't see some of these things clearly, Mr. Bowker, until you've tried 'em. I think I'm seeing clearly. It isn't reform to blackjack the retailer—he isn't responsible. And the manufacturer isn't, either. Or the transportation companies. It's all of us put together. We don't try to understand each other. About all we've done is to start a new kind of fight. And the big question won't be settled until labor can trust capital to play fair, and vice versa, and until all of us learn to economize a little in good times as well as in bad, and until money isn't the only thing in the world we want."

"You're too radical," said Mr. Bowker sourly; and Mr. Bangs, who felt himself to be ultraconservative, looked astonished. "And you're riding to a fall," said Mr. Bowker. "I think you'll find it very much to your advantage to sleep on it."

Mr. Bangs was sorry, but he didn't need to sleep on it.

"I don't like to say so," he said, "but I'm rather opposed to carrying this idea much further anyway."

Mr. Bowker displayed great interest in his cigar. "I'd heard that; I'd heard that. I was hoping it was a false rumor. Well—is it definite in your mind that you're against the present club government?"

Mr. Bangs nodded. "I think it is, Mr. Bowker."

"Then I shall take that, John, as a personal antagonism toward me." This was intended to be a thunderbolt, but it fell harmless.

"That's for you to judge, Mr. Bowker. I haven't said so."

"You're showing it by your actions. And I'll say this: If you're with us you're with us—if you're against us you're against us."

Mr. Bangs actually laughed. "That does sound logical, doesn't it? But I'm not opposing private individuals; I'm opposing individuals who happen to be running the reform club in a way I don't think is very good for the rest of us."

It was from this point forward that the conversation languished. As soon as Sylvia reappeared Mr. Bangs rose and spoke of things to be done at home, and his intonation left no room for doubt.

As the doors closed behind them, and even while Mr. Bangs and Sylvia were exchanging the first glance of mutual hilarity and comprehension, the voice of Mr. Bowker drifted to them through the portal.

"Well," Mr. Bowker was saying, "there's a damn good dinner thrown away on a couple of ingrates."

### XI

POLITICAL movements have a habit of collecting, like a snowball rolling down hill; of gathering momentum and bulk, and bursting, whether for good or evil, on a plank which may be fundamentally important, and may be picayune. And the Bowker administration, which had sprung into vibrant being at the will of Sylvia and her two friends, broke apart for the principal reason that Mrs. Bowker, a few days after the railroad strike had waned, and carloads of foodstuffs had come in, gave a large reception and served lobster salad with particularly crisp lettuce.

"Where on earth," asked someone of Helen Everson, "did Mrs. Bowker get this lettuce? The club hasn't had any Boston head for ages."

Helen, who liked to know whatever she wanted to find out, made an inquiry some few minutes later, of the Bowker waitress, who volunteered to ask the Bowker cook, and reported that it came from the Elite Market. The club—through Robinson's Market—had lettuce of its own, and the strike was practically over, and yet Mrs. Bowker continued to buy where she chose instead of through the club.

Within the hour every woman at that tea knew that Mrs. Bowker put Boston head lettuce before club principles, and within twenty-four hours a large number of people were saying that it was a pretty poor example for Mrs. Bowker to set, seeing that half a year ago she had instigated the boycott of local provision dealers, and vowed to boycott them as long as she lived. Simultaneously the story of the twenty-seven resignations went out, and the mayor, who wanted to be a state senator, told a labor meeting exactly why he had resigned.

Thirty women called for the first time upon Sylvia, and asked to sign the petition. In a twinkling there was more opposition than there was administration; and easy-going folk who had discounted the stories of nepotism and discrimination woke to action at the ridiculously lesser evidences of defect. It was remembered that the constitution provided for the recall of officers or directors at the discretion of the council, and there was sudden interest in what was called Mrs. Bowker's hand-picked directorate. The original ownership of the club's realty came out—Mr. Bangs had proof of it in his pocket; and both Henry Kellogg and Rupert Everson fell under grave suspicion, and emerged safely only at the expense of being regarded as dupes. But dupes aroused are lively combatants.

And in the meantime the railroad strike renewed itself, and now that it was fashionable to cast reproach on the Bowkers they were universally reproached for this too.

The Kelloggs spoke bitterly of resigning, but they didn't dare. The blue prints weren't ready, and Henry couldn't afford to lose his time. But Rupert Everson had long since collected his commission, and he told Mr. Bangs, after a touching reconciliation, that he was going to quit to-morrow, and then tell Sam Bowker just what he thought of him.

"Don't!" said Mr. Bangs. "Wait till the end of the quarter. I'm going to need you."

The Bowkers were giving nightly dinners to their wavering proselytes, and forgetting to be parsimonious, but there were some who were brazen enough to decline. Among them the Kelloggs and Eversons, who had been flattered until they had learned that they had been bought. The retailers put familiar names back on their books. Sugden and Mr. Bangs were closeted in many a soft-voiced interview, and when Mrs. Bowker gave a beautiful lawn party to the council there was the strict sex division which Mr. Bangs had once predicted, and only three men came, and they were driven by their wives. Even so, it was held to be an even battle, with the odds on the Bowkers because they still controlled the board.

And Mrs. Bowker, who had learned from one of her satellites what was happening, almost cried.

"I told Mamie to go to Robinson's," she wailed, "but she'd been going to the Elite when the strike was on, and she forgot, and went there again. But I told her to go to Robinson's. I did!"

And the severely retributive part of it was that this was the truth.

### XII

ON THE day of the quarterly council meeting the strikes were almost forgotten. Mr. Bangs' petition came in, and was buffeted just once, by a Bowker friend or two; and passed triumphantly. And to the horror and chagrin of all the Bowkerites it carried an entirely unsuspected rider providing that every financial transaction of the club by which any individual member had made a profit should be reported by general bulletin, and a further demand that the directors report at once every such transaction that had taken place.

The directors met on the subsequent evening, and Mr. Bangs came in quietly just as Mrs. Bowker, obviously suffering from nerves, was about to rap for order.

"I'm here," he said, "under authority of a general power of attorney of Rupert Everson."

Mrs. Bowker gasped. "You haven't any right—it isn't in the constitution!"

"No," said Mr. Bangs comfortably, "it isn't, but it's in all the law books, by George!"

He sat down and prepared to listen; he noted with pleasure that the atmosphere was already electric. It was a grim satisfaction to know that though they had deprived him of credit for starting the club they couldn't deny him the credit of being in at the death. The minutes were read and approved, and Sugden's report was ordered.

Sugden stood up. "I'll give you a summary first," he said. "This quarter I handled nearly two million dollars. It's been a terrific mushroom organization—terrific. The difference between market prices and the prices I paid would have been almost four hundred thousand dollars. But—what with retainers to architects, fees for one thing and another, taxes, insurance and a staggering overhead—principally due to incompetent people at high salaries, which naturally drove me to hire competent ones to do their work—and due, finally, to these strikes, when we had to keep running without selling much of anything—our expenses have been just three hundred thousand. That leaves one hundred thousand—or a five per cent rebate, if you vote it." He surveyed his paralyzed hearers, and smiled faintly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you you're not nearly as disappointed as I am. You've saved a little this quarter; but I've made nothing. And as I can speak very plainly to you now, I'm going to say that it's your own fault. Practically every one of you—no, literally every one of you except Mr. Bangs over there—has been after me for one concession or another, ever since we started. I was supposed to be managing director, but each one of you wanted to be that—and all you wanted me to be was office manager. I fought until I saw that it was no use.

"And now the council, in this amendment which comes up to-day, has demanded a list of these personal deals. I hope you'll provide it. But even if you don't you know among yourselves what they are. Deals in land and professional services, contracts with friends and relatives that weren't quite as good as they should have been, jobs for friends and relatives—you know all of it.

"And you also know how you insisted on our filling small rush orders that cost us more to deliver than what we got for them; you know what it cost to furnish this magnificent room, and who made the profit on it; you know where all the leaks were that make the difference in dividend between last quarter and this. And you can't blame it all on the strikes, either, because

(Concluded on Page 77)

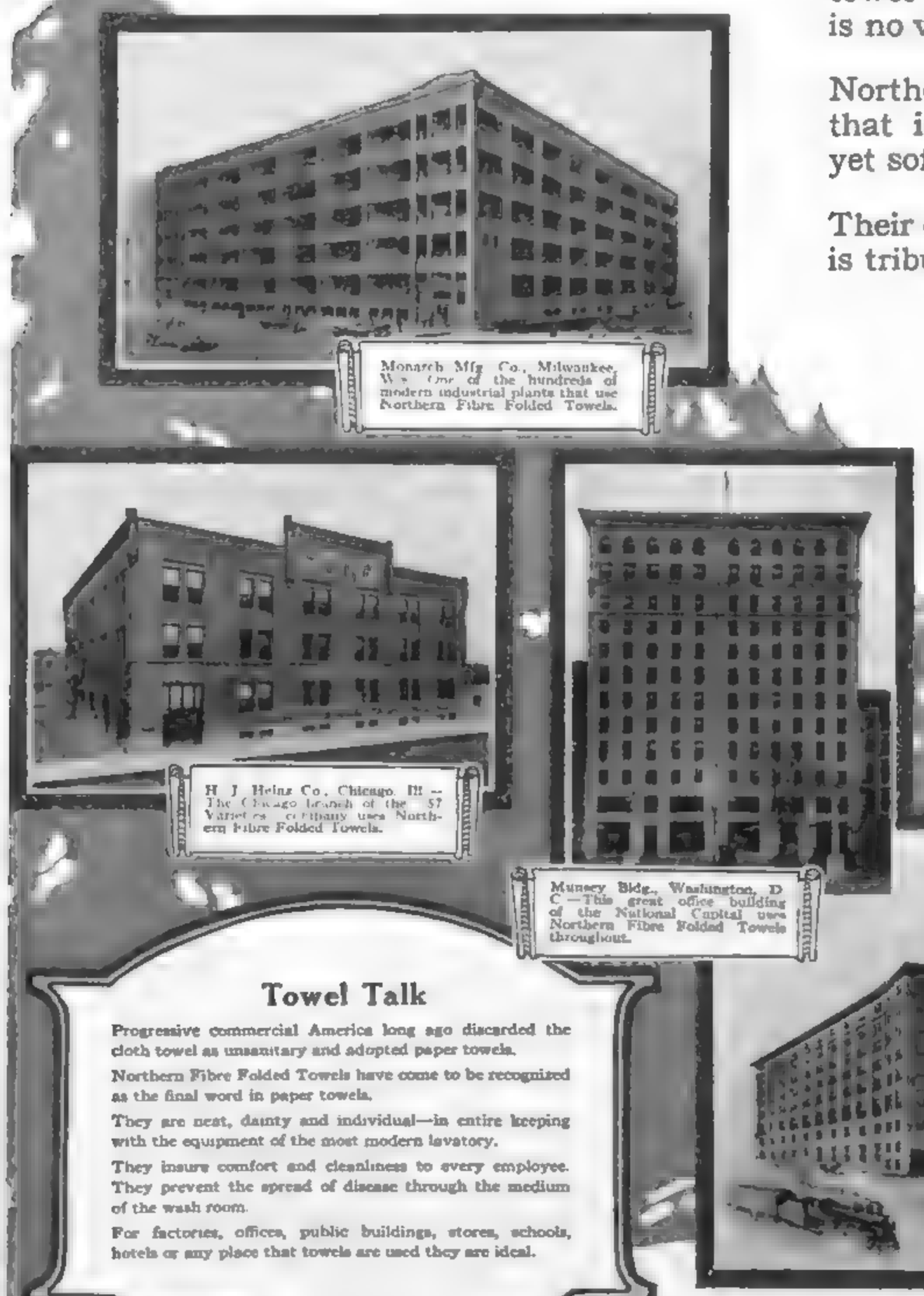
# Clean As The North Wind

TO YOU employers of America who recognize the vital importance of providing comfortable and sanitary lavatory equipment, who know the value of safeguarding the health of your employees, Northern Fibre Folded Towels will be instantly appealing. Their aid to cleanliness is perfect. Made from the best grade of northern spruce in a factory that is itself a model of cleanliness, nothing could be more sanitary.

Delivered in the most convenient form, folded, a clean towel is offered for each pair of hands—yet there is no waste.

Northern Fibre Folded Towels have a strength of fibre that is surprising—cloth-like in their consistency—yet soft and ideally absorptive.

Their effect in furthering the morale of your employees is tribute enough in itself of their value.



Monarch Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—One of the hundreds of modern industrial plants that use Northern Fibre Folded Towels.

H. J. Heinz Co., Chicago, Ill.—The Chicago branch of the "57 Varieties" company uses Northern Fibre Folded Towels.

Munsey Bldg., Washington, D. C.—This great office building of the National Capital uses Northern Fibre Folded Towels throughout.

Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co., St. Paul, Minn.—A great commercial organization where Northern Fibre Folded Towels have proved their economy.

Devoe Bldg., Chicago, Ill.—Another modern building that is Northern Fibre Folded Towel equipped.

## Special Offer

You must use a Northern to fully appreciate its "difference" and superiority. Write us on your business stationery and we will gladly send you, gratis, a neat package of twenty-five Northern Fibre Folded Towels and tell you where to obtain a supply.

*Sold only through legitimate trade channels*

**NORTHERN PAPER MILLS**
GREEN BAY. WISCONSIN

*Also makers of Northern Fibre Tissue for Lavatories*

## Towel Talk

Progressive commercial America long ago discarded the cloth towel as unsanitary and adopted paper towels.

Northern Fibre Folded Towels have come to be recognized as the final word in paper towels.

They are neat, dainty and individual—in entire keeping with the equipment of the most modern lavatory.

They insure comfort and cleanliness to every employee. They prevent the spread of disease through the medium of the wash room.

For factories, offices, public buildings, stores, schools, hotels or any place that towels are used they are ideal.

# Northern
TRADE MARK
FIBRE FOLDED TOWELS

(Concluded from Page 75)

that merely stopped our work for these last few days. This other condition has run all the way through. It may be that after I've gone someone will want to make me the goat; but, ladies and gentlemen, I want to assure you that I have a reputation to protect, and I intend to protect it. This club had its origin in a spirit of progress, and it's about to crash in a spirit of hoggishness. Will you now have the report?"

In the dead, clammy silence that followed Mr. Bangs rose, and bowed infinitesimally to the chair.

"I'm out of order and I know I'm out of order," he said, "but it seems to me that this is as good a time as any to say my little speech. As attorney for the retailers' association I offer to purchase from the club all its office furniture, equipment, stock on hand and unexpired contracts for fifty thousand dollars more than the inventory cost. That's generous, but the retailers want the club to get out clear, and, besides, some of those contracts are pretty valuable."

He sat down, and as the dead silence continued Sugden put a thick, typewritten statement on Mrs. Bowker's desk, and sat down also.

"Election of a new managing director," said someone almost inaudibly.

"Constitutional amendment first," said Mr. Bangs, not inaudibly at all. "And I ought to know—I wrote the darned thing myself."

He couldn't help smiling at Mr. Bowker's face. He knew what Mr. Bowker was thinking. The managing directorship offered no sinecure for his son-in-law, whether on the old commission basis or on the new salary as proposed. Mr. Bowker had done a lot of costly electioneering for nothing.

Mrs. Bowker, by dint of enthusiastic swallowing, managed to murmur at least the title of Mr. Bangs' petition.

That was the impasse. One could intuitively pick out the Bowker faction by their expressions. They weren't so much awed by Sugden, who could always be publicly denounced, as they were by the presence of Mr. Bangs. The first part of that petition wasn't so dangerous, and most of them felt that the manager should have been salaried; but the rider had claws. To accept it was to damn themselves forever; to reject it was just a bit worse. And there sat Mr. Bangs, patiently waiting and listening for the debate. And who could debate? Who could pose as an innocent, father the amendment, and thereby win the eternal enmity of all the other directors, equally involved? Yet until someone made a motion for or against the amendment no other business was possible. And even those who weren't thoroughly pro-Bowker had, almost without exception, managed to cajole Sugden into putting a friend or two on the pay roll.

Mr. Bangs nodded to the chair. "I move that the amendment be adopted." He took out his watch.

Directors began to whisper excitedly. A woman director—she had chosen the decorations of the room and knew how extravagant they were—began to sniffle.

"Five—minutes, by George!" said Mr. Bangs.

Mrs. Bowker's mouth was rigidly set, but her nostrils were tremulous. Mr. Bowker was wriggling his shoulders spasmodically and breathing hard. Two women were sniffling now. The whispering trailed into nothingness.

"Ten minutes, by George!" said Mr. Bangs. He smiled across at a lady director who was verging on hysteria.

"Mrs. Johnson, why don't you second it?"

Now though Mrs. Johnson's husband owned the Herald, Mr. Johnson had never thought of selling it to the club until Mr. Bowker had approached him with plans that involved a division of spoils. And Mr. Johnson owed Mr. Bowker's bank a good deal of money. Mrs. Johnson felt guilty, but it was reflected and not personal guilt. Secretly she always loathed Mrs. Bowker. And Mrs. Bowker's eyes were a challenge, and a terrible threat.

"S-second it!" said Mrs. Johnson and fumbled for a handkerchief.

"Question!" said Mr. Bangs sharply, and he smiled at several of the directors who he knew were conscience-stricken not because of profits made but because of the influence they had exerted to secure good places for their friends—a fault for which the world would forgive them.

Mrs. Bowker looked despairingly at her husband.

"Those—favor—Aye."

"Aye!" said Mr. Bangs. "Aye," whispered Mrs. Johnson. There was also a faint murmur from the rest, which might have meant almost anything.

"I call for a ballot," said Mr. Bangs. "It's a constitutional provision."

As no one else stirred he tore some strips of paper from a scratch pad and distributed them.

"The secretary can finish the job," he said grimly, and brought out his watch again.

Ten full minutes later the secretary got optical instructions from the chair, and drew a long breath.

"Carried unanimously."

From the background somebody said: "But who's to make up the list?"

"The board will direct the new managing director to do it, I suppose," said Mr. Bangs. "And as nominations are now in order I accede to a request from Mr. Bowker made to me several weeks ago. I nominate Mr. Bowker's son-in-law, Mr. ——"

"No!" said Mr. Bowker feebly. "No! He—wouldn't accept. Not at that salary."

"Then I nominate myself."

"Second!" said Mrs. Johnson bravely.

Mr. Bangs laughed outright at the circle of drawn faces. "Thank you, my friends, but I decline the nomination. And I apologize to—let's see—to six of you; it was sort of mean. Only you've got to elect somebody, you know, at this meeting, and declare a dividend, and attend to miscellaneous business. And I'll be in my office all day to-morrow, and that offer of the retailers' association holds good for forty-eight hours."

He went forward and put two sheets of paper on the chairman's desk.

"To make it sound better, here's Mr. Everson's resignation as director and member, effective—wait until I fill in this blank—at the conclusion of this meeting. Here's my own resignation, effective immediately. And I wish you all a very good afternoon."

Mr. Bangs went out, and nobody tried to stop him.

### XIII

IN THE words of the late lamented Speckled Beauty, Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons, sometime heavyweight champion of the world, "the bigger they are the harder they fall." And generally the harder they fall the more spectacular the performance, but this was an exception. Mr. and Mrs. Bowker emerging from the directors' meeting went home, and before dinner time had consulted a number of guide books, and decided to spend the remainder of the winter in St. Kitts, where the climate is equable and living cheap. They tried to interest some of their friends also, but the friends were too deeply absorbed in explanations to everybody else to care very much whether the Bowkers went to St. Kitts or to Gehenna. The Bowkers didn't bother to explain. They felt it would be a waste of time.

Six of the directors withstood the storm successfully, and proved that they were chargeable only with friendly influence and had made no personal profit; and men like Henry Kellogg and Rupert Everson, who had at least given value for value, were automatically exonerated. But the nine Bowkerites who completed the directorate, though full of alibi and extenuation, found it difficult to gain hearers. Moreover, they found it difficult to continue their Wellington careers socially, or financially, without putting up bonds, and there was nobody to act as bondsman. And without the Bowker circle society was rather standing on its head.

There was a desultory attempt or two to reorganize the club, but there was no one to manage it. Besides, as Mrs. Johnson put it, even if you really had saved something it was a nuisance to have to do business in such a finicky way, with so many forms and things, and ordering ahead, and all that. It was so much easier to walk into a shop and give an order whenever you wanted to, and have it sent straight home.

So the retailers took over the club property, and—on Mr. Bangs' suggestion—the club presented its land to the Y. M. C. A. for a new building, and Henry Kellogg was to be the architect and Mr. Hendrix the builder, and everyone was as contented as possible.

During those turbulent days everyone seemed to look to Mr. Bangs for inspiration. Committees met at his house, and Sylvia was charming, and bit by bit the story of the inception of the club became common knowledge. And instead of indicting Mr. Bangs for breaking up the organization Wellington seemed to hold that he had wrecked it only to prevent the Bowkers from wrecking it in a far less helpful manner. Mr. Bangs' practice trebled almost overnight, and Sylvia suddenly became an oracle. Having bearded the Bowkers successfully, they all but inherited the den. And it was rumored that they were more prosperous than anyone else on Elm Street.

It was perhaps six months afterward that Rupert Everson came in late one evening and insisted on seeing Mr. Bangs alone.

"John," he said, "you weren't at the ward meeting to-night."

"No—I couldn't get there. Too busy. What happened?"

"They're going to run you for mayor. The ward'll go on a fusion ticket. Even the south end, down by the railroad tracks, wants you. Would you take it?"

Mr. Bangs was no hypocrite. "You bet your life I would!"

"They sort of feel," said Rupert, "that you're about the only man who's seen all four sides of this living proposition, and they think you'll be a good man to handle labor troubles, and try to get a square deal for everybody. I guess it was the way you settled the machinists' strike that did it. What did you do down there, John?"

Mr. Bangs gestured in deprecation. "Why, a couple of manufacturers wanted me to talk to their men, so I simply told 'em the truth. I told 'em that a year ago I felt just as they do now. Couldn't seem to get ahead, everything cost so much. I thought of doubling my fees. And then I decided that wasn't good sense. So I decided to work like hell and not charge any more until I was doing better work.

"So I said to the strikers: 'Fellows,' I said, 'you go back on the job. You and your bosses make a gentlemen's agreement. You agree to stop soldiering, and stop absenteeism, and work like the mischief—and your bosses'll agree to pay you a bonus for increased production. Not a higher wage—but a bonus.' I said: 'What do you fellows want—charity, or to earn your higher pay?' And then I told 'em how I'm running my own house, and they laughed, and then we were ready to bargain. That was about all there was to it. I got the men to agree to work harder and the bosses to go into profit-sharing."

Rupert shook his head. "Wish I could see it that way. Business is rotten, and expenses high, and with all these labor fracases —— Have you got any servants at all now? Has Sylvia got a cook? What does she have to pay her?"

From the doorway Sylvia herself answered: "We give her two hundred and fifty dollars a month to run the house on, and as long as she feeds us decently and keeps things going she can keep all she can save out of it. Nobody minds working hard on a plan like ours—do they, Bruno?"

"My Lord!" gasped Rupert. "Where'd you get that idea?"

"He married it," said Sylvia. "I'm the cook."

(THE END)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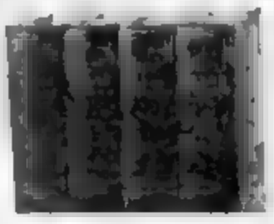

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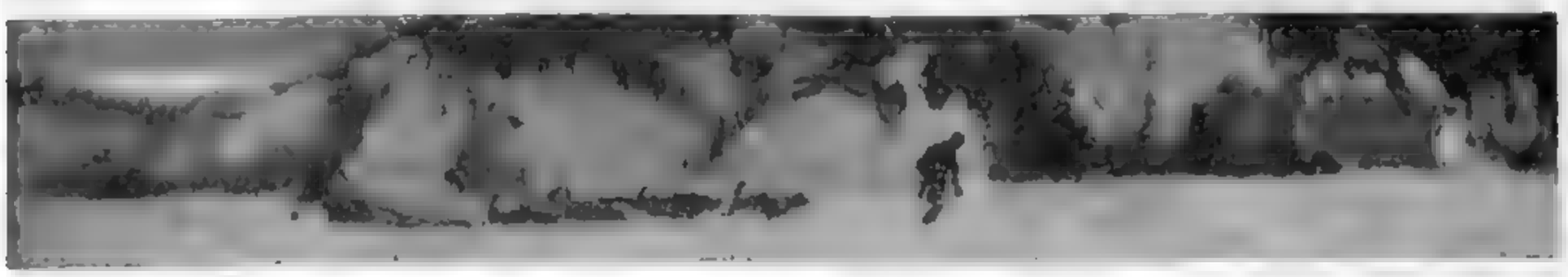

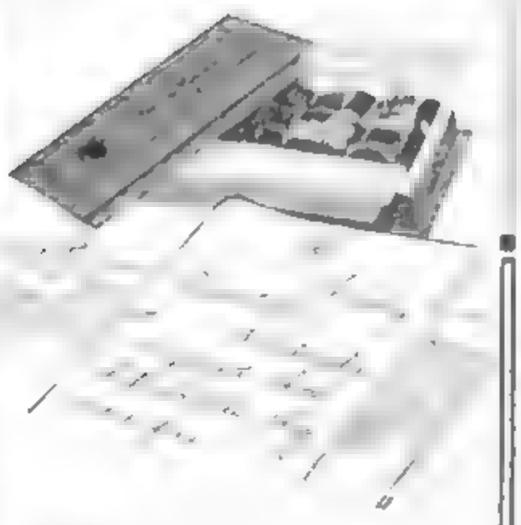

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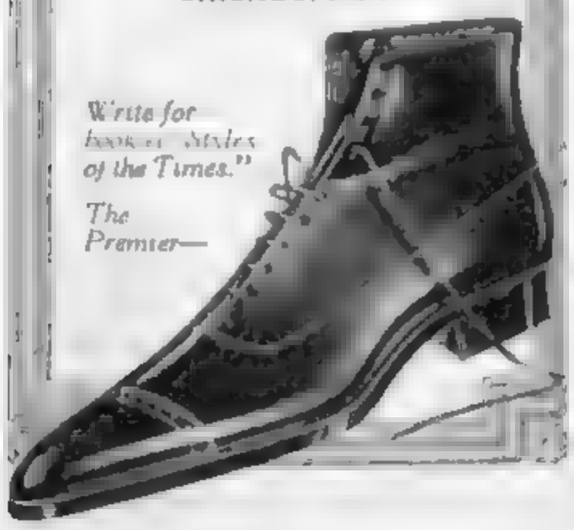


# EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 46)

only three rather small groves of the stately redwood trees have been permanently preserved from destruction. As everyone knows, lumber is a most essential natural resource. For hundreds of uses there is no satisfactory substitute for it. Is there not some question therefore as to the advisability of using lumber for exterior purposes in building when clay and other materials—practically unlimited in quantity—are available for the construction of houses that would be more durable, just as beautiful, more economical in the long run and in many cases cheaper in the first cost?

To say that a brick wall is as cheap as a wooden wall is to invite contradiction from many. The lumber people and the brick fraternity have been having a merry time in an animated discussion as to the relative costs of their respective materials. For this reason I have been careful in collecting my figures. Reduced to a lump sum, it appears that with present prices, and assuming that a bricklayer will lay at least 1500 bricks per day—including face bricks—a solid exterior eight-inch brick wall laid in cement mortar, furred, lathed and plastered in a Middle West city will cost $41.31 a hundred square feet. A 2 x 4 stud-frame wall in the same town for 100 square feet will cost $40.90, assuming last August prices for materials. Union-scale wages were used in the computation.

In past years lumber has been cheaper than bricks, but the recent great advance in the prices for all kinds of lumber has radically changed the building situation. Well-informed people maintain that the increasing scarcity of timber will prevent the necessary reductions in prices to permit the building of wooden houses in the future at a lower cost than brick or block, The leading journal of the lumber people says: "That the lumber industry is in a bad economic condition and that a future supply of timber for our wood-using industries is not being provided are two facts beyond doubt."

One thing we must do, and that is use more of the ordinary common bricks for facing as well as for backing up in the construction of walls. This eliminates the extra cost of the high-priced face brick, which adds so largely to the expense of brick buildings. Face bricks now sell at a cost of $25 to $40 a thousand, while the price of common bricks throughout the country ranges from $12 to $18. In many sections the common bricks are suitable for facing and produce effects equally attractive with face bricks. Investigators have found that in practically all states our American clays will burn red, which makes it possible for the manufacturer to produce a range of shades that will give a pleasing effect when properly laid in a wall. Brick producers themselves have been the negligent ones in this matter.

One of the greatest objections to brick houses has been the monotony of long rows of pressed-brick fronts, always of uniform shade. In the future a block of brick houses will show a variety of color, which will be easily possible when brick producers more generally realize the opportunity that lies before them. Though the art of producing a good grade of burned brick dates back to the time of the Babylonians, 3800 years B. C.; we are still discovering errors in manufacturing practice that rather encourage the belief that brickmaking is an infant industry.

For some time it has been known that the strength of a brick wall depends not only upon the strength of the individual bricks but also upon the adhesion between the mortar and the brick. The other day the Federal Bureau of Standards stated that the bond depends largely upon the number, size and shape of the pores upon the surface of the brick. The bureau says that the manufacturer by proper control of his process in relation to the consistency of the raw mix and of the pressure used in molding can easily produce pores of such shape as to increase the adhesion of mortar to the brick to a maximum value.

This apparent deficiency in the science of brick manufacture brings up the further criticism that though brick walls are splendid flame barriers, brick buildings are not always fire-resistive structures. Dr. Ira H. Woolson, expert consulting engineer, who has specialized on house construction, says: "I doubt if the average brick building as a whole has a fire resistance of over ten per cent of that of its walls. This is discreditable to our engineering and architectural intelligence. My criticism also applies to hollow tile, stone and concrete buildings. Though brick as a material is specially adapted to withstand flame and high temperature for long periods, the world is full of tottering fire-ruined brick walls, now desolate monuments attesting the fire hazards of buildings improperly constructed.

"The chief structural defect in present-day buildings is the communicating opening. It is these openings that cause the rapid spread of fire. Many so-called fireproof buildings are little more than fire traps. Between March, 1914, and October, 1918, 64 city and town halls in the United States were reported burned. During the same period fires occurred in 37 courthouses, 8 libraries, 8 jails and 15 miscellaneous public buildings. Each was a wayside advertisement testifying to the ignorance or carelessness of the architects and builders. Masonry walls did not protect them.

"The great fire danger in many buildings is from open stairways and open elevator shafts. The number and variety of such communicating channels in most structures would almost lead one to believe that a fire fiend had planned them with diabolical cunning. Open stairways, though built of brick, stone or metal, act as flues to carry the hot products of combustion from one floor to another. Most people do not know that when air is heated to 1000 degrees Fahrenheit or more—which is a temperature quickly reached in most fires—it will ignite instantly everything combustible with which it comes in contact. The actual flames of a fire may extend only a few feet from the point of origin, but the hot smoke and invisible heat waves may easily travel through an incombustible stairway or hallway for 50 or 100 feet and then ignite the whole surface of a wooden door in an instant. At the same time glass door panels and fanlights will collapse by rapid expansion and the intense heat entering the rooms will cause them to burst into flames.

"Only a little more than two years ago in a hotel in Boston a fire started in a bedroom on the third floor. The hot air passed through an open door and up through a stairway and elevator shaft of incombustible construction to the sixth floor and then traveled along the hallway until it found some doors left open by fleeing occupants. These rooms were quickly burned out. At the same time the hot air rushed from the sixth to the eleventh story and burned out a few rooms in the same manner. The intervening floors were very little injured. This action of heated air is common, but a fire is not often extinguished in time to preserve the evidence so well.

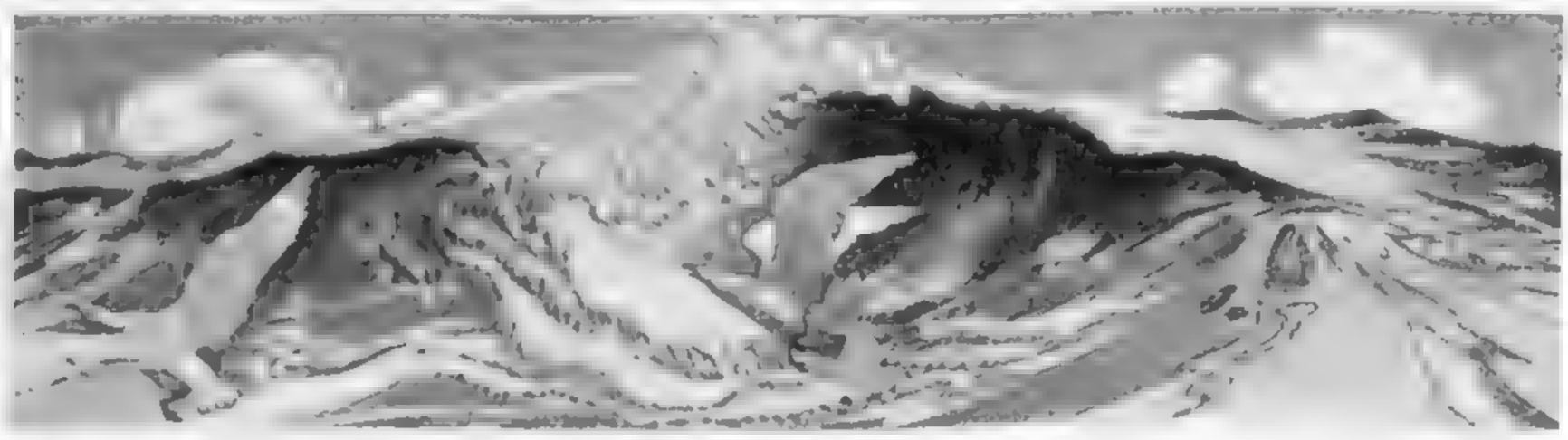
"The remedy is to protect hallways by fire-resistive partitions and fire doors, irrespective of whether there is any combustible material in the hallways or not. Stairways and elevator shafts should be completely inclosed with fire-resistive materials, and glass doors or windows opening into such inclosures from the exterior should be prohibited. Similar care should be exercised with ventilating ducts. It is surprising how small an opening through a wall or floor will suffice as a gateway for superheated air to start a fire on the opposite side. At Far Rockaway, Long Island, a fire entered a concrete building from an adjoining wooden structure through a four-inch hole in the concrete party wall and then passed to two stories above by way of a two-inch hole in each concrete floor where a heater pipe had been removed. At another place the hot air went through a one-inch hole in the party wall and set fire to a woodpile. There is abundant proof that many fires are transmitted through fire-resistive floors and walls by superheated air flowing through the small openings round pipes. This occurs even though the opening does not exceed a quarter of an inch

"Millions of brick are used each year in buildings of simple architecture and modest cost. They are undoubtedly less liable to complete destruction by fire than wooden buildings, but are by no means as fire-resistive as they should be, nor are they as safe as the public is taught to believe."

In the foregoing we have an array of astonishing truths. The need appears to be not only for more brick, tile or stone buildings but for the right kind of careful construction. Manufacturers as a rule cry aloud when anyone criticizes their particular brand of goods, yet the majority of industries retard their own growth by failing to apply the maximum of knowledge to their respective businesses. Just say that wooden-shingle roofs are a fire hazard and you are branded as a meddler with legitimate business. But how many producers of wood shingles are trying to administer a scientific treatment that would make their goods fireproof? The task is certainly not impossible.

Bricks give us a wall that does not have to be painted or often repaired. Anyone who doubts its durability need only take a look at the Old South Church in Boston or the Independence Hall group of buildings in Philadelphia. In the old days there was some objection to brick houses because they were damp, but this is no longer the case, because modern methods of laying bricks with Portland-cement mortar give a wall that becomes an absolutely dry and impervious shell for a house. Above all else is the fact that this country abounds in lands containing clay. Since the raw material is found in every state it follows that bricks may be manufactured and used without expensive transportation. In taking clay from the land no acreage is lost, for the clay pits form convenient dumping grounds which all big communities must have and which can be soon filled up to grade and used for building purposes. Nothing has thus been lost and our valuable timber has been spared for more suitable and less combustible purposes.

In the meantime if we concede that the brick is a splendid building material, would it not be well and timely for the manufacturers to give us better bricks of greater variety and shades and temporarily suspend the current talk about the fireproof qualities of brick houses until our construction practice has been so improved as to justify the truth of such assertions?



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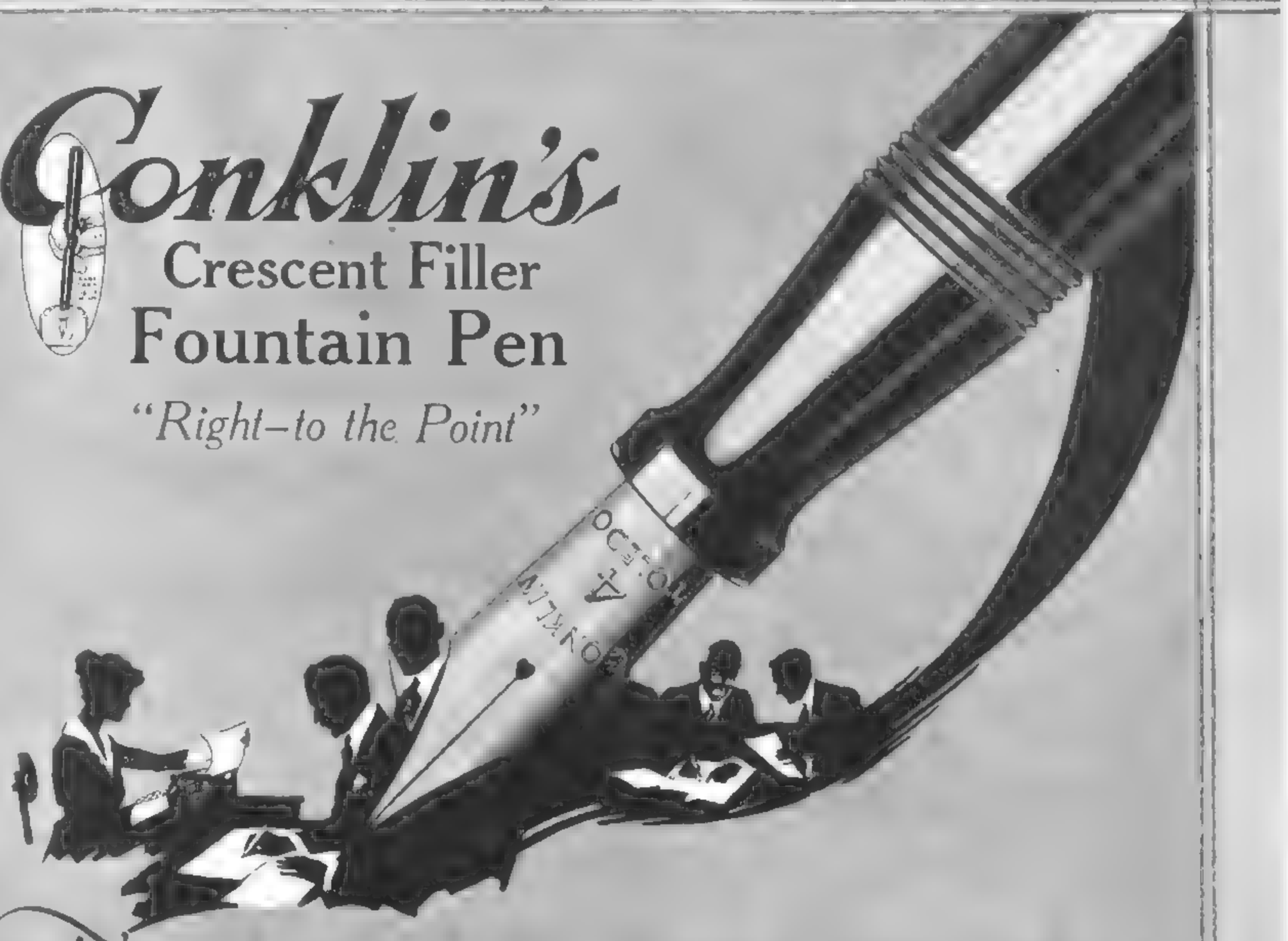

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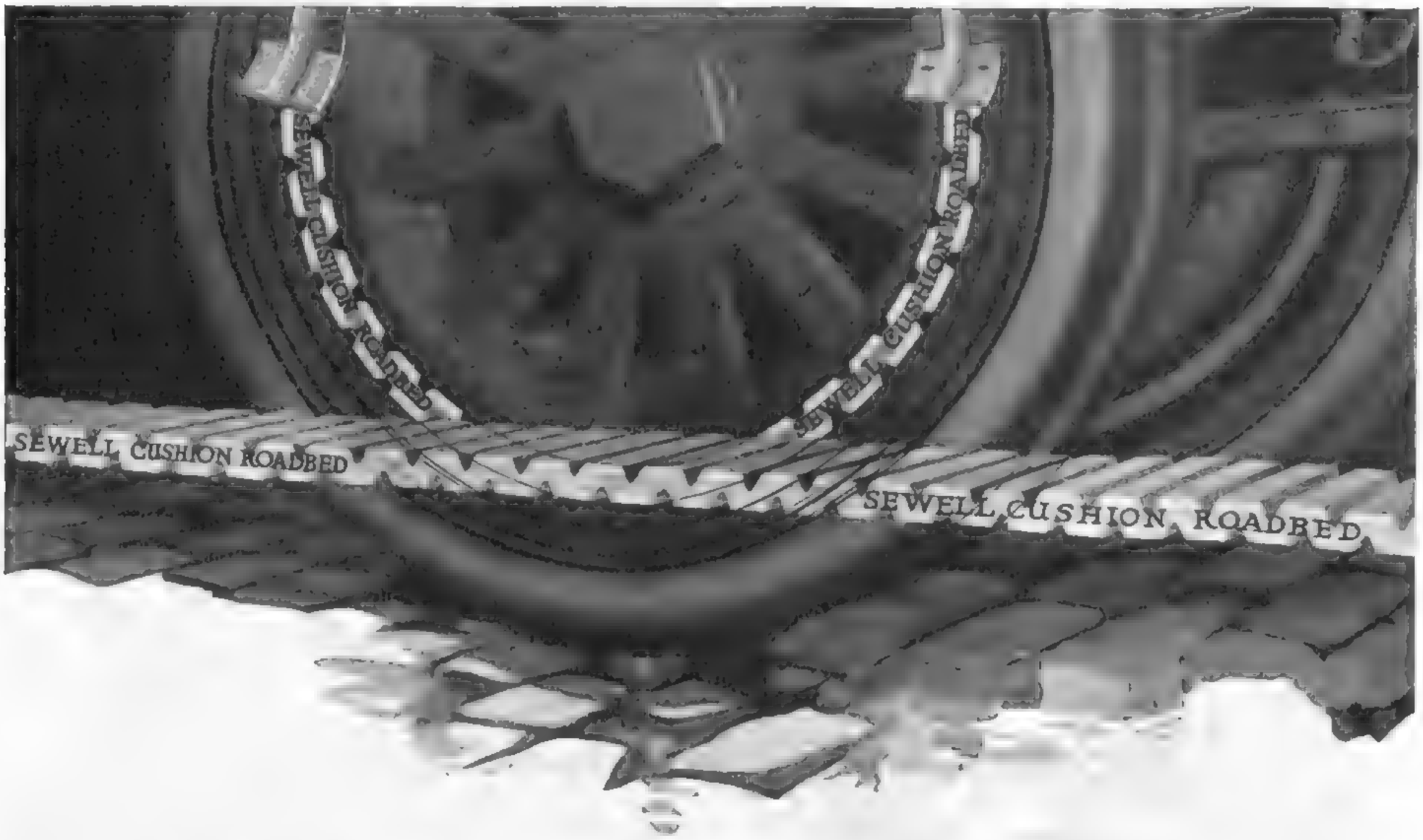


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You buy this Sewell Rubber Roadbed when you buy your Sewell Wheels and it lasts as long as the truck lasts. No delays, no replacements, no repairs. When you buy the Sewell Rubber Roadbed you make a Permanent, Profitable Investment.

During the next five months when road conditions are the worst is when Sewell Wheels will pay you one hundred per cent on your investment.

The Sewell Rubber Roadbed is the reason why the country's largest truck owners have unreservedly adopted the Sewell Principle—

*"The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel"*

**Sewell Cushion Wheel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.**

# Sewell Cushion Wheels

# THE TROUBLE DOC

(Continued from Page 38)

He followed Matt McDonald home and found he had invaded a castle whose master was swayed by two ruling passions—the one for his family, the other for his union. The linens, the floors, the children's clothing showed the industry of the sinewy, black-haired little wife. The two boys got off the organ stool to say they hoped only to be like their daddy. Ethridge lifted the poorly nourished three-months-old infant out of the cradle and knew that the key to both parents' hearts was dangling in his hands.

The man's passion for the union was fire-bred in his soul. Matt McDonald had begun by serving one after another three masters of the old school who lumped their men with their material and cared about nothing except the price metal products would bring.

"I never had a right in my young days," he told Ethridge. "I was ten years a journeyman before I had anything but a concession."

As the twig had been bent the tree was inclining. Matt McDonald had found the union the one ring of steel with which the worker could surround himself. Any breach in the ring invited a mortal wound to himself, to his family and to his kind.

The road was easy because of the infant. The Trouble Doc could make babies unfold like rosebuds. While the youngest McDonald was coming to chirking wholesomeness Ethridge was sitting in long evening sessions with its father, the president of Machinists' Local 32. When he thought he had a basis established the Trouble Doc whispered of the fine things he hoped to accomplish among the men which would swing from possible to probable if McDonald gave his coöperation. The worker who had given him his confidence—almost his affection—hardened and stared and evaded committing himself by the smallest word. And when Ethridge had got at the reason he had learned something basic about unions.

The things proposed involved changes, therefore they were fraught with dangers for the union. They would lift the men forward to new and better ground, Ethridge argued. To new ground—that was the thing that stalled McDonald. The leaders held the union safe only so long as they felt familiar sod beneath their feet. The grass of new pastures was always long and tempting and the most liquid of quicksands lay always at such roots. Yet in his soul McDonald longed to keep step with Ethridge's plan.

"It would mean bigger production," the Trouble Doc declared, "and thus, of course, give the worker more money and time."

"Listen! It's not just money and time that matter," McDonald cried, the world-old human thirst for self-expression causing his eyes to twist and sparkle. "Your plan might give a guy a little bit more to say."

McDonald helped the Trouble Doc vastly by interpreting the vague expression and vague aspirations of the workers. Ethridge glimpsed things that made him feel that all he had accomplished was the merest beginning. He saw a way to put his arm round thousands. He explained his plan to Honey. He made a date to explain it to Ames. He did not know things were happening which no man could explain.

In a day there loomed the specter of a strike.

The Trouble Doc hastened to Ames, who sighed and explained it thus:

"It's a little bit wages, a little bit hours and a big bit the plain madness that will always be able to hit plants like a cyclone until we come to understand that human beings are human beings and not divided by the terms wage payers and wage earners into two classes of monkeys who must twist off each others' tails."

Ethridge managed after several attempts to catch McDonald. His union and the other unions were in joint session and meeting every day. McDonald was not in a talking mood. He was about one of the two real concerns of his existence. His heavy jaw was iron. His eyes were beads of suspicion. Ethridge touched at parting a hand that was a lump of steel.

On the fourth day there was a deadlock, on the fifth ultimatums, on the sixth the beginnings of war. Ethridge, finding that with men dropping out in droves there were still more accidents than ever, had difficulty in breaking away from the dispensary long enough to catch Ames to inquire the latest news.

"This morning we refused them," said Ames, who was pacing the floor. "They made an impossible offer. Now their agents are all through the shops trying to get every man's promise to walk out. At this moment we hang in the balance. We are licked if the men go out in a body. Without at least five hundred men to do the absolutely necessary things we might as well set the plant on fire."

Ames resumed his walking, banging his fist in his palm.

"So help me, Ethridge, I'd give about everything I own if I could get the workers to agree to arbitration."

"You think," inquired the Trouble Doc, "that arbitration would be the best thing for the company?"

Ames halted and looked at him.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't care a tinker's dam. I know it would be the best thing for the country. I know that every bitter strike is a blow to American industry and puts off by just so much the day when understanding and confidence between employers and employees will make this nation what it ought to be."

Ames had thrown a match into the tinder in Ethridge's bosom. He snatched his hat and shouted: "I'm going to see Matt McDonald!"

As he brushed out the door he heard bitter laughter and Ames' voice—"McDonald! He's the head of the strike committee!"

Ethridge drove swiftly to the cottage far up the hill. Mrs. McDonald, her eyes having now the luster of her black hair, answered his ring. She uttered a strange little cry and as she dissolved out McDonald dissolved into the frame of the door.

"You—you here?" exploded the head of the strike committee. "You double-faced traitor! Some day I'll have time to settle with you for polluting my home with your presence. It's a wonder you didn't murder my baby!"

The words were like shocks from a wire, so heavy that at first the Trouble Doc felt nothing at all. Then he staggered. At length, steadying himself against a post, he uttered the one word: "Explain!"

McDonald—his wrath partly spent in that awful indictment—went on:

"It was a bear trap of course! I was a fool not to know—to be deceived by your rotten slick manner! You were using the dispensary to get a body hold on the men. To think you could nail those five hundred Eyetalians so they've got no mind at all of their own!"

"The dispensary? The Italians? In heaven's name, Matt, what is all this about?"

"It's about the strike that's not going to be won to-night—about the walkout that won't take place because five hundred garlic eaters won't stand by their fellow human beings! And they prove your treachery—they swear they won't budge a step till their Trouble Doc tells them it's the right thing to do!"

The news left the Trouble Doc speechless. He groped forward, his hands stretching outward, as though to plead their own innocence to the eyes of McDonald.

"Git, you skunk!" the big man shouted. "Git, or—or I'll forget about my family and you'll be strangled!"

The Trouble Doc stumbled down the steps and into his car.

It was a strange strike. Some of the workers went out and some of the workers stayed in and the line of battle extended across the town. There were bleatings and beatings, bad blood and bloodshed. What Ethridge called the raw surface of men was smothering all that lay underneath. Whatever caught between the millstones of hatred was broken and ground to powder. The strikers demanded wages and hours and concessions. The company directors, when Ames had converted them to the breadth and wisdom of his view, offered arbitration until they were hoarse.

The Trouble Doc, moved by his indomitable optimism, slighted even the dispensary in his efforts to find what he knew must somewhere exist—a key that could unlock for action the fettered better spirits of men. And when he thought he was beginning to uncover something that Ames and even the others could see, Fate took a hand and ruled him out of the game. As though the destruction that wasteth at noonday had not already brought trouble


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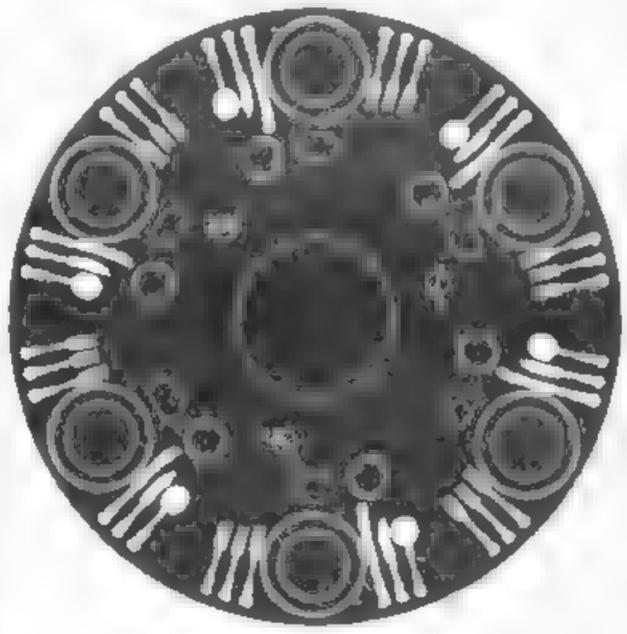

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enough, the pestilence that walketh in darkness came nearer and nearer and arrived. The epidemic swept down on the plant and the town.

The Trouble Doc brushed the foe first in the dispensary and was immediately swept to grim battle grounds in homes. For two days he lamented bitterly the coming of this diversion when just ahead might lie fruitage of the things he and Ames had wrested out of dreams, but in a week the strike had fallen back to second place in his thoughts. After all, he was soldier to the welfare of the individual rather than to the differences between men. He closed with the foe in a hand-to-hand struggle for this captive or that one in the No Man's Land along the border between worlds.

Before the epidemic came Matt McDonald and his fellows had felt that the strike was progressing satisfactorily for their side. It was an endurance test and they believed the company would be first to wear out. The flood of reports digested at strike headquarters daily showed that the strikers were holding on like soldiers. In spite of the cajoling of company agents, the pinch of sacrifice and the frailty of human resolve defections had not been more numerous than the company itself was sustaining.

When the epidemic arrived it had to be considered without any sentiment whatever, and the strike committee saw it as a liability and as an asset too. It would weaken the vitality of the strikers and it would put an unexpected strain on the slender strike benefits the men had believed would be sufficient to carry them through. On the other hand the epidemic promised to outdo all the persuasive efforts of the pickets in reducing the total of men remaining at work in the plant below that absolute minimum of five hundred.

McDonald, seeking some true barometer of his cause, turned again and again to Hobson Court. Three-story flats, fashionable in a previous generation, stood shoulder to shoulder about a rectangle where grass could not flourish because of the lawlessness of children's feet. The scores upon scores of flats were occupied almost entirely by Consolidated Motors employees. The denizens of the court, working and thinking and voting in unison, had won their ward its nickname of the Solid Sixth. True to tradition, Hobson Court went solidly on strike. At the outset mass meetings lighted by bonfires were held in the rectangle at night, and the leader of the strike had felt his heart assured and quickened when the shouts of the men wedged against the platform were given shrill echo by the women and children, who waved flags and banners from the windows above their heads.

When the epidemic approached an effort was made to save Hobson Court by isolating it. In less than a week these tactics had failed and the very solidarity of the court rendered it easy prey to the scourge. Immediately the suffering became intense. The strike committee came with every resource at its command to support life and morale. The committee was moved by the extent of the distress, but even in such a situation it could not afford to be swayed by sentiment alone. The members realized that at any stage of the game the collapse of Hobson Court must mean the collapse of the strike.

It was difficult to get doctors for the court, but it was difficult to get them for other sections too. There were not enough doctors to go round. The Trouble Doc followed a stricken worker home from the plant and found himself facing a singular problem. A cry reached him from a dwelling adjoining. It came from the wife and children of a man on strike. He steeled himself and pretended that he did not hear his name called—that he did not see anguished hands pleading through a window pane. He leaped into his auto and ordered the chauffeur to be off. Before the engine could respond he had leaped out again and gone hurrying to the aid of the suffering, regardless of the fact that the head of that house was fighting his company tooth and nail.

The scandal of such conduct was wafted along to the company's office. Ames was told. Ames considered and gave his answer: "Well, let him alone!"

Privation began to bear heavily on families whose heads had not deliberately forsaken their jobs. Disease as well as strike could produce idleness, and idleness—however induced—brought a sure train of woes. The Trouble Doc, combating these woes, found himself facing situations beyond all rule and precedent. He knew now he was going to treat a striker's family whenever necessary, but there were graver questions than that. His first thought was to fall back on Ames; but quickly he realized that it would not be fair—even where there was time—to throw the burden of decision on that overworked official. His service with the Consolidated Motors Company had been almost wholly in the nature of an experiment and he could not shirk, now that the experiment had broadened. He must go on as he had begun—an unfearing pioneer.

Ethridge saw that if he was to steer a wise course he must lift himself above the hatred and distrust that was coloring the vision of nearly everybody about him. He established a rule of conduct and he stuck to it like grim death. He put every proposed undertaking to this test: Is it for the ultimate good of the workers and the ultimate good of the plant? He knew that as often as something inside him gave affirmative answer he was going ahead.

The chief of the accounting department hastened to Ames.

"That doctor is spending something like a thousand dollars a day," he reported, "and he doesn't keep a record of expenditures any more than a rabbit. I can't follow his trail at all except through the bills that come in. Will you please tell me what I'm going to do about that man?"

"I will," Ames replied with the staunch adherence to a policy that made him a great executive. "You're going to let Ethridge alone!"

At the end of six weeks of strike and epidemic combined the breaking point seemed to be near. The company urged arbitration again, but it was a more generous offer this time, for it concluded with the words: "We agree to leave the selection of the arbitrators to the governor of the state."

The company wished to avoid the risk of chaos. The other side, however, read in the offer only a sign that the day was at hand when the company could not maintain that imperative quota of five hundred men. The strikers, milling like a mad herd and not waiting for their leaders to act officially, bellowed back their two-syllabled peace terms: "Give in!"

The governor took a hand. When he had the strike committee facing him in the parlor of Linden's chief hotel he demanded: "Why are you men so set against arbitration?"

McDonald's eyes diminished to pinpoints as he stared into the governor's firm but anxious face.

"Why, it's their game!" he hissed. "How can we trust anything those skunks are willing to let us have, even if they hand it to us on a gold plate?"

The best the governor could get was a promise that the committee in deference to the public welfare would give the offer consideration. They agreed to go into conference and to hand the governor their answer before night. McDonald's associates laughed—albeit a little hysterically—when they confided to strikers waiting in the street that they were going to meet at three o'clock and find a new way to tell the tottering old company to go to hell.

McDonald hurried off. He wanted to be alone and weigh the next step. He saw no possible course but curtly to refuse the enemy's proposal, yet he recognized two considerations that could not be ignored. Consideration Number One was: Would the public misunderstand the answer they were going to formulate for the governor and would public sentiment swing away from their cause? Oh, if only the public understood how you couldn't place any confidence whatever in the motives or promises of deceiving, man-eating employers of labor! Halfway up the hill on his way home the big leader took hold of a picket fence to steady himself. He was trembling as with a chill. For five minutes he had been trying to think of words that could express the depth of his suspicion of the men at the head of the plant.

Before three o'clock all of the strike committee but the chairman were assembled at headquarters. They joked heavily and unnaturally and offered suggestions to the secretary, who was pounding out the first draft of their answer to the governor on a typewriter.

"What's keeping Big Matt, I wonder?" remarked one of the men.

"His wife's still pretty weak," observed another.

"You needn't worry about the ol' leader," volunteered the secretary, giving his index fingers a momentary respite. "In view of the fact that he's going to hand those Con Motors guys their knock-out this afternoon, I sent a flivver up after him."

As a matter of fact Matt McDonald was well on his way to strike headquarters when the battered little motor car met him. He was shuffling along as though an invisible load rested on his shoulders. His mouth was set hard, making his heavy jaw appear heavier still. His eyes, roving and inflamed, were like little coals of fire that glinted in one direction and then in another. He was glad when the car picked him up. He could now go a dozen blocks out of his way and reassure himself as to Consideration Number Two.

A few minutes later the flivver rolled into Hobson Court and McDonald stopped it under a tree where it would attract the least attention. Only a few persons were in sight and most of these were fading into doorways. Deserted and silent as the place was, there was something that spoke out of the bricks and the drooping blades of grass. To some it might have seemed only a great agony, but to McDonald—conscious as well of the agony—it was the voice of a great heroism. These people were the backbone. They had hung on when the weekly strike benefits ran out. They had hung on when the grocers said: "No more credit." Thereafter the strike committee had done what it could in the way of special donations, but none knew better than the committee's head how inadequate these donations were in the face of the need. Consideration Number Two outlined itself thus in his thought: Could he rely on the Hobson Court people to hang on still longer when there was hardly anything to sustain them except the knowledge that if they failed the strike failed too?

Yes, he would rely on these overstrained soldiers of the cause—because he must. Their sufferings—he clutched the sides of the automobile—were the true measure of the company's inhumanity!

A clock somewhere boomed three times. McDonald remembered his appointment and was about to give his driver the word to hurry on when a huge auto truck with a yellow cover whirled into the rectangle and drew to the curb just ahead of his car. The truck did not stop—it merely slowed down.

Through the slits in its enveloping cover poured half a dozen young men, and each man made a line for one of the doorways just back of the sidewalk's edge.

What riveted the watcher's attention was that the arms of the men contained cloth-wrapped objects familiar in their form, while swinging from their fingers were baskets and pails. Each man piled his load on a doorstep and shot back to the slowly but steadily moving truck so that the hands of unseen men inside the big van might fill his arms again. One moment doorsteps were empty, the next moment they were strangely overflowing.

No doorbell was rung, no signal was given; it was simply that six men, abetted by other men in the covered van, were playing a singular game of deposit and depart; and the swiftness of their movements and the steady rolling along of their source of supply forced the conclusion that a prime concern of the players was that no one should catch them and that no one should know who they were. When they had decorated every doorstep on the west side the van swung along the north side, and when no empty doorstep remained the six agile ones began on the doors of the east.

The game progressed so well that it seemed as though the players—if they really wished to cover every doorstep secretly and get away—would score clean. But they were yet to reckon with the sharp ears and sharp eyes of a child. The youngster heard something that caused him to pull back a curtain and look out. A squeal burst from his lips, and from half a dozen windows drawn faces peered. Voices babbled, doors opened.

In ten seconds the residents were flooding their doorsteps—at least in so far as there was room to set their feet. Hobson Court, stupefied and starving, had wakened to find a motley avalanche of hams and sides of bacon, bags of flour, pails of lard and baskets of vegetables and fruits tumbling into its doors.

The players of the merry game pitched their final offerings, not onto doorsteps but into quivering outstretched arms. Then the big truck, its mission completed and the last of its crew safely under the yellow cover, gathered momentum and went whirling and roaring away. Though caught in the act, the visitors still appeared to have scored, for their identity remained unrevealed. The court people, recovering from the shock of surprise, looked about for their good angel. They discovered a man they knew hunched down in a battered automobile and they thanked Matt McDonald with a salvo of rickety cheers.

The mistaken outburst brought Big Matt to his senses. He gave a command to the driver and put such force into it that the little car went spinning out of the rectangle on two wheels. McDonald could get away from Hobson Court, but never perhaps would he get away from a fleeting picture that had burned into his brain. Fate had made him a witness to the incredible. The thing had occurred when the yellow auto truck careened past him in its get-away flight. A rush of air had snatched back a curtain long enough for him to recognize a figure clinging to a stanchion in the van. It was the figure of Ethridge, the Trouble Doc, who had always maintained that preserving the vitality of the workers had everything to do with the good of the plant.

The six members of the strike committee, waiting at headquarters with the answer to the governor ready for the chairman's approval, broke into relieved exclamations at the sound of a heavy tread on the stairs. When presently they caught a glimpse of their leader they rose to their feet as one man. Framed in the doorway, where he halted, he was a familiar picture of strength, but something unfamiliar and startling had come into his habitually inexpressive face. Staring at him in silence they reeled with the wine of a fresh assurance. They would follow this man to hell. He, looking across the table, saw them as no more than shadows. The eyes of his being were busy with things they could not see. What he had witnessed in Hobson Court—the succoring of his famished people by the enemy—was something having no place whatever in the world in which he had labored and longed and made his fight. Wherefore he had felt himself swept along into a world that was new. The length and breadth and manner of it were bewildering, but there was one thing that gave him his bearings, for it shaped into his vision like a great square stone. It was a sort of corner stone he saw, of the new world's existence. A guy could trust a guy!

"Boys, we're going to arbitrate," he muttered. "I've found out something. It's all right to give the skunks a chance to play square!"

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# ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION

(Concluded from Page 7)

And has not the typewriter produced those words?

But let us try for a closer look at the golden day of plenty which I am assured is coming and which our unions are striking to hasten. The clearest vision I can get of it is supplied by that delightful Penrod Schofield of socialism entitled George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw declares—with that least tinge of dogmatism now and then salting his manner—that the golden day will come—and only come—when all of us the wide world round are paid an equal wage. It looks good—I can't deny that. There would be no poverty, no unfairness, no oppression; the engineer and the farmer paid alike; the shoemaker, the tenor, the doctor; the window washer and the architect of the building containing the windows; the actor and the stage hand; the hotel manager and the elevator boy; the chef and the waiter; the general and the private. Who could object to this if the standardized wage were sufficiently high?

I have been unable to guess from Mr. Shaw's coldly scientific exposition of the industrial problem whether he intends the window washer to enjoy an income equal to his own or whether he means to be content with the wage of the less exigent craft, or whether he would lump the two and take his half. Curiously enough, he has neglected to enlighten us on this point, though his attitude toward his own earnings hitherto may point significantly, for publishers, editors and theatrical managers unite in testifying that he has never shown the slightest comradely haste to lower the price of his unique output in behalf of the less peculiarly talented. So it is likely that instead of expecting to write a Candida for the price of something tweedy in a lounge suit he really expects his tailor to receive the price of a successful play for a successful suit of clothes.

So then we shall all have a lot of money; and as we shall receive the same amount, no matter what we do, we shall all be free to do what we most want to do. Three loud huzzas! And to think that a mere vegetarian playwright thought it out!

### The Ideal Job

Let us try for a still closer look. Of course no one will do anything hard or disagreeable when he gets the same wage for doing something easy and pleasant. For example, the thing I have always most wished to do is to lay up a stone wall. You get your pile of stones and some good mortar and you stretch a cord to keep the thing straight, and lay the stones in a row, chipping nubs off their sides and ends to make them fit neatly, like a jig-sawed picture puzzle, and you keep it true with a spirit level and pretty soon you have a lot of wall laid as smooth as anything, with neat seams. It's fascinating sport.

Imagine staying at a typewriter, thinking up foolish words and phrases for a too-easily amused public, when you could be out in the open doing a thing that would have meaning and value! Or imagine being a dentist if you could be a dancing master or a care-free dish washer! Even Mr. Shaw's values would doubtless be altered for us.

I don't know what he would rather do than anything else, but I'm pretty certain it isn't writing—talking, maybe.

And who would study eight or ten years to learn a difficult profession when he could win the same reward without study? So we should have no more skilled musicians. Plenty of fiddlers but no violinists, plenty of singers but no vocalists, plenty of carpenters but no artists.

I am of course familiar with that pretty fiction about artists living for their art, but a long study of them compels the observation that few of them do—the most of them have another incentive. In short, under Mr. Shaw's guidance we should presently be reduced to the lowest possible level of achievement for which the equal reward could be won—as surely as a union laborer does the least possible work that will earn his union wage. But there will be nothing said in print about it. For the moment writers' earnings are reduced to the level of, say, the legal stipend of a United States senator, writers are going to quit writing and do something agreeable.

Happily, lest my young thinker should curdle some more and dispute this picture of Mr. Shaw's off-hand millennium, we have at hand an authentic and illuminating example of it. And I do not mean the ants and the bees, who have carried mere unionism to its ultimate perfection. We had in this hemisphere not so long ago a great nation perfectly socialized and single taxed and equalized and unoppressed. It realized an ideal of socialism so nearly perfect that not the most convinced socialist nowadays can expect the world again to achieve its like.

Mr. Shaw's clause of the equal wage was in full effect; and having an equal wage the people became equal; they had equal opportunities and equal rewards. They had free access to the land and they were not in any way exploited. There was no poverty among them. If the crops in one section failed the government tided its people over with stores saved against that mischance.

It was a land of peace and plenty and joy, and the dark shadow of capitalism had never fallen upon it. So perfectly indeed was socialism here achieved that the people had no need for capital in our sense. In that Arcady was no money or any circulating medium whatever. A certain soft yellow metal they found in abundance, but they made it into vessels for their altars or to attest the merit of their king. For they had a so-called king, but his government was of the least possible restraint commensurate with its function of assigning each man his land and seeing that grain was stored against the bad year.

### The Great Self-Swallowing Act

No one ever criticised the government. No young man ever got up and called upon the masses to rise and take what they had an inherent right to take. They already had it; each had an abundance and no one more than another. It was a true Utopia for people who had no wants above animal wants. And it might have survived indefinitely could it have remained wholly isolated. But one day a soldier from the outside named Pizarro came in and stepped on the ant hill. And with the familiar result.

But why should it need to be so for the world at large? Why will it need to be so when soldiers are no more?

Well, there's a reason and I'm rather surprised Mr. Shaw didn't at least set it up—if only to knock it down. But he didn't; either because he couldn't or wouldn't. He doesn't explain how the man who produces much is to be persuaded to raise the wage of the man who produces little, and he appears to ignore almost wilfully the certainty that with equal rewards we should all produce as little as possible, even as did our Peruvians. He even avoids any contact with the certainty that I would continue to reward some laborers higher than I rewarded others; with the certainty—to be concrete—that I would pay more to hear and see a zippy musical comedy with forty beauties under twenty than I would to hear a visiting British poet lecture upon the superiority of British poets. In short, he neglects utterly to point out that an equal wage would result in equal tasks and that a task which all can perform with equal merit will necessarily be a lowly task, as it became in Utopian Peru.

To be quite candid, there are moments when I almost decide to believe that God forbore to make Mr. Shaw as wise as he is witty. Or can the wily casuist have meant neatly to expose the basic fallacy of the socialistic dream? In either case the answer to the Peruvian ant-hill dilemma is the same and it is quite as simple as Mr. Shaw would apparently have us believe the problem of human association to be. It is that Nature runs the open shop—and Nature is still a going concern.

The old-fashioned scientist among other reckless generalizations loved to tell us that Nature cares only for the species and nothing for the individual. That of course was in a day when there were believed to be species—to be hard-and-fast lines between species and genera instead of insensible gradations from one to another. To-day we know that Nature doesn't care a hang for any so-called species whatever, but is concerned solely with the individual and goes steadily on producing—and differentiating—individuals regardless of the circumstance that scientists here and there discern a number of individuals nearly enough alike to be described in a book as a species. Nature's only contact is with the individual, from the fairly simple wood tick to the fairly complex G. B. Shaw, and Nature's only message to the individual is a simple one: Go on being an individual or you will become an ant or a pre-Pizarro Peruvian or a union laborer.

You can survive in that state, to be sure, but you will stop growing as surely as the ants did about eight million years ago and you will be stepped on as carelessly and as devastatingly.

When you join a species or a union or anything of that sort you have given up the fight and I have no further use for you. And the message to all of us on this spinning little ball is: "You could become a successful ant hill if you could quit your individual striving, but you never can quit, because I that make you am now and forever against equal rewards for unequal tasks."

All very well as talk, but what ground has Nature for so arrogant a tone in the face of the world's imminent unionization? Well, I think it is something like this: Our one big union is now engaged in swallowing itself. The tail has entered the mouth and is slowly disappearing before our perturbed gaze. No day passes but some little union joins the big union—the feast of self-destruction proceeds with unction and cheers from the gallery. Presently the big union will have swallowed itself utterly and there won't be any more big union, because it will then have to strike against itself. Having swallowed itself the union will perish in the pangs of a monstrous indigestion. Then again we shall have little unions slowly maturing to strike against the newly non-union world. Again the cycle will commence. But Nature doesn't care about that. She has merely provided that unionism sooner or later defeats itself.

### Brawn vs. Brain

And meantime? Well, meantime I look for this to be one of the most interesting worlds now swinging through space. I shall try to watch the spectacle as a confirmed neutral, with impartial cheers for each day's victor. That is, I shall remain as neutral as a man can be expected to remain who has no union to receive him and who for the moment perceives that the unions barred to him are making it harder and harder for him to survive. I shall be fairly neutral, I suppose, until wages and the cost of living mount to a point where both will become prohibitive instead of merely exorbitant. Then I may join the stonemasons' union and strike for still higher wages against other strikers, while the cost of living still unaccountably scoots skyward. But I look for it all to be interesting. It will be interesting to observe how long it will take the striking hands and feet and eyes and ears to learn that they too are a part of the body, nourished by the stomach and under the necessity of direction by the head.

Hence meantime my somewhat embarrassed hesitation in advising the young man who accompanied me into this article about the choice of his life work. He talks occasionally of soldiering, but I have had to advise against that. The wife of a captain in our Army lets me know that her colored maid has lately wedded a stevedore of her race whose pay is twice that of her own husband. Yet her own husband was expensively educated to a difficult profession, while the now-opulent stevedore cost organized society very little to produce.

So I am constrained to advise in favor of those callings that demand brawn rather than brain, and indeed for want of education none other presently will be open. Pretty soon no one will be able to choose a profession, for there will be no teachers left to teach them.

Recalling our old friend the law of supply and demand, how long will there be teachers at two dollars and fifty cents a day when window washers or the followers of twenty other trades get two or three or four times that sum? We are now paying ditch diggers more than college instructors and mechanics and trainmen more than professors. The young man won't need college instructors for a dozen years yet, but will there be any left at twenty cents an hour when doing something a lot simpler—and requiring a much briefer training—brings eighty cents? It would seem not. Even now professors flee their academic shades for real jobs, as do our army and navy officers. No love for teaching or soldiering can long restrain them after the easy discovery that they must eat and clothe their nakedness even as the moneyed motorman. So there will probably be no question of a learned profession.

On the other hand I must conscientiously advise him to find an occupation—if that be possible—not yet unionized, for unionism is an insurance of mediocrity and I would rather like to see him with an incentive to excel, even in such a matter as bricklaying at a dollar and a quarter an hour, that being the figure for which the bricklayer's union is at present striking.

### The Open Shop of Nature

I might advise the stage, but I should hate to think he was going to be so bad an actor that he would need the power of a union to get him a fair deal. And if he became a good actor I should hate to think he might have to strike because a lot of *ersatz* actors—who wouldn't be actors at all except for the union—decided to strike for more pay than their individual talents could command, or because the scene shifters were having troubles of their own. Yet just now and for some years to come he will probably have to struggle with the union handicap.

So I am back to the locomotive with him. I think he has all instinctively made a wise choice. Nor is it impossible that I shall eventually be in a position to admire him from time to time as he rolls gorgeously by me in his high-powered vehicle. That is, as a stonemason I may fail to achieve even the moderate union requirements, so I shall then have an arm or a leg subtracted from my person—while there are still surgeons—and procure at some pretty grade crossing the task of waving a red flag on the approach of trains. The pay was forty dollars a month three years ago, but is now a hundred and forty, and the labor is not exhausting.

I had thought of going in for elevating, but I see that the elevator person in the Washington home of the American Federation of Labor had to strike the other day to get his inherent rights, so that seems too uncertain.

Let us all join unions cheerfully while we must. The most of us have already joined and been affiliated, which has come to be a lovely word indeed. And when we have joined it will soon be over, for we shall be speedily unjoined by Nature's neat decree, for her law is strong and works not with petty injunctions. Her reward is to the superior, and in every cell with which she has built man she has implanted a striving for superiority that no union organizer can long stifle. It is only by such individual striving that we are people, so-called, to-day instead of polyps and things of that sort. And only by such striving has there been created that wealth which the people would take over. But for the certainty of superior reward for superior effort there would be no wages to strike for, no strikers, no unions, no labor trouble—as there is none in the beehive.

A bee works for nothing and feeds himself. But Nature has seen to it that we shall not become bees. Nature is the original unbeatable scab. Her open shop can't be closed. This is a good thing to remember when orators of high-muzzle velocity seek to isolate the causative bacteria of unrest. Unrest is Nature's one eternal trump card. We must eternally play against it and eternally lose. It may seem harsh; but, after all, what other way was there to keep the game going?

# THE SUBMERGED MAJORITY

Concluded from Page 31

worthy fathers express regret that they kept children in college and university too long. It is impossible to acquire too much real knowledge, but much taught now is not knowledge.

Orators talk and writers publish, but it all resolves itself into this: Only a few of those who are industrious and fair fail to succeed, while only a few of those who are unfair, idle and vicious fail to score failure.

Life is not only understandable but reasonably agreeable. Nature knows and tells; nothing need be accepted on blind faith. Fire burns; if by the exercise of care you save your house from the flames you have cheated the devil; if by frugality you save yourself from want you have cheated him; if you are careful of your health and of your conduct you have cheated him. And this is the only sort of cheating that is fair. The good things of life are never so good as they might be, but they are better than the bad.

In the old days of the republic citizens held a town meeting occasionally to discuss public affairs, and thereafter gave their attention in peace to their shops and farms; but in these modern times public affairs are the subject of constant discussion and excitement. Congress is nearly always in session; finally, unless there is improvement, I suppose state legislatures, city councils, boards of county commissioners, of education, and so on, will also be in constant session, to add to the general confusion. Almost every day there is held an important convention of some kind, with exciting speeches and resolutions. Our enterprising newspapers report them, and we spend much time in discussing the news. Those who keep up with daily events these days have not much time left for anything else; and in the end the news is exciting rather than agreeable.

It seems to me that after all private affairs are the great concern. The production and distribution of supplies is the first necessity, and that is what business, or private affairs, amounts to. But business is penalized to keep public affairs going vigorously. The Chicago Tribune estimates that the attendance of an official at one public function cost three million dollars; and of course this tax was paid by farmer, factory owner, workman and operator of transportation line. In addition he devoted considerable time to reading the daily news of the public function, which was spread out over months; and which didn't finally settle anything. Indeed it resulted in a second row as fierce as the first.

### A Long, Futile Strife

If we should handle our private affairs sensibly public affairs would be a mere matter of meeting occasionally to cheer a good country. Instead of that we meet frequently to curse it, of which sacrilege we should be ashamed. The truth is we have a good country and a good form of government, but are not making so much of either as we could or should. It is a well-demonstrated fact that if we do as well as we may in the United States we do exceptionally well.

Macaulay, in his History of England, says of a certain memorable strife in that country: "It lasted through four reigns. It had produced seditions, rebellions, battles, impeachments, sieges, proscriptions, judicial massacres. During many years one-half of the energy of England had been employed in counteracting the other half; the people had so successfully impeded each other that the state had been of no account in Europe. Not a single flower of the crown was touched; not a single new right was given the people."

We have not lacked interest in public affairs; there has been no lack of remedies proposed, but they have not been new. Indeed, the promises of modern statesmanship are insignificant compared with the promises made in an older time. It is an old game we are playing, and we get nothing out of it except strife, ill humor, promises, impeachments, steadily increasing taxes and exciting news.

Mr. B——, the modern, promised in case of his election that when men become old they should not be annoyed with poverty. But Mr. M——, the ancient, promised that his followers should not become old, that they should renew their youth, and each be attended by thirty beautiful houris who could not if they tried advance a year in age. Mr. B——, the modern, promised plenty of work; but Mr. M——, the ancient, a man of real imagination, promised his followers perpetual idleness, and banishment of all pain and worry. Another gentleman, whose name I do not recall at the moment, not having at hand the details of that very ancient campaign, promised his adherents a happy hunting ground where game would never become scarce; an elk or lion killed to-day would renew itself during the night and be ready for another chase to-morrow.

Meanwhile we are all becoming more ill-natured than becomes good-humored Americans; if we do not have a care I fear we shall finally fly at each other's throats.

It would be easier for the people to bring about such reform as is possible than it is to endure our present ills; and we know better than we are doing. It is actually easy for the people to win; it is foolish to talk of their being powerless. The great newspapers and politicians are always watching the majority, to meet its favor, whether it is sense or nonsense. The trouble is we are asking too much; a worthy people so successfully impede each other that they get nothing at all from their reform work.

### The Mistakes of Majorities

Public affairs are not conducted so intelligently, honestly or economically as they should be; and the fault rests with the people themselves. They are in control, and there is no power recommending the faults of which we complain. We have laws providing every possible public blessing; if any are lacking we are at liberty to enact new ones. In this day and country there is neither king nor aristocracy opposing the fullest justice, equality and opportunity for all. Both the rules and the laws beg the people to improve in all the respects named. We have too much intemperance, idleness, impoliteness and lack of thrift, but there is no law, no public sentiment, favoring either of the bad habits named. So far as civilization is breaking down, it is due to the individual faults of the people; we have every public right we can have.

I believe in any system the people have tried a long time and found most expedient. The plans men have adopted are better than plans they have talked about and neglected to put into effect because of doubt of utility. When the majority makes a mistake it must inevitably correct it: the majority cannot afford to follow a bad plan when a better one may be found, and only does so until the better plan appears and demonstrates itself. There is something wrong with every doctrine the majority does not put into effect. I cannot believe that mankind, after experimenting with life thousands of years, finally adopted the worst system, and steadily refused to put into effect a better. We know our present social system is effective because we have created while living under it a country where there is more liberty and prosperity than ever existed before anywhere, in any other period in the past. The best evidence that we cannot afford to throw away this system to try doubtful experiments is the fact that we have not done so. We do not shoot successful men and divide their property, because there is doubt that it is the best way. We may be willing to do it, but have a suspicion that successful men are after all useful; that it is best in the long run to protect a man in the possession of what he has acquired fairly under the old rules. Every man wants this protection, and grudgingly grants it to others.

I believe in the best workmen being made foremen, superintendents and managers or finally starting a rival business. In every place where men work there are inexperienced workers who need direction in order that they may better learn their trade, and themselves advance. There is the same reason for foremen and superintendents and rules and laws that there is for giving a father authority over his children. Workmen are constantly becoming foremen and employers; children are constantly becoming parents; poor men are constantly becoming rich.

Because a workman is advanced to foreman, superintendent or proprietor he does not lose the manhood which distinguished him as a member of his union; he is no less a man because he is promoted on merit. Promotion does not cause him to lose all sense of right, correct living and justice to his fellow men. We all have some of the capital so generously abused. In a degree we are all capitalists, as we are all citizens. Capital changes owners every decade, almost every year.

The question is often asked: "What is the remedy for human ills?" A frank and truthful answer is: There is no remedy. Certain things are wrong, and nothing can make them right. But natural ills may be modified by industry, temperance, patience and sound principles. Socrates is said to have been the most original thinker of antiquity. Yet what did he think or know that the average man should not think and know at thirty years of age? Socrates was an apostle of plain thinking, of plain common sense, of right conduct for its own sake. Who should not be?

I have harmed myself in being too progressive often enough to know such a thing is possible; and in looking back for the reasons I have found that I neglected old and simple principles I was familiar with. I think that is the trouble with the world to-day; it has rushed into big things without considering that certain little things are in the way to prevent accomplishment.

There is much in print about the best and noblest men who ever lived being reviled, traduced, indicted and executed; but I have never known such a case. The noblest and best men I have ever known have been rewarded. Nicolai Lenine is probably as strong a friend of the new order as can be found, yet in his serious moments he recognizes the truth of the old philosophy. In 1918 he wrote:

"Keep accurate and conscientious accounts; conduct business economically; do not loaf; do not steal; maintain strict discipline. We must effect a complete change in the mood of the masses and turn them to regular, uninterrupted and disciplined labor. We must purchase the services of a thousand first-class scientists and specialists, and though we pay them a hundred thousand rubles a year they will be cheap at the price."

Here is the chief of sinners acknowledging his wickedness is wrong; here is the leading apostle of the new thought paying tribute to the old religion of common sense. And every other great sinner of the past or present has been forced by the logic of events to recant, and accept the simple principles and lessons of experience.

### Success Not Difficult

The best good men can do will not result in prosperity for the shiftless, the impolite, the dishonest, the intemperate or the lazy. Nothing will rid the people of work and unhappiness; the great human betterment so many expect will never be realized. The only improvement we can hope for is for all to do a little better.

Men talk of success as being a tremendously difficult thing, and say that in order to achieve it they must give up the finer feelings, all leisure and enjoyment. Success is actually not difficult; so many dull men have achieved it in this country as to demonstrate that it is easier than failure. Success actually means no more than living life in the easiest and most natural way. The purpose of the man who saves is rarely vicious; it is nearly always commendable. The best we can do is to make the most of whatever talent we draw in the lottery of life. And the poorest of us draw enough in the lottery to take advantage of industry, politeness, temperance and fairness. It is snobbery to pretend that character may not accompany promotion. The talk that the greater the rogue the greater his fortune originated with thieves, and they have failed to make the doctrine good. If you have not succeeded give your son a chance. And he cannot succeed if there are no successful institutions, and no successful men to grow old and require successors.

There is rebellion in every nation, state, county, city, neighborhood and family because of the natural conditions of life; but the fire smolders because men have learned that playing with fire is dangerous. I may rebel as I sit before my fire at night thinking over my affairs, but return to my tasks next morning, because of the knowledge that rebellion does not pay; I make the best possible terms with life, take a whipping, and in future obey the rules better. History does not show a single revolution that continued without let or hindrance, revolutionists themselves finally admit that members of the human race cannot exist if they do nothing but fight each other.

The people have not trusted their own simple judgment enough; something has confused them in considering their public affairs. The great questions are not settled by the geniuses; they are settled, so far as they can be settled, in the crucible of experience, by the real people. The leaders have failed in their big undertakings, and the submerged majority is now confronted not only with the right but the duty of applying saner methods. Delegate the most honest man to manage your affairs without let, hindrance or investigation, and he will give himself a little the best of it. Carelessness is the besetting sin of all of us; watch your affairs carefully and you will save many a man from the sin of robbing you.

### A Modern Æsop's Fable

Too many have the foolish hope that a great reformer will finally come along and rescue them; that a modern statesman may find an easier way of living than has been discovered in centuries of honest endeavor in the past.

A modern Æsop relates that a rooster was once feeding beside the road and, seeing a fox approach, promptly flew into a convenient tree.

"Have you heard the great news?" the fox asked.

The rooster replied he had heard no news.

"Well," said the fox, "universal peace has been declared. In future foxes will play with chickens, and lions with lambs. There is to be no more strife in the world, and no more work or worry. Come on down and play with me, and we will celebrate the great news."

But the rooster was doubtful, and the two argued back and forth. Finally the fox said: "If you intend to come down and play with me and celebrate the universal peace you'll have to hurry; I see a dog approaching."

"If universal peace has been declared," replied the rooster, "why not remain and play with the dog?"

"I am afraid," answered the fox as he made off, "that that fool dog hasn't heard the news."

It may be contended by some of our numerous idle talkers that the fox had higher ideals than other foxes; but all the same the rooster was warranted in being suspicious—as was the fox when he saw a dog loping over the hill and rapidly coming his way.

There is a certain philosophy known to roosters and foxes; an equal amount frankly accepted by the people will be sufficient for their needs.

The Rousseau plan, the Marx plan, the Plumb plan, and a number of other plans I do not mention because of wholesome respect for the editor and his readers, have failed.

The insurgents ask the philosophy of parents, pastors and teachers: "Can it save us from unhappiness and work?"

And the truthful answer is: It cannot. Whereupon the insurgents turn to new experiments, accept any pretty phrase, and spend a billion in trying it. And all the time the old philosophy is better than the new.

Experience is the only reliable guide. And for thousands of years the best men and women have been trying to better conditions, with experience as a teacher. Philosophy, religion, science have done their best, and we have the result in the great compromise of to-day: which is the best we can do with moral conditions. I cannot have all I want, nor can any man; so the wisdom of the ages has outlined a compromise, and we must respect its limits and its rules. All men know more than a few, the ages more than a decade or a century.

HANES

TRADE MARK

ELASTIC KNIT

UNDERWEAR

*GUARANTEE—We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.*

# "Hanes"—the greatest underwear value ever sold at the price!

GET the big, *extra*-long-service features of Hanes winter men's Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers fixed in your mind! Go over the *extra*-wear-points brought out in the diagram circles shown in the Union Suit above—*guaranteed* unbreakable seams; *guaranteed* tailored collarette that cannot gap; *guaranteed* elastic knit wrist and ankles; *guaranteed* closed crotch; *guaranteed* pearl buttons sewed on to stay; *guaranteed* buttonholes that last as long as the garment!

Such a wealth of underwear value to spread before any man at the price! If comfort, warmth, wear and economy mean much to you in winter underwear, then buy "Hanes"! *Every thread, stitch and button is guaranteed!* You should immediately check up your dealer and get a supply.

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Your confidence in Hanes Underwear should be based on the fact that every process of manufacture from raw long-staple cotton to the perfected garment is *under direct Hanes supervision in Hanes factories!*

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All the quality, extra features and perfect workmanship that make Hanes men's Union Suits so universally popular *go right into Hanes Union Suits for Boys!* We have never laid hands on such value in boys' underwear. Fleeciness and warmth, in particular, meet parents' most exacting wishes, plus *reinforced buttonholes* that will not stretch.

These staunch Union Suits stand up against the stiffest wear-service and wash service. The elastic knitting and *reinforced strain points* allow all sorts of work and play freedom. Made in sizes to meet ages between two and sixteen years. Two- to four-year sizes have the drop seat.

*If your dealer cannot supply you, write us immediately*

*Warning to the Trade*
*Any garment offered as "Hanes" is a substitute unless it bears the Hanes label*

**P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.** New York Office 366 Broadway

# ROSA ALVARO, ENTRANTE

(Continued from Page 19)

Eight o'clock found the hosiery department ready to cope with the special sale of silk seconds. Gwen had sharpened her pencil and stood licking the lead from her thumb, and with a look of incredulity watching Mayme engaged in a conversation at the end of the counter with Mr. Peacock. Mayme's eyes lowered and raised their lids in the most approved manner of female vamps. Gwen nudged her elbow into the fat side of Gertie Gay, who was to relieve during the rush.

"Get onto Mayme, Gert. Second childhood. Talk about Raffle's cherubs! They ain't got nothing on Mayme. Don't it git you? I left that doll playin' tag with misery last night, and here she is this morning playin' baby vamp to Peacock! I like her nerve—me feedin' her deviled crabs and things to raise her spirits! And Peacock's fallin' for it! Can you beat it?"

"Forward, Miss Applebaum. White balbriggan for the lady." And as Gwen shot a look of indignation toward Mayme's back Mr. Peacock added: "Miss Ladd is engaged."

Gwen slammed a box upon the counter and made the sale, never for a moment taking her eyes from Mayme, taking in the fact that Mr. Peacock's eyes were pointed with interest and that he smiled in an unrestricted manner even when trade had demanded Mayme's attention, and that when this occurred he moved away with a show of annoyance. She also saw with widened eyes that Mr. Peacock actually returned to Mayme after a sale and made a low remark to which she listened disinterestedly, smiling slowly and giving a nod, and Gwen caught the word "perhaps," after which Mr. Peacock turned away to unravel a complication in checks.

Gwen waited until she could confront Mayme in the narrow aisle space, then burst forth with: "Say, looka here, Mayme; I ain't no Cleopatter. You don't catch Gwenny nussin' no snakes. What's your game?"

Mayme narrowed her eyes and returned the gaze unflinchingly. Then dejection seemed to creep over her like a gray mantle. She shrank under the accusing eyes of Gwen and stammered: "I don't know what's the matter. I —— Oh, Gwen, I'm tired of being nothing! I just wish ——" Her lips began to tremble and the lazy eyes were brimmed with tears, which seemed to sift ashes over the brightness, leaving her face dull and expressionless. "Gwen, I can't help bein' alive and feelin'. And it's so easy," she added in a smothered reflective tone.

Gwen was nonplused. She slipped an arm about Mayme's waist and delivered a comforting little squeeze as she whispered: "Well, if you feel that way about it go to it, kid! I'm for you! I don't know your game, but if it helps it's O. K. Lord, Mayme, you got me backed. Workin' your eyes on Peacock! I bet you can't pull it."

The rush hour was on. Women stormed the department, wrangling over stock, colors, numbers, service, addresses, change, checks; crowding the labor with torturous incidents, flaying the spirits of their servitors and leaving them with weary bodies and quivering nerves to complete the day. During the confusion Gwen had forgotten Mayme and Mr. Peacock, and when the gong sounded she hastened through the rushing mob of employees to the elevator. On reaching the seventh floor she procured her tam from the locker and jamming it down over her smooth head hastened back, to descend in the packed car to the main floor and push her way through to the entrance, where she stood humming I'll Say She Does, and swaying to the rhythm. Mayme joined her some minutes later, and something in her pathetic expression called out the latent mother in Gwen, for she grasped the thin arm and snuggled her close to her side.

Waiting for the passing L to cease its clatter she said: "Let's go to a restaurant. I'm not hungry. It's rice pudding and milk for me, but you need a feed. So it's me for the gum diet, hon, and you add this to make it a steak for you." Gwen's hand slipped twenty cents into Mayme's hot fingers.

Once within the clattering lunch room they made little conversation. Both were too far spent to waste energy. Later Gwen stopped with her spoon poised halfway and watched Mayme eat the steak with evident relish.

"You know," she said as she contemplated the spoonful of rice—"you know, Mayme, Jim wants me to go to a masque to-night. It's on a Lake liner leavin' at nine. Let's! They ain't nothin' but sweat here, and you might as well dance yourself to death as sweat yourself to death. They ain't no mourners anyway. I'll match you, Mayme; heads we go."

The coins brought forth were placed and Mayme looked dully down at heads.

"Well, that's settled," said Gwen. "Hurry now, Mayme. Oil up your lamps! Go on, kid, just for to-night. That's what they are for: to light the weary boob upon his way. Fling out the life line, kiddo!"

Mayme rose and followed Gwen through the labyrinth of porcelain-covered tables, thence through the tiled entrance and out into the swarming street. They had walked only a little distance when Mayme placed a shaking hand upon Gwen's arm and said: "Gwen, hold my hand."

"What's the matter, kid? Sick?"

"No, I'm scared," answered Mayme.

"What the—why, you're as white as a sheet! It's the darn heat."

"No, it's not, Gwen. I tell you I'm scared!"

"Well, I'll be; if you ain't the queer one! What of? Have you stole somethin'?"

"No, but I feel queer. I'm scared."

"Oh, cut it, Mayme! You give me the willies. Hurry on, we ain't got time to moon, the boat leavin' at nine."

Mayme nodded and they moved on at a swifter pace, to be immersed in the gray waves of humanity that ceaselessly surged the pavements.

At eight-thirty the upper hallway at Mrs. Winthrop's was graced by the appearance of Miss Gwendolyn Applebaum arrayed in the henna Georgette. Her slippered feet paced off the distance from her own room to the hall room at the rear. She was humming and swinging a small black mask. The transom over the door which marked her destination gleamed its wavering light upon the faded ceiling. Gwen pursed her lips and made a soft whistle, listening for an answer. None came. The hand that swung the mask knocked and descended to turn the knob, at the same time pushing open the door. Upon the threshold her figure hesitated, and the light falling upon her face disclosed consternation. Her lips opened, then snapped shut.

In the center of the room a graceful figure stood—a slender willowy girl whose lazy eyes looked out from beneath their lashes like smoldering embers. The scarlet lips were parted over the gleaming white teeth in a brilliant smile. The dark hair was brought up in a fan-shaped knot, leaving the low brow free and accentuating a certain beauty. A bunch of artificial flowers, scarlet, was caught at the side of the graceful head, one spray falling along the neck's curve. The shoulders were bare; delicate in their modeling, but sinuously expressive. The form was draped in the soft folds of a black crape shawl whose border was an embroidery of brilliant shades and fringe of deep-knotted silk, the whole falling over a close dark shirt. The figure moved forward in greeting, the smile flashing invitingly. Gwen batted her eyes slowly several times, then swallowed as though her words would not come.

"Where's Mayme?" she finally gasped. The figure shrugged its graceful shoulders and shook its head, at the same time turning a face whose expression showed the confused exertion of one who strove to understand, but failed.

"Is she gone?" Gwen's voice caught a little as though she was about to cry, yet her eyes were striving to believe the reflection within them.

"Yeaz, Mees Ladd, she gone," came the answer. The voice was delicious. It trailed over the words, clinging to them in a tantalizing manner.

"Where's she gone?"

The dark head shook its inability to answer.

"Who are you?" Gwen was drawing into the room and closing the door at the same time.

"Rosa. Yeaz"—the little chin raised and lowered in its assertion—"Rosa; Rosa Alvaro."

Gwen reached forward, grasped one of the slender arms and pulling the girl toward her said: "Looka here, Mayme, what're you up to?" Then surveying her from head to toe: "Mayme, you're wonderful! Cut it, though; you scare me."

The lazy eyes glittered and the little figure stood defiant, a swift little hand snapped its thumb and finger beneath the nose of the astonished Gwen. Then the purring voice trailed on: "I dance, see?" and setting the words to action she pirouetted about the room and brought herself with a breathless little gasp up before the henna Georgette and Miss Applebaum. "You no like Rosa?"

Gwen caught the shoulders in her firm grasp and delivered her answer, punctuated by short shakes: "Cut it, I say! Do you hear me, Mayme?"

The proud little shoulders shrunk, the scarlet lips drooped, and with a shiver that sent a tremor through the frail body Mayme flung both arms round the bewildered Gwen's shoulders, sobbing out the words:

"I told you I was scared! It's her, Gwen; she's got me! Oh, ain't she wonderful? She lets me outa this." She lifted her head and made a sweeping gesture about the dingy, hot little room with a small limp hand.

Gwen encircled her with both arms and stood for some seconds letting the storm of Mayme's tears break upon her; then in a soothing voice she comforted: "You ain't hurt nobody, hon. Don't cry. Come on. Jim's waitin' downstairs and it's too hot to sit home. Come on; dab your nose and fluff up your feathers and let's interduce Jim to Rosa Alvaro. You look grand. Lord, think of the moon and old Michigan! Come on, hon."

### III

THE deck of the Erie was a dizzy swirl of dancers. They jostled one another and swung and swayed. The music floated gayly out over the water, splashed with laughter. Youth forgot weariness and was carried away in the arms of amour. Masks surpliced the grim visage of day, making of life but a game.

The henna Georgette reposed in the arms of a stout Pierrot and Gwen's lips smiled beneath her ruffled mask. Goldman's was forgotten. Her voice was saying: "'Ain't it grand, Jim?" when she saw a black domino catch the light figure of Mayme near by and speed away to the strains of the waltz. They stopped to look. There was something in the easy grace of the two that caused a run of comment among the dancers; an abandon, a complete sympathy of movement.

The music stopped, leaving the two near the shadow of the stair. The domino drew the slender figure of Mayme into a close embrace, and his lips hung over one of the pink ears, whispering: "Give me the next, please! I can't let you go."

"Yeaz." It was the Rosa Alvaro voice that answered, and Rosa's lips that flashed temptingly, her white shoulders gleaming against the darkness, and the moonlight marking her graceful lines.

The domino grasped one of Rosa's yielding hands and when the music started detained her, to draw her toward the stairway which led above. Rosa followed. The upper deck was bathed with moonlight. A cool damp breeze blew clinging tendrils about the delicate face. Rosa flung her arms high and pirouetted about.

"Eet ees wonderful, ees eet not, yeaz?"

Her voice left the word with hesitance and the lips remained parted in a smile of sheer delight. She leaned over the boat's rail and peered out into the darkness. The city's lights twinkled mystically. Music surged upon the fitful breeze like little waves, booming in, to recede and die. The black domino leaned closer, gathering one of Rosa's hands within his own.

"I weesh, I weesh I nevair have go back." It was Rosa's voice. "I like—I like I dance, dance with you, always! Is it not so, señor?"

"To-night, and you!" The domino drew a sigh and pressed the little hand over his heart. "You, Rosa. Nothing else matters. We will never return. I have tasted wine and am drunk!"

"Eet is so wonderful, señor. I nevair ask who; and you—are satisfy with just Rosa, leetle Rosa. Yondair, señor—men are not so, yondair. Ah, señor, when I think of yondair, my heart break!" And Rosa's little hand waved toward the twinkling shore.

"Where do you hide yonder?"

The black domino had crushed her to him and stopped her lips with his. Rosa's hands met for an instant round his neck and she stood listening to his heart. Then with a little writhe she freed herself and stood panting and frightened, one hand caught to her throat.

"Where?" his voice demanded.

Rosa shook her head and shrugged the lazy shoulders.

"Señor," she said, slipping a flower from her hair and kissing it, "in Español, far, far! Look, when we come yondair we forget, yeaz? Maybe; maybe and maybe not. Eet is better, maybe, señor. Take thees." She handed him the cloth flower. "Eet is just so real as Rosa. Take me, take me, señor! Rosa would dance!"

They rushed toward the stair and swung off into the eddies of the surging dancers. The joy spent itself as the Erie slipped dockward. The confusion of departure blotted out the happiness. Rosa stood in a shadow waiting for Gwen and Jim, peering out into the light with feverish eyes, when an arm encircled her and the black domino whispered: "Rosa, Rosa!" The hood slipped from the head and Rosa looked up into the face of Mr. Peacock.

She laughed up into the face and laid a palm over the lips.

"Eet is good-by, señor. Rosa has stolen to-night. To-morrow she is punish. Good-by."

She was free, running down the deck. Gwen called and caught her arm and she followed dully, Jim's strong hand guiding until they reached Mrs. Winthrop's. Gwen threw open the door of Mayme's hot little room, fumbled for a match and lighted the gas, sinking down upon the bed and kicking off her pumps. She watched Rosa as she slipped her garments, laying them one by one reluctantly aside and, after she had finished, take up the shawl and hold it to her breast, her face radiant. Her eyes flamed as she looked up, catching the eyes of Gwen bent upon her. Then her hands let the shawl fall slowly from her and she flung herself upon Gwen's bosom, her lips giving forth disjointed utterances:

"I told you I was afraid of her! Oh, Gwen, I love her! She's everything I want to be. I can't be nothin'. What's the use of me? Nobody ever sees me. I tell you, you shan't stop her! She has a right! Didn't I find her? It don't make no difference. I can slave on, but they shan't touch her, do you hear? It ain't me. It's what used to be me before the world buried it. She don't know I'm all in. She don't know it, I tell you! What difference does it make? Nobody cares anyway. Look at me. Look at me! She's gone. Look at me, and think about to-morrow!" Mayme was clinging to the shawl and her face was deathy. Her chin quivered and she suddenly went off into wild sobbing.

Gwen stood awe-stricken, repeating: "Listen, kid, listen!"

"Get out!" Mayme's voice broke on the words. "Get out!" She was shoving Gwen toward the door. "She's gone, and you are one of the reasons!"

The door slammed. Gwen backed toward her own, emitting a long whistle, and saying "Can you beat it!" she disappeared.

### IV

DR. McDERMOTT DREW was complacently watching the smoke curl from his cigar as he listened to the purr of a female of the species which had curled its length upon a divan, displaying to the best advantage the well-shaped ankles and arching the slim feet as a sign of comfort, much as a cat arches its back preparatory to rubbing its sides over one's shin.

"Do tell us about it, Mac! It's so thrilling; secondary personality and all that. I really look upon you as a sort of wizard. Think of being able to look at people and dissect them mentally."

Miss Rhader yawned and drew a puff from her scented cigarette, glancing with a scrutinizing air upon her delicate wrist and hand, then looking at Doctor Drew curiously to calculate the effect her interest had produced. "Fancy, Flo," she went on, addressing a pale girl who was aimlessly strumming a ukulele; "fancy. He hypnotizes them. Really, Mac, it's positively thrilling! I should jolly well like to see a specimen of the malady. There's a dear, promise that I shall."

"If the opportunity presents itself I shall have no objections, Gaddy. But," went on

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# Fine Fuel *for* Young Engines!

*"I'se in town, Honey!"*

*THOSE* young human engines—with their healthy, hundred horse-power appetites—how they do take a plate of Aunt Jemima Pancakes!

And this palatable, nourishing breakfast is just the early-morning food their lively little bodies require. It warms them and satisfies them and strengthens them—gives them an abundant store of energy to start the day with.

In thousands and thousands of homes it is the preferred breakfast. Last year Aunt Jemima Pancakes were served 120 million times!

**So easy to prepare!**

First a little water, next a little stirring, then a hot griddle—

And in two minutes you have a big, inviting plate of golden-brown pancakes on the table. Pancakes so light, fluffy and tender, so rich and satisfying—the best you've ever tasted!

Aunt Jemima Flour is *complete*—with even the sweet milk ready mixed in it and so rich it needs no eggs. There's no complicated mixing and measuring, no anxious "trying" and testing—the simple addition of water makes perfect pancakes every time.

Order from your grocer today a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package. He has it or will gladly get it for you. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

*Try Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour for waffles, muffins and breadsticks. They're SO good!—and so economical*

**Send for the jolly Rag Dolls**

Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. Aunt Jemima, Uncle Mose and two gay little pickaninnies all come in bright colors, ready to cut and stuff. Send for one of them, or for the whole famous family.

Copyright 1918, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

# It's Up to You Men

**to say what you want most frequently at meals. Women want to please you with the foods they serve. All they want to know is what you like. One thing is luscious raisin pie. Remind "her" of it now!**

MADE with plump, tender, juicy Sun-Maid Raisins—the supreme fruit-food. Baked so the juice forms a luscious sauce.

Baked with a flaky crust that blends with the fruit into an incomparable morsel with fascinating flavor.

Have it tonight. Have it frequently. There's no other dessert so good.

This pie is rich in energizing food-units—rich in natural fruit-sugar, which is one of the most easily digestible of all body-fuels.

It revives tired men quickly. So have it for its healthful nutriment, as well as its lusciousness.

Remind "her" now. Don't leave it to the women-folks to think of all the foods to serve at those 21 meals per week.

### At Groceries and Bake Shops

Women don't have to bake this pie at home. Your modern local bakeries are baking it for you every day. Grocers and bake shops will supply you.

That makes it easy to have this delicious pie at any time you want it.

California Raisin Pie is made with Sun-Maid Raisins, California's juiciest, tenderest thin-skinned grapes, cured in the open vineyards by the sun.

They are the dependable, pure, clean raisins for pie, bread and all other foods. Be sure to ask your grocer for the *Sun-Maid* brand—don't say merely "raisins."

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*; Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*. All first-class dealers sell them.

# SUN-MAID Raisins

*Ask for Raisin Candy. Delicious, healthful. At all candy stores.*

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9,000 Growers Fresno, California

*California Raisin Bread*

Bakers are making a delicious raisin bread with Sun-Maid Raisins, which grocers and bake shops will supply. Ask for California Raisin Bread. Note how the luscious flavor of the raisins permeates the bread. You'll serve this bread frequently if you try it once. Get a loaf today

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the doctor, "such cases are far from being amusing. The disorder is so delicate a thing that it must be handled with great tact. Absolute confidence upon the part of the patient is the first requisite, and complete coöperation is necessary or there can be no cure. Disassociation of personalities often results in obsession, and such cases are obstinate, often resulting in the entire submersion of identity and may even lead to insanity. The use of hypnotism and suggestion in such cases is invaluable. Psychology has made marvelous discoveries regarding the human mind."

"Yes, my dear Mac," said Miss Rhader, "and knows about as much about it now as it knows about the rear view of the moon. Science has no more settled information about the human mind than I have, Mackie. It has its perfectly good theories, but doesn't take into consideration that while it investigates the mind it is handling a very uncertain quantity. I wager you that science, your beloved science has had many jests perpetrated upon her. You needn't explode, Mackie dear. A cat may look at a king. Besides, I can't take you seriously. Men are such a transparent lot, and I know women so well! I really wonder if most any charming lady couldn't play a very interesting game with science!"

"You are treating a very serious matter, about which you know nothing, very lightly, Gaddy. I don't care to discuss the matter in such a light."

"I admit, Mac, that I know very little of the subject, but I do know something of human nature, and my argument is based upon that little. I'm willing to wager you that a clever woman might at least make things very complicated for science. Every woman I know has at least three personalities—one she keeps to herself, one she displays to other women, and the last and most alien is the one she shows to men."

Doctor Drew nodded and taking up a fresh cigar and lighting it he continued from his own point of view: "It would be an easy matter to trace the origin of the disassociation, and with this as a basis go over the data, culling out deceptions. Yes, I may add that the very nature of the deceptions may give a valuable key to the whole investigation. You are childish, Gaddy, as usual; and woman-cunning, but not convincing. Run along and play, and if you would not expose your depth do not discuss such matters."

"I don't mind telling you, Mac, that the whole thing is ghastly to me. The more I think of it the more horrible the idea of a spiritual dissecting room becomes. The psychological corpse has no more chance than the other kind, but I've more faith in its ability to get even. Come on, Flo, let him revel in his mysteries. We will meet you at the Auditorium at five, Mac. *Au revoir.*"

The door swung to and Dr. McDermott Drew watched it for some moments as he listened to the tick of slipper heels descending the polished stairway.

He had no sooner resumed his cigar than a maid entered, curtsied, and offered the information: "A lady, sir, would see you, sir, would you be so kind, sir. She's no card, sir, but says 'er name's Gwendolyn Applebum, sir. Are ye to home, sir?"

"Applebaum?" said the doctor inquiringly.

"Yes, sir; she's positive, sir."

"Show the lady in."

"Yes, sir."

Miss Applebaum's entrance into the sumptuously appointed little living room but increased the troubled expression upon the countenance of Doctor Drew.

"Miss ——" he began, going forward to meet the hastening Gwen.

"Applebaum." Supplying the name Gwen went on: "Doctor Drew, I'm in trouble and I've come to you to help me. You're a psy-psychologist, ain't you?"

The bewildered doctor nodded and motioned the excited girl to a chair. Gwen sank within it hesitatingly, seeming to be at a loss how to begin. Doctor Drew sat before her and by his attitude invited her to proceed.

"It's Mayme, Mayme Ladd. You know her. She sells hose at Goldman's."

Doctor Drew shook his head to denote that he did not recognize the name.

"She's been there for six years. She's been down and out for a year, and I been jollyin' her along, gettin' about as much encouragement as you might get tellin' a corpse a good story. She's sick—or was." Gwen hesitated. "You see, we're from the same town. We come here together and it was me that brought us, so it's up to me to see it through. Mayme's got no folks but a aunt that cares about as much about seein' her as some folks would care to see the devil. They ain't no place for her to go. The kid's kinda like me—no use, but gotta go on. She's all I got and there's somethin' dead wrong and I'm scared. She thinks she's someone else."

Doctor Drew sat up with a new interest, interposing the word: "Indeed!"

Gwen nodded and continued, her fingers picking at the beads that embellished the henna Georgette: "She's Rosa Alvaro—whoever that is—and believe me, she's some kid! You got to hand it to her. Ever since the night that Jim—that's my friend—took us to the masque on the Erie she's been cuttin' it high. Jim says she's loons, but I don't believe it. She comes down to the store gray as a tabby, no more pep than a banana skin. Don't see any of us; acts like she's in Germany sellin' American toys. Honest, I don't see how she gets by with it. But wait till she gets home! You never saw the like. Dolls up like a wop and slips out by her lonely. She's too swift for Gwenny, and that's some swift.

"And that ain't the worst. I found chili peppers in her powder box, and garlic skins on the floor, and they's stacks of tamale cans behind the door. You can't handle Rosa Alvaro like you can Mayme Ladd. I tried it and got stung. She's a swell when she's Rosa and a dub when she's Mayme; and bein' a dub I understand dubs. There's a man in it sure. No woman goes nuts any other way. Now there's the dope. What's the cure? If you got one trot it out."

Doctor Drew had absorbed Gwen's story, and through his amusement at its delivery displayed his sympathetic interest.

"You say the young woman was ill? Do I gather from your story the proper inference that she is stronger now?"

"No, but 'tain't Rosa that needs your sympathy. It's Mayme. She ain't sick—that is, she ain't sick of nothin' but livin' our way. Eight to five-thirty, one grind. Five-thirty to eight, one sweat in summer and one freeze in winter. Over and over again it goes. I can kick a livin' out of life; she can't. If there's any reason in psychology I wish you'd turn it on this. Have they found the reason some folks live? I bet they ain't even bothered to try." The great eyes of Gwen were a little misty.

"Seems to me," she went on, "that the way to lots of learnin' is a private elevator to the top floor. Anyway it's somethin' we hear about, but they ain't no free passes to folks like us. They go on learnin' and learnin' while girls and men sweats limp until some mornin' they come down to work and find some kinda wheel's jiffied off with their job. Why don't they help? I mean help livin' things that can hurt and ache? If they spent as much time on humans as they do on wheels and such, I bet they'd find more about what God made people out of. Mayme's sweat limp and I don't know what's happened. Will you help me?"

"Certainly," said Doctor Drew. "The case is most interesting. I shall be glad to give you any assistance within my power. Of course it will be necessary that I interview the young lady. I might say it would be well that you do not mention your visit here. Could you arrange for a meeting so that I may make her acquaintance, so I can form some opinion of the seriousness of the case? Perhaps you are needlessly alarmed. In any case I shall gladly advise you."

"If you want to see Mayme, come to the store, Goldman's, to the hosieries, and look for the deadest girl in sight. That's her. I think you better see her there first; then I can fix it so you can see her at Mrs. Winthrop's on Wabash. Home cooking; there's a joke in that, but you couldn't see it, it's too deep for you."

"Has the young woman," asked the doctor, "given you any explanation for her strange demeaner?"

"No; she won't see me if she can help it, ever since it happened."

"She avoids you, and you have no idea what might have given rise to the condition you mention?"

"No, sir."

"How long has this condition been prevalent?"

"About a month and a half."

"You say she avoids you; is this during the time that she is her normal self or while she is under the delusion?"

"Most of the time lately."

"Does Rosa seem inclined to be confiding?"

"About as confiding as a dummy telephone."

"I see. I shall call to-morrow at the department and endeavor to see the young lady. Miss ——"

"Ladd; Mayme Ladd. I'll tip you off which one she is. I can count on you to set her straight?"

"I shall do all I can in the case. It will all depend upon how Miss Ladd coöperates in the procedure."

Gwen was elated, and upon the assurance of aid was ready to leave.

"It's cooler," she remarked, "and that may help her some. Maybe it's the heat."

"No," said the doctor, "I think your friend is indeed in need of attention, Miss Applebaum; and some subtle suggestion. Good afternoon." Doctor Drew was ushering Gwen to the door of the living room, where she was met by the maid and shown to the outer doorway.

Dr. McDermott Drew watched the henna Georgette upon its way down the street until it turned the corner, then turning from the window he made ready for departure. Leaving the apartment he hastened to meet the appointment for five-thirty at the Auditorium. He came upon the two ladies in the entrance.

"Mac!" It was the voice of Miss Agatha Rhader. "Late as usual. Flo and I were just growing impatient."

"Late, I admit it, Gaddy, but for a serious reason. A case of disassociation has just presented itself. I shall begin its study to-morrow."

"It's a woman, of course?"

"Yes, a woman; a young woman, a salesgirl at Goldman's. She has become possessed of a secondary personality which calls itself Rosa Alvaro. Spanish, I should judge."

"Fiddlesticks!" blurted Agatha. "Imagine a salesgirl with a personality! Mac, you are such an infant, even in a college chair with a big stick called science. Come on!"

▼

AT SEVEN-THIRTY the following evening Dr. McDermott Drew was ushered into the stuffy sitting room at Mrs. Winthrop's, where he awaited the appearance of Miss Applebaum, unmindful of the interest he had stimulated within the various regular inhabitants.

The lower floor was filled with a blue smoke issuing from the kitchen and bearing the scent of burning grease. This, with sundry other scents which intermingled, filled the gloom through which the hall light bleared uncertainly, lighting the dingy appointments and adding to the confused outlines a ghastly pallor.

Doctor Drew sat in a leatheret morris chair uneasily, his position commanding a view of the hall and stairway. He watched the ascent or descent of numerous guests with interest. Each time the outer door opened it marked the appearance of a new form upon the scene, and the gust of raw damp air which accompanied the approach bore an additional scent to the already reeking atmosphere—cigarettes, liquor, perfumes of conglomerate mixture, each giving mute evidence of the personality of its bearer.

At eight o'clock the rustle of silk and the stilty tap of slippers followed a heavy scent of sandalwood down the stairway and the hall light fell weakly upon the henna Georgette.

Doctor Drew rose to clasp the proffered hand of Miss Applebaum, bowing and remarking: "Miss Applebaum, I must thank you for bringing to my attention what I believe will prove a very profitable study."

"Then you think Mayme is dippy sure 'nough?" asked Gwen, sinking into the nearest chair and murmuring, "Poor kid!"

Doctor Drew placed his hat carefully upon the table, then sat once more in the leatheret morris chair, proffering further conversation in the form of inquiry: "Have you seen Miss Ladd since your return from employment?" Gwen nodded affirmatively. "Very good." Doctor Drew's tone betrayed pleasure. "I saw Miss Ladd today at the place of her employment. Is she usually so unwilling to enter into conversation? She seemed ill or melancholy."

Gwen nodded and leaning nearer in a confidential manner said in a breathy whisper: "I know. That's it; Mayme's dead, and dyin' more every day. I tell you she's gone. She slinks round the counters to get outa my way like a alley cat prowlin' alleys. She's not eatin' right. Nine dollars per don't feed no Mrs. Astor, but it keeps your wheels oiled if you're a high financier. You can't buy no spangled fans and Spanish lace. No, sir; and you can't pay rent on togs at the costumer's—and that's what she's up to now.

"It was wheats and coffee at eight, plus ham-and at six, and nothin' more than that for three weeks—for this." Gwen's hand slipped lovingly over the beaded bosom of the henna Georgette as her eyes lowered and her lips grew grim.

Doctor Drew sat silent before this confidence. Gwen lifted her head and the old defiance returned.

"There's lots of things the world don't know, ain't they?" she shot forth; then with a little snatch of a laugh: "Pullin' the sob stuff, Gwenny! Naughty, naughty!"

Doctor Drew laughed, though his eyes were curiously lighted and he seemed ill at ease. "You know," went on Gwen, "I watch them dolls at the store that touch goods like they was nasty—you know, the little-finger-in-the-air kind—and I wonder what's in 'em. Every time I hands out a package I says: 'Gwenny, there's a little bit of you tied up in that. They're gettin' you, girl; little by little they're gettin' you.' Did you ever think of that? Well, they wags off with you and leaves you nothin' to remember but a baby-doll stare or a bunch of callin' down. Do you know what I say then? I says: 'Never mind, Gwenny, she's leakin' sawdust.' That's what's in 'em—sawdust. Mayme's handed over the counter about the last of her, and is sellin' off the remnant. I wonder if she's really dippy or just wised up?"

"I think your friend is under quite a serious delusion, Miss Applebaum," said the doctor seriously, "and that a thorough investigation might prove most valuable to science. From what you tell me I perceive the case bears many symptoms of disassociation of personality. You say you saw her this evening. Was she her normal self?"

"Well," answered Gwen, "I went in to hand her some bananas and she was sittin' by the window starin' out. She was cryin', and when I saw her Rosa togs hangin' on the bedpost I wanted to tear 'em to bits. Seemed like I could hear Rosa laugh and drag out the 'yeaz.' I tell you she's starvin' Mayme. Garlic and tamales ain't no fuel to run her. I told Mayme you was comin' to see Rosa. That's honest. I couldn't do her dirt. I says: 'Mayme, Doctor Drew wants to find out the reason of Rosa.' She looks at me keen as a knife and pins me up with her eyes and says: 'What for?'

"'Well, you ain't right,' I told her. 'How do you know?' she says. 'Well, this Rosa stunt is gettin' serious,' I says. 'I don't mind you spiffin' part of the time, but this thing of you shootin' off like a skyrocket when you ain't nothin' but a firecracker,' I says, 'has got to stop.'

"Well, she ups with a corn-sirup laugh and shrugs her shoulders, dancin' off a yard or two of tongue-tied foxtrot. I knew then I was up against it, for Rosa had got in the picture. I can't quite get the dope. I'll go up and get her, but there's no tellin' whether she will fall for you or not. Like as not she will be Rosa and peel off one of them 'Yeazes' and refuse to come down; or I'll find Mayme, white and shakin', and I won't have nerve enough to put her up against it. Anyway, wait, and I'll be back in a minute."

Gwen rustled from the room, tripping up the stairway with the air of one who had never known fatigue; greeting one of the third-floor dwellers with a familiar "Hello, kid," as she passed, and swiftly going the length of the hall above, to stop before Mayme's door and knock. The door was opened and Rosa was revealed, with her back to the light, her shoulders unevenly poised in a graceful manner, smiling out upon the sober face of Gwen.

"Rosa!" said Gwen.

"Yeaz." It was the voice of Rosa Alvaro exhibiting its usual curious inflection. Gwen pushed into the room, drew the lithe figure up to her and faced her about until the gaslight shone upon the lazy eyes.

"Rosa, old kid," she said, "you're up against it. It's you for the wild and fuzzy. Get it? You gotta tell Doctor Drew the truth, and then clear out. You spoil the film. Get me? Come on down and meet the doctor; and no vampin', remember!"

Rosa leaned her slender figure against the door and smiled. Her eyes flashed

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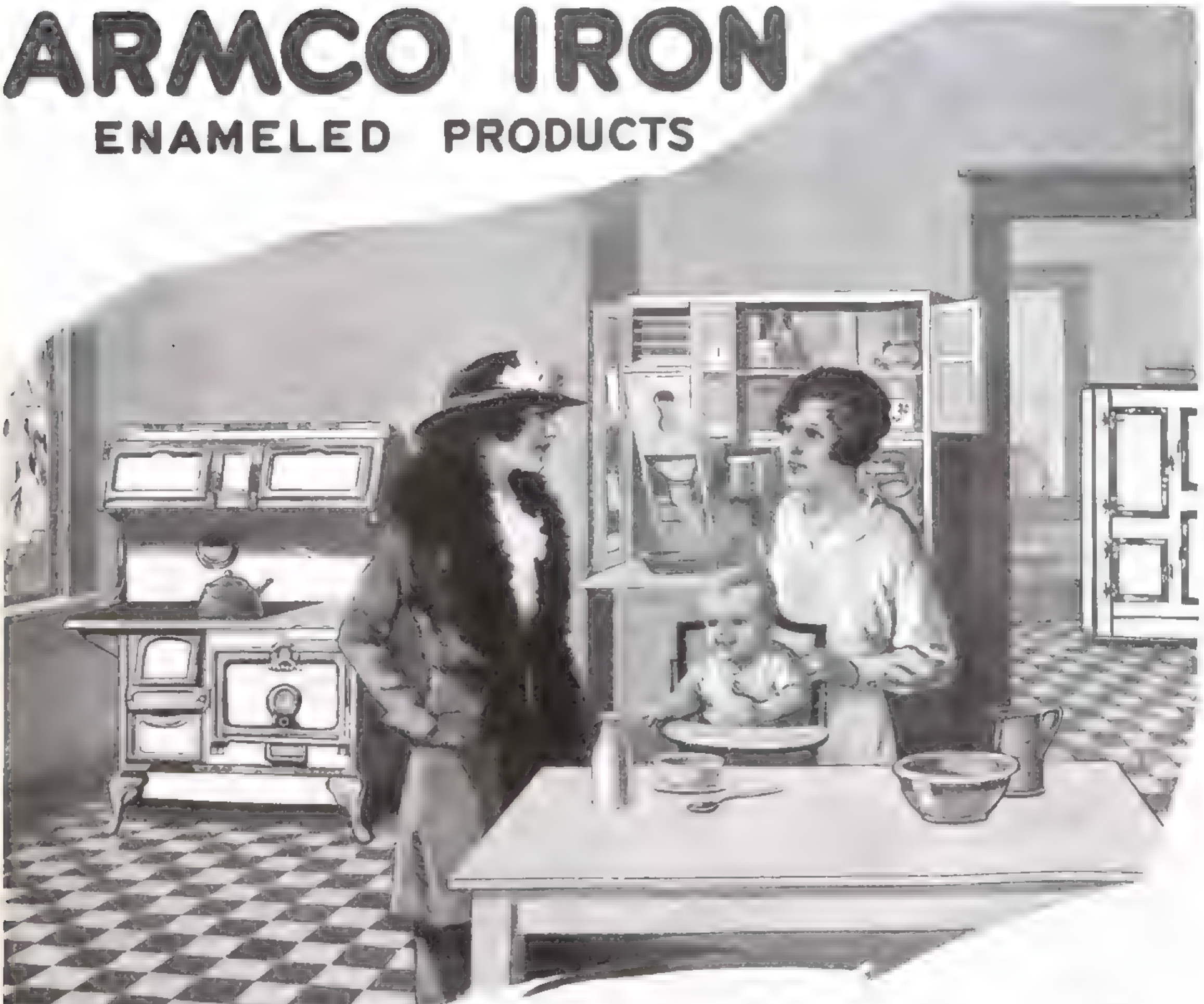
# ARMCO IRON
## ENAMELED PRODUCTS



## Smoothly Beautiful for Kitchen Use

"What put the idea of Armco Iron Enameled Products in your mind?" asked the guest.

"My husband," the hostess replied. "He uses Armco Iron in the manufacture of various metal industrial products, and has had splendid success with it. You see, its purity and evenness make possible unusual durability.

"When my husband told me that there were stoves made with Armco Iron polished sheets and enameled parts, I decided to get one. I wrote the manufacturers of Armco Iron—The American Rolling Mill Company, of Middletown, Ohio—and they sent me the names and addresses of the firms that make such stoves, also of the manufacturers of Armco Iron Enameled Kitchen Cabinets, Refrigerators, and Table-Tops.

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"After my two years' experience with these products in my kitchen, I can heartily recommend them to every housewife."

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AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

# ARMCO IRON RESISTS RUST

(Continued from Page 91)

dangerously and she drawled: "Doctair Drew—he no like Rosa? No?"

"Listen, Mayme. What in God's name ails you? Listen! Don't you know me? It's Gwen; Gwen, honey. Can't you cut this? Let me go down and tell him it's a joke. I'm scared, hon'."

Rosa's eyes smoldered fire. Her lips seemed to burn and when she spoke her words were dry little things that seemed to scorch her lips, for she licked them with her scarlet tongue and swallowed as though thirsty.

"Mees Gwain," she said, "to-morrow—to-morrow comes soon, soon, so soon. Then Rosa go. To-night, to-night ees Rosa's, Mees Gwain, please, to-night."

"You're a thief, you wop! Look at you! Where'd you get them togs? I know. Mayme bought 'em: old white-faced Mayme. You little sneak! I'll fix you! Aw, Mayme! You got me nuts too. Here I am fightin' a joke. You ain't dippy, are you, Mayme? Don't do it, kid. Go on, cut it out!"

"R-r-rosa"—the drawl was even more pronounced—"R-r-osa weel go. She weel spik to Doctair Drew. Rosa make ——"

"You're dead right you will, kid!"

Gwen shouted the words, at the same time shaking the yielding figure and dragging it toward the door. Rosa followed swiftly, even seeming impatient. As she moved toward the stairway her hands delivered sundry little pats of satisfaction upon her raiment and toyed over the sleek head.

Once below Gwen pushed Rosa toward Doctor Drew, who had risen and stood awaiting them.

"This is Rosa, Rosa Alvaro," she began, giving a glance in which she endeavored to explain the situation. Doctor Drew nodded and smiled as Rosa approached him—Rosa who was coyly timid, Rosa who raised her glittering eyes to his appealingly.

"Doctair Dr-rew." Rosa's voice was tantalizing, and she smiled, veiledly lowering her lids and coloring.

"Señorita Alvaro." Doctor Drew was bowing over Rosa's hand, which lingered within his for a moment, then was withdrawn as she sank gracefully upon a chair, shrugged and proceeded with the conversation.

"Eet ees so vera gooed, doctair, that you come see R-r-rosa."

Gwen sank helplessly into a chair and sat gaping as Rosa settled herself in a confident manner for the interview, preening herself and smiling invitingly at Doctor Drew. The doctor was watching intently the expressive though veiled aspect of the singularly attractive face, not failing to note the exasperation of the bewildered Gwen.

Rosa nodded her head and made a little gesture toward the chandelier, drawling: "Mees Gwain, eet ees vera dark, yeaz? Can the doctair have more light?"

Doctor Drew rose and producing a match lighted the gas, which light but added to the charm of Rosa. Gwen sat staring at the procedure of incidents as one who looked upon a dream, turning her head from Rosa to Doctor Drew and back again, and watching the eyes of Rosa.

"I have met your friend Miss Ladd, Señorita Alvaro." Doctor Drew made the statement, noting carefully its effect upon Rosa.

"So?" Rosa seemed little interested.

"You are very good friends, are you not?" questioned the doctor.

"Mees Ladd?" Rosa reflected for some seconds and continued: "Mees Ladd ees not so vera, what you call, close to Rosa, Doctor Drew. Na, na. Mees Ladd ees what you call *nada* een my *lengua*. You sabe, señor? She no see weeth her eyes." Rosa touched hers expressively. "She no hear and she no feel. Rosa feel, señor. Mees Ladd, she cry. Rosa? Na, na! Rosa take Mees Ladd's eyes and they see! She take Mees Ladd's ears and Mees Ladd hear. Rosa take Mees Ladd's heart and she feel. You sabe, señor?" Doctor Drew nodded. "Mees Gwain, she no sabe." Rosa gazed between narrow lids at Gwen.

"Where is your home, Señorita Alvaro?" asked the doctor suavely.

"Madrid, señor. But eet ees long, long, what you call centuries ago, señor. Rosa dance for Ferdinando. She ees what you call *fasorita*. But Rosa, she pay, pay for the bravos she get!" Rosa's hand lifted and descended over her heart in pantomime of a dagger's thrust. From her issued a little gasp. Her eyes protruded and she sank back helplessly, her head resting upon her bosom. Doctor Drew was upon his feet and swiftly sprang to the side of Rosa. Gwen stood frightened before the lifeless little figure, mumbling: "My God, doctor! My God, doctor!"

Rosa's eyes fluttered open; her lips laughed; her head tossed and her thumb and finger snapped lightly, and waving the doctor aside and laughing up at the white face of Gwen she continued: "But to-day, señor, Rosa lives! To-day Rosa find what you call a body; not beautiful like Rosa's but"—she made a little deprecatory gesture over the form she now inhabited—"Rosa mak' Mees Ladd beautiful. Rosa look through her eyes and you no see Mees Ladd. Ees eet not so? Yeaz?"

"Lord! The little devil." Gwen broke in, but was silenced by a look from Doctor Drew. Rosa did not heed the remark, but seemed bent upon continuing the conversation.

"Mees Ladd, she vera, vera what you call ambitioned; but for her there is nothing, señor, but days, days, days, all alike. Mees Ladd love Rosa but"—here she leaned closer and whispered—"she jealous." She nodded emphatically and repeated: "Yeaz, jealous."

"No!" Doctor Drew spoke the word with incredulity in its tone.

"I tall you yeaz. She ees jealous of heem!"

Gwen's lips snapped shut and she turned to the doctor, exclaiming: "There! I told you, didn't I? There's a man in it!"

Rosa preened and assumed a look of satisfaction and amusement. "Yeaz," she went on, "she ees jealous of heem. She afraid, señor, afraid he see her and ——" The smiling lips suddenly began to tremble. The bright eyes lost their light. Rosa shrank shivering in a listless little huddle, and Mayme turned hunted eyes upon Gwen, seeming about to rise and flee.

Gwen went toward her and laid an arm about her shoulders, crooning in a soothing voice: "Whatsa matter, hun? Mayme, whatsa matter? Tell Doctor Drew. He's gonna help you. Honest, kid; tell him." Gwen turned her frightened eyes toward the doctor and addressing him, continued: "Now you've seen it. That's it; just like I told you. Can't you do something, doctor?"

The doctor drew a chair to the side of Mayme, took one of her hands and spoke gently: "My dear young lady, your case is most interesting." Mayme would not look at him but buried her head in the folds of the henna Georgette. "You are agitated, Miss Ladd. Compose yourself. Let me assure you that my whole desire is to aid you."

"Agitated nothin'!" Gwen's voice displayed disgust. "She's hungry and wore out, if that's interestin' for you to know. It ain't for me. She can't be bothered no more to-night."

Mayme lifted her head and now looked dully into Doctor Drew's eyes, a pitiful little tortured smile playing over her lips where Rosa's had flashed so brilliantly a moment before.

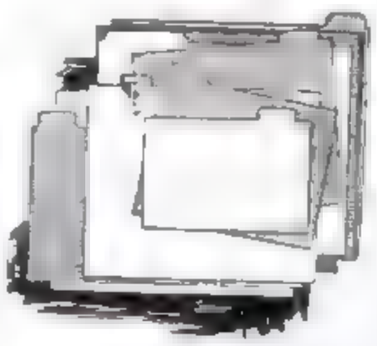
"I'm all right now, Gwen," she said, "only I feel a little queer. I'm sorry, Doctor Drew," she went on, looking down vacantly over Rosa's flaming costume and letting her hands move lovingly over its folds which illy graced the shrunken form.

"You need not explain, Miss Ladd. I fully understand." Doctor Drew's voice held the note of assurance. Mayme lifted her eyes slyly and lowered them, flushing as she did so.

"Would you be kind enough to answer a few questions, Miss Ladd? Tell me, if you will, just how you regard Rosa. Do you feel an affection for her or is the feeling the reverse?"

Gwen remained standing beside Mayme's chair, an arm about her shoulders and her hand patting the folds of Rosa's bodice. Mayme accepted the contact quite unconsciously; her eyes, shielded by their lowered lids, were obstinately kept hidden. She answered the doctor in a dull voice:

"She is wonderful. Can't you see I ain't nothin'? The world's forgot about me long ago. I used to think a few people cared, and fooled myself through the day, then I found out they wasn't no place to hang to. It's like climbin' a treadmill, just up and up, and never any higher. I ain't blamin' Goldman's. They ain't holdin' nobody to sell stuff. I ain't blamin' them, but—you never could understand. I went gray, dull. When you're young the world kids you. When you ain't young and you see the last of the kiddin' days wavin' good-by they

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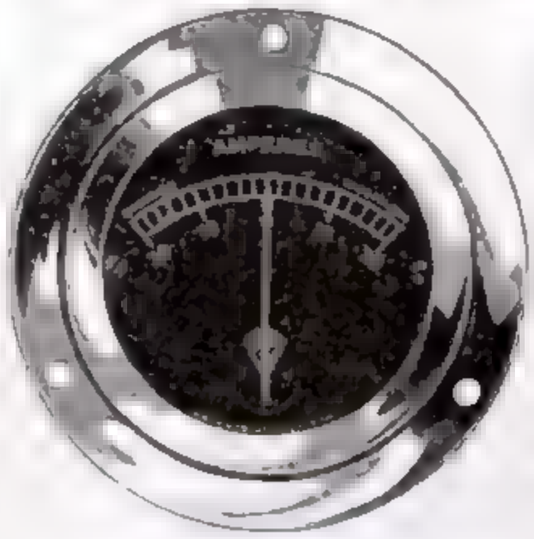

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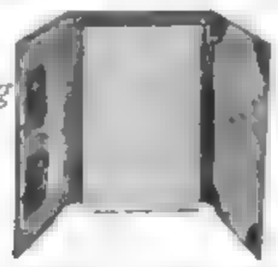

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forget to kid you and—well, just leaves you alone. Then it's—it's"—Mayme's lips trembled—"it's fierce. Half of Chicago's runnin' round in stockin's I sold 'em, and they ain't one that remembers whether I got a harelip or not. I've handed over the counter everything I've got; and I want what it's bought, that's all. If I can't get it Rosa can. I wouldn't know what to do with it. I'm too tired; and if she can enjoy it let her. I don't care." Mayme passed her hand over her brow wearily and repeated "I don't care."

Doctor Drew's face was grave as he watched the weary hand descend and lie helplessly upon the arm of the chair. He let his own touch it and spoke seriously: "If you will allow me, Miss Ladd, I will help you. Of course it will be necessary for me to see you frequently and to have your complete confidence. If you will but trust me I think I may safely say that I can relieve you."

Mayme's eyes were opened swiftly, a challenge within their light. "Relieve me?" she said. "What of?"

"Rosa. I think she would leave you and you might be enabled to live your life out independently."

Mayme's lips curled in a smile that was not pleasant. "You will relieve me, and what will I have left? Independence? What can I do with it? That ain't the cure. Runnin' Rosa off can't change me—much." She hesitated. "She ain't hurtin' me, is she? Ain't I got a right to be what I want to? I tell you Rosa's mine, and I want her!"

Doctor Drew attempted once more to make his appeal. "But, Miss Ladd, you have a most interesting case, which will be very valuable to science, one which may make an important contribution to the data already gathered on the subject. I am very desirous that you will permit me to study your case."

Mayme's eyes were feverishly bright and her answer trembled upon her lips: "Science, science," she said evenly. "I guess they want to empty the box and tag the goods for stock. Well, I don't care. I don't care." She listlessly trailed off the words.

"You will not regret it, Miss Ladd," said the doctor. "Shall I make the first appointment? Say ——"

Gwen walked toward him. "Doctor Drew," she said, "she's goin' to eat; eat for a week, and little Gwenny's goin' to take her in hand. Then if you want to see her, righto! Say, Wednesday; a week from to-night."

Doctor Drew took up his hat and stood looking down upon Mayme's abject form. "I think that will be well, Miss Applebaum," he said in a low voice. "I shall expect you, then, at about eight on next Wednesday evening. Good night, Miss Ladd."

"Good night, señor." It was Rosa's voice which answered, and Rosa who rose alertly from the chair, her eyes veiled and gazing lazily forth. "Good night, señor." Rosa walked several leopardlike paces toward the hallway, shrugging and gracefully inclining in a stately little bow. "Eet ees good that you come. Yeaz."

Doctor Drew bowed his adieu and his eyes betrayed his evident admiration of the little figure before him. "Good night, Señorita Alvaro. Good night."

"Señor," Rosa tiptoed, whispering, "Rosa nevair, nevair weel say to you *adios*. You sabe, señor? Nevair, nevair!"

Doctor Drew smiled and proffered his hand. Rose laid hers within it, then with a little snatch of laughter turned and ran swiftly up the stair, stopping at the topmost step to turn and blow a kiss from her finger tips to the gentleman below.

"Well, what d'you think of that! Can you beat it?" Gwen's face reflected her incredulity and amazement.

"It is serious, Miss Applebaum; quite serious. It is well that you were alarmed and enlisted aid. Miss Ladd does not realize her serious condition. I thank you for bringing the case to my attention. I hope to be able to show you how much. Good night, Miss Applebaum." The doctor was moving toward the door.

Gwen saw him depart, vaguely conscious that she had murmured something by way of a parting remark. After the door had closed she stood gazing up the stairway for some moments, one hand upon the newel post and a foot upon the first step. A dapper youth came down from above.

"Hello, Gwenny," he called, and coming to a stop before her: "What's the matter?"

"Pinch me, Toppy." Gwen proffered an arm. The youth complied. "I'm all there."

Gwen laughed and went slowly up the stairway. At Mayme's door she hesitated, then entered. Mayme sat on the bed, clad in the drab kimono. She turned and greeted Gwen with something of the old affection.

"Come in, Gwenny. Listen, have you got any grub? I'm famished, hon."

"Two pears and a box of crackers, hon. Wait a minute." The door swung open and Gwen sped toward her own room, returning with a bottle of milk added to the articles before mentioned. "Say, kid," she said, "you oughta drink a quart a day. It's fine for you. Listen, hon: What do you think of him? You know: Doctor Drew."

Mayme sat watching the crumbs from her cracker sift down over the drab kimono.

"And they call him smart!" she said, laughing. "Honest, Gwen, he's too easy! Gimme a pear, hon."

Gwen complied, sitting down beside the bed to watch Mayme's enjoyment. "Mayme," she said after long contemplation, "who is he?"

"I can't tell you—yet." Mayme's hesitancy brought another question.

"Will you later?" Mayme nodded. "When?"

"I don't know yet," said Mayme.

"Listen, hon. Don't string me. I gotta go. It's late and to-morrow's lisle sale."

"To-morrow," Mayme repeated the word slowly. "To-morrow's sale day; sure!" Then, wearily: "I don't care. I don't care."

Gwen kissed one of the pale cheeks and whispered: "I wouldn't care, Mayme, but there's just you and me; and it would be just me and Jim if it wasn't just you and me, hon."

Mayme watched her turn the knob of her door and depart, and heard a sleepy voice calling: "Good night, Mayme. Call me when you go in the mornin'. I'll wait till you tell me, hon. Never mind."

Gwen's door shut and Mayme suddenly went to a dresser drawer, taking from its confusion a folded sheet of paper. With it she swiftly crossed the hallway and slipped it beneath Gwen's door and knocked.

When Gwen answered the knock the hall was quiet. She listened and looked up and down its length, but there was nothing but the flicker of the light upon the floor below which showed life. She stepped upon the folded paper and stooped to take it up. Going in to stand by the gas light that she might read the scrawling lines upon it she saw the words: "The world owes you a living. All you got to do is collect."

As she read her eyes opened in a dazed fashion. She read it again, this time aloud, and laying the sheet upon a table she recrossed the hall, calling at Mayme's door softly: "Say, hon, it's all right. You hear? It's all right. 'Night, hon. I'll call you at six."

"Yeaz?" the word came drawling out through the door. "To-mor-r-ra you call? Good night, Mees Gwain."

"Good night, Rosa, old kid. Cheero!"

Gwen's door shut for the second time. Later the darkened transom revealed the release of the henna Georgette, and the tinny tick of an alarm clock marked off night's approaching to-mor-r-ra.

■

MISS AGATHA RHADER might have furnished in her own person profitable study for a scientist as a complex of personalities. To be sure, her outlook upon life was in her own opinion sane—practical, as she liked to put it; but the practical side of it applied to the world in general, not to Agatha herself. She met the day as a sort of game, never for an instant betraying her next move. In her set men and women played desperately, and Agatha knew how to meet them. She had been watching Doctor Drew with calculating interest. Drew was a man of success and position. Agatha had success, but needed position. The Rhaders had moved into prominence with ease. The world saw Agatha roll about in her limousine and never for one desecrating instant remarked that the power that swept it magnificently by was Rhader's Ratifier, an elixir that had to do with a large field of common complaints.

Agatha had arrived in elegance. Properly turned out at the hands of a finishing establishment she had been accepted as a proper product by society, which petted her accommodatingly in her youth, and found a certain satisfaction in the affectionately termed "clever Agatha" now; for, after all, society recognized its own offspring in her. Agatha's complexities were her charm. She might indulge in pet monkeys or any other ultra hobby. With society it would mean nothing; just Agatha. She had gone in for new thought and had worn it to tatters. She had danced and flirted, had held nothing sacred; accepting a new creed as lightly as she might learn the newest step. The world was a show, and Agatha was easily bored. What represented her actual attainment mentally was not disclosed by her arguments, which were largely made up of stock in trade culled from a rather cursory perusal of the subject in hand. She could talk theosophy from auras to planes; could spout on suffrage and other politics, golf, polo, neurasthenia. She had gone in for Red Cross during the war, flitting from one branch to another, garbed in various becoming costumes, until now when it was all over she had announced that she was on the verge of a collapse, and had found solace and rest in a personal study of Doctor Drew, whom she had appropriated.

"Really," she had said, "one cannot attain a perfect poise without a thorough basis of its psychology."

Thus that dignified science was admitted to the depths of Agatha's being, as a means to an end.

Doctor Drew had proceeded with his experiments cautiously, finding in Rosa a clever and uncertain subject. Agatha had come regularly to discuss the case, and upon this afternoon had arrived attired carefully and becomingly, perfectly coiffured, and inclined to be absorbed in herself and somewhat cynical. She sat blowing thin ribbons of scented smoke from her lips and listening to Doctor Drew's account of a recent interview with Rosa.

"I have found Miss Ladd very secretive, for my experiments with Rosa have betrayed a number of facts that she has concealed. Under hypnosis Rosa is obstinate but childishly trustful, not hesitating to betray Miss Ladd in her evident desire to be on good terms with me; a sort of appeal, as it were, for her own existence. I have found through Rosa that Miss Ladd has a leetle book, which she reads. 'Eet ees Spaneesh, señor. She learn my lengua.'

"Rosa in this statement betrayed Miss Ladd, who declares she knows no Spanish; at the same time Rosa did not realize that she had betrayed a part of her own being." Doctor Drew was tracing a diagram upon a piece of writing paper, a circular outline, a wheel within a wheel. "This," he continued, pointing to the smaller circle in the middle, "is Miss Ladd's consciousness. You will notice, Gaddy, that I have shaded the outer rim, which is to indicate the extent of the overlapping of Miss Ladd's consciousness with that of Rosa's. I have arrived definitely at the point of division. I can lead Miss Ladd up to a certain point, and Rosa slips in. It is only by the use of hypnosis that I can keep the two separated. The personality of Rosa imposes itself as a protective subterfuge for Miss Ladd, and the personality of Miss Ladd acts in the same capacity for Rosa. You must realize, Gaddy, that it is very difficult to make this clear in terms not technical."

"I see, Mac. You take the attitude of humoring the infant. You amuse me; the whole thing is so transparent. Go on. I'm terribly amused, if that comforts you. But, my dear, everyone is talking. This sales person has become the pet and center of social interest. I'll wager you that Goldman's never had such a run on hosiery. She is most unattractive, but a type, after a fashion, and to possess a secondary personality lends no end of interest, even to a sales person."

Agatha's eyes viewed Doctor Drew narrowly as she leaned her perfectly coiffured head against a tapestry the colors of which brought into prominence certain Titian shades in Agatha's hair.

Doctor Drew returned the gaze with cool disdain, remarking: "I cannot understand, Gaddy, how you can allow yourself to sink to the common level of gossip. Miss Ladd is far from being unattractive, and Rosa is quite charming, a most lovably trustful soul. The case is pathetic. Why will women so willingly accuse other women?"

"Because, Mac, they are women; and being women they know their dear sisters. All this of your giving Miss Ladd, through hypnotism, the suggestion for a dream, and Rosa—confiding little Rosa—returning

(Continued on Page 97)

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(Continued from Page 94)

next morning with the dream as per your command—really, Mackie, it's too much! I tell you the girl is playing you. I am amused, amazingly amused at you, Mackie. You have a scientific pet and you forget plain facts to carry out your own theories."

"Agatha!" Doctor Drew stood before the impudently poised young woman sternly, his face set. "Your studies are at an end. I cannot countenance such a discussion regarding so serious a subject. I shall continue my experiments, gathering data for a full report of the case, and at the same time I shall have relieved a suffering human being. Let me repeat—the case is serious, even tragic. We shall not discuss the matter further."

Agatha yawned and flicked the ash from her cigarette, laughing. "As you will, Mackie, dear. The mixture is too thick to stir with a spoon, I see that; but I warn you, you poor benighted weakling!" Then with a shrug which dismissed the subject she unwound her long length and assumed the air of an ingénue. "I hate discussions, Mackie. Come, be nice to me. If I'm going to marry you, you mustn't irritate me. Come; I'll run along. There's a dear. I'll drop you at the club; and I promise, Mackie, to be more considerate of your beloved science."

Doctor Drew smiled, though his expression still retained some of the annoyance it had displayed before the arrogant Agatha had discarded her tactless attitude for an appealing poise, dropping her air of sophistication for one of innocence.

The ride from the apartment to the club was completed in silence, Doctor Drew coddling his offended dignity and Miss Rhader absorbed in her own thoughts.

The destination reached she broke the silence with "Don't be foolish, Mackie. You have often said you liked a woman who asserted her rights. Come out to-night and I'll be nice to you."

Doctor Drew alighted from the sumptuous car and standing beside the open door laughed tolerantly, placing his hat upon his head as he said: "You are an enigma, Agatha. To-night, then."

Agatha sank back in the cushions confidently, and her lips curled in a satisfied smile as she watched Doctor Drew enter the club and the swinging doors shut him from view. As the car moved forward she murmured, "Poor Mackie, the infant!"

### VII

JIM met Gwen at the L station at State and Van Buren after a day of tedious toil. Jim was in his khaki and decorations, wearing also a broad grin as he found her in the surging crowd, and walking forward eagerly as she came to him he grasped one of her firm young arms with the greeting: "Hello, kid! Tired? You look kinda peaked."

Gwen stood for a moment gazing up at the tall well-knit figure and sighed: "Gee, Jim, you look grand! I'm all in. I'll tell you, let's take the L to Washington Park and have a squint at the lake. Good old Michigan, Jim. I always summers there!"

Jim laughed, cuddling her closer as they climbed the stair up to the station. A crashing train rumbled in, yawned and swallowed them. Gwen sank wearily into a front seat, with Jim beside her. The cool air swept in at the open window. Gwen removed her tam and let her head lean against Jim's arm, which had stolen along the seat back.

"Lord, what a day!" she said. "I wanta see some place where they ain't no walls."

Jim watched her lips as she spoke and patted her shoulder with one big hand.

"Why don't you quit, hon?" he said. "No use you goin' on. You know the flat on Sixty-third is waitin' any old time."

"Go on, Jimmy; kid me, I like it." Then shaking her head and gazing from the car window contemplatively: "But it can't be done, hon, now."

"I don't see why. Ain't I chief clerk of the shippin' department; and ain't they a hundred and fifty in it? I guess a little three-room flat on Sixty-third, and a player and everything ain't somethin' nice, eh, what?" Jim was bending over the brown head eagerly. "Go on, kid; say when," he whispered.

Gwen watched the windows slip past and patted her flying hair. "No, Jimmy," she said. "If it wasn't for Mayme—but I gotta stick!"

"It's like you, Gwen, but they ain't no use. She's a nut, I tell you. She's got you hipped. You're pale. We'll get some hot dogs at the White City and take 'em over to the park."

"Oh, Jim, you're wonderful! Get me there quick. There's a moon, and Michigan, and hot dogs! Why, Jimmy, you're a miracle man!"

"Where's Mayme to-night?" asked Jim.

"Over to Doctor Drew's. Do you know, Jimmy, I wonder which one of 'em is the nut. I ain't so sure about Mayme. There's somethin' funny about the way she's turnin' out. Down at the store the bunch is crazy for her. It's 'Miss Ladd, this' and 'Miss Ladd, that' till it gets you sick. Them dames come twitterin' with their lognets tilted and make a fuss over her. She's had a raise. Wilcox sent for her and bragged her up to the skies; scared the kid to death. She thought she was losin' her job when he sent word down from the supe's office. Well, I don't get her dope, but it's workin', and I'm waitin'. Jim, somethin's gonna bust soon, and I wanta be there when it comes off. I been watchin' Doctor Drew and wonderin' what for it takes so long for science to find out things that I knew before he tried to work it out. Jim"—Gwen snuggled her head close to the strong arm—"I'm sure glad you're no psychologist."

The brakes ground and shrieked and the train stopped at the end of the line. Jim hastened to his feet and Gwen placed her tam under one arm and followed. Once without and again descended, they made their way toward the White City, their young faces eager. Gwen swung to Jim's arm as he made the purchase of the hot dogs, popcorn and two cones. They strolled slowly across the park and on reaching the beach found a bench facing their old friend Michigan. The sand was cool. Children laughed and played, running here and there, cooling their pave-heated feet. Gwen sank upon the sand from off the hard bench and holding her arms up let the breeze play over them. Jim removed his coat and sat beside her, letting sand slip through his fingers.

"Listen to the kids," he said. Gwen watched two youngsters rolling over in the sand and laughing musically. "Ain't they cute, hon?" Jim leaned nearer. "Say, Gwen, you ain't treatin' me right. What's the use of me gettin' ahead without you, Gwenny?"

"Not now, Jimmy. Oh, just let me play a little! Ain't it great? But you know, it kinda scares me. Look out there, Jimmy. Just water, water, water. Nothin' else as far as you can see. It's like—like"—Gwen's lips trembled—"like Mayme's life; just gray, Jimmy, that's all; just gray, forever."

"I dunno, kid; yonder's the moon. You never can tell," said Jim.

Gwen's face brightened. "Jimmy, you're a wise one. But goin' back to Mayme. Doctor Drew says it won't take but twicet more comin' till he'll have her straight again. He thinks he's got Rosa backed off, but all I gotta say is the tamale cans is still a-stackin' up. I thought I was onto her, but she plays me. Rosa's too much for me. She shuts me outa the picture and I can't somehow get past her and at Mayme. Well, hon"—Gwen laid her hand over Jim's—"I'm gonna stick till Mayme gets outa this. From what I sees Mayme's learnin', and she ain't gonna be no infant from now on."

Jim stretched his length in the sand, resting his head upon Gwen's knee, looking up to the star-powdered sky. Gwen stroked her hand over his locks slowly as they watched the water play beneath the moon and listened to the wavelets whispering against the breakwater.

"Good old puddle." It was Jim who broke the silence. "Gwenny, let's unchain the dogs." As he spoke he sat up and reached for his coat and taking forth the sandwiches proffered one to Gwen and bit into the other. "I guess you're right, hon, stickin' to Mayme. I like you that way; but, believe me, the flat on Sixty-third listens good to me, and I'm waitin'."

It was late when the two rose and hastened through the chill dampness homeward. The L rattled emptily and the weary occupants slumped in their seats, weakly relaxed in a sort of collapse as though the heat had crushed them and flung them forth, spent. The two descended at Thirty-third and swung over toward Wabash and Mrs. Winthrop's. At the door Gwen turned and laid her hand upon Jim's arm.

"Good night, Jimmy," she said. "Give me a nice brotherly kiss and run along."

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Jim leaned down and kissed her honestly upon the lips. "You ain't doin' me right, kid," he said; and as Gwen looked absently out toward the street light he whispered: "What you thinkin' about, hon?"

"Nothin'," replied Gwen; "only, ain't it funny how long we got along without psychology? I don't know no reason why I like you, Jimmy, and I don't want to. It might not be big enough! 'Night."

"'Night, hon," returned Jim, and Gwen tripped up the stone steps and entered the hallway, standing for a moment in the light and waving as Jim went whistling down the street.

Mayme's light was burning as she reached the hall above, and as she passed Gwen made the accustomed whistle. The door swung open and Mayme's face looked out as her voice answered the whistle: "I been waitin' for you, kid. Come in; I wanta tell you somethin'. Where you been?"

"Out to the park with Jim. Did you go to Doctor Drew's?"

"No. Come on in. Now lay down, hon, and listen."

Gwen sank in a limp huddle upon the bed, saying: "Fire away. I guess it's some new Rosa stunt. Say, Mayme, keep her out to-night; I ain't safe."

Mayme laughed and sat down in the rocker, tucking her feet beneath the drab kimono. She seemed under restraint. Her eyes were frankly open. The lazy light was gone. There was a candor in her expression that had not been present of late. Gwen noticed the change and contemplating the bright face before her ventured the remark: "Ain't struck oil or nothin', have you?"

"Not exactly," said Mayme; "but nearly. It's Rosa."

"Now don't start that stuff, Mayme; I'm sick of it"

"She won't bother you no more," broke in Mayme; "but you gotta help me."

"You ain't murdered her and hid her body? What d'ye mean, help you? Ain't I been helpin' you? Ain't I stickin'? What do you want? Just name it and if I can reach it it's yours, Mayme."

"I'll tell you about it, but don't stop me. To-night—oh, to-night's the most wonderful night in the world, Gwen!"

"I hadn't noticed it, Mayme, old girl. E-e-lucidate, e-e-lucidate. Bring on your big film. I'm tired of readin' your titles."

"It's awful, Gwen. I been a yellow cur; I have."

"That bad?" Gwen sat up to listen. "Well, where's the plot?"

"I'm goin' back to when the bottom dropped out of things for me. You know, Gwen, the days I used to have to get a relief and go up to the rest room and stretch out a hour at a time so I could go back at it? Well, then's when I begun to think how long I could keep it up before it got me down for good, and I woke up that I wasn't livin'; that I'd forgot how, and I tried to perk up, hon, but it got my back to wear high heels and straight fronts, and I couldn't starch up, no way I tried. They had my number—everybody; and it was zero, iced. If it hadn't been for you I'd taken Michigan out"

Gwen reached a detaining hand: "Don't do it, kid. Don't mess up Michigan. Go on."

"I'm tellin' you the truth. That last day I stood behind the counter handlin' trade and I couldn't see 'em. The women looked like grinnin' clowns and every stockin' box was red-hot lead. All I remember seems like a dream, a nightmare. My back ached and my heels punched through to the bone. Oh, how I ached! And they kept comin', grinnin' and cadin' for more. And I didn't have no more to give! Do you remember this?" Mayme got up and took from the dresser Madam Martin's card. Gwen looked at it and nodded. "Well, just when I thought I'd go mad and let go, you come along, hon. I remember it like as if I had a good cool drink. You hugged me with one arm and said, 'Cheer up, kid; the world owes you a livin' and all you gotta do is collect.' Remember?"

Gwen nodded as she watched Mayme's bright eyes and motioned her to go on.

"That's what started it. Them words got stuck in my brain and it was too tired to throw 'em out. They kept goin' round and round in a kinda tune, and about the time I had 'em learned and could say 'em and write a check at the same time I went to wait on Doctor Drew, and I found this. Well, I read that line: 'Why trust to luck? Know the future,' and I said to myself: 'Why not?' Then my head kept repeatin' 'Know the future. Why not?' 'Know the future. Why not?' And that idea got to chasin' the other one.

"I don't know how I got through the rest of the day. All I remember is that you took me and fed me and that I wanted to get away from you. You remember you went out with Jim. You wanted me to go and I wouldn't. Well, I had thought it all out to take a trip to Michigan and was goin' to get my hat when this fell on the floor." Mayme motioned toward Madam Martin's card. "And I got to sayin' 'Know the future' again. Well, I started out and I don't know why, but I went straight for Prairie Avenue to Madam Martin's and planked down two dollars for a life readin'.

"She was a fake, but I never can forget her. She told me I was psychical and that I had a control named Rosa Alvaro; that she was Spanish and beautiful and that she could make me beautiful and I would find success. With that I went home, with the name under my hat. Rosa Alvaro. The more I thought about it the more real she got. It kept me awake a long time that night. I could just see her, she seemed to be so near. In the morning I got up worse from no sleep, and I had forgot all about Rosa till the conductor on the surface line gave me some lip and I woke up to find out I didn't have no fare with me. Then's when Rosa come. I just worked her on him. It went off without much of a light and I saw red!

"That was the game, then. Well, if the world owed me a living I was going to collect. I wouldn't present my bill in person, but I'd get the returns just the same. Aw, kid, I didn't mean no harm to nobody, and I ain't done none. I don't think I'd gone on with it, but when we went to the masque on the Erie, I—well"—Mayme hesitated—"well, I just didn't want to be me. I was sick of myself. I wanted to feel, feel like a woman that somebody cared about; not like a alley cat. And that's what done it. I just made Rosa out of a shawl and a bunch of rag flowers, but there was somethin' else in her. It was my fight for life! Every rusty hope in me broke loose. I forgot myself in Rosa and commenced kiddin' the world back!

"And the world liked it, hon; honest it did. I found out that night on the Erie. Oh, hon, after that night nothin' mattered! I come back knowin' that somebody cared. That's what I want to tell you."

Gwen sat wide-eyed, listening. Mayme wiped a tear that trickled over her cheek upon the sleeve of the gray kimono and went on: "That's why I went into you when we got home. I got to thinkin' as we come along: 'She knows and she'll tell.' I oughta knowed you better, kid, but you see I'd have killed you right then rather than give up what I had. Somebody cared! Think of it, hon! Then I remembered that it was Rosa and not me he cared for, and I was scared to let him know that I was Rosa. I've seen him every day since and I never once looked into his eyes, for I knew I couldn't lie with mine if I did. Every day, hon, I've seen him, and to-day I had a charge take to O. K., and I don't know how it happened in the jam of the one-hour rush on seconds, but listen, hon: I went to take my book and I happened to look up and he was lookin' at me, and I just forgot everything. But I hears myself sayin' somethin' I couldn't stop: 'Señor, I think my heart will break.'

"And, hon, he just put his hand on mine and says: 'Rosa, Rosa, my Rosa!' And he knows all about it! We went outa the store together and had supper at the Annex and then we took a moonlight ride on the Erie. And there ain't to be no more Goldman's. He says I gotta stop to-morrow. And, hon, he says he's always loved me! Me! You hear, Gwen! And he knew me all the time that night on the Erie. Ain't it a grand old world?"

The astonished Gwendolyn sat staring into space and repeating in a monotone: "Peacock, Peacock. Can you beat it!"

Mayme shook her arm and said earnestly: "Listen, kid, you got me into this with Doctor Drew, and you gotta tell him. You gotta tell him. Will you?"

Gwen sat stupidly upon the bedside and waved a little gesture of despair as she said weakly: "Listen, Mayme, listen Lemme get this straight. Peacock? You mean Peacock?" Mayme nodded. "And you're goin' to hook up with him?"

"Yes, hon. To-morrow." Then as Gwen made for the door: "Where you goin'?"

"To bed," said Gwen without stopping. "I gotta date to be married myself; and it's to-morrow."

"You'll tell Doctor Drew?" pleaded Mayme.

"Hang Doctor Drew! I just wanna go to bed and put the clock out on the window jamb with the milk bottles; once, hon, just once! And wake up grinnin' and thinkin' what a good joke life is! Good night!"

The door slammed and Mayme stood watching Rosa's shawl sway in the gust of air the slam had delivered, then with a happy little laugh she took it off the bedpost and wrapped herself within its folds, tossed her head and said aloud: "To-morr-ra; to-morr-ra!"

And Rosa's little thumb and finger snapped lightly as Mayme turned off the gas.

### VIII

AGATHA had listened long and patiently to an account of Doctor Drew's experiments with Miss Ladd and Rosa Alvaro. He had concluded with: "I have handled the case slowly, as I wished to make record of valuable data."

"I see, Mac," said Agatha. "You prolonged the agony. Poor butterfly! What an enviable death, to die by inches while science takes notes! How is the young woman? Has Rosa departed or has it been a reluctance to relinquish Rosa that has detained the cure?"

"I try, Agatha, to be patient in the face of your disrespect. Miss Ladd, I think I may safely say, is practically well. Indeed I find Rosa is more unwilling to come. Of late she has not imposed herself at all, and I am expecting Miss Ladd at any time to be quite herself. The case was not serious but has proved very profitable. I now hold a complete record of Rosa's coming and her development; also facts relative to her coming which confirm the basis of the disassociation. I think, Agatha, that Miss Ladd is relieved entirely of the delusion, and I feel that the result of the experiment is most gratifying."

"You think, then, that she is really cured?" questioned Agatha.

"Certainly, I ——" The doctor's remark was interrupted by the appearance of the maid, who announced: "A leddy to see you, sir."

"Miss Ladd, I presume," said the doctor. "Show her up. Now, Agatha, you may see for yourself."

The maid's voice interrupted once more: "Beggin' yer pardon, sir; it's the young one, Miss Applebum, sir, with a gent. Shall I show 'em in, sir?"

Doctor Drew nodded and paced up and down the room in impatient anticipation. He turned as Gwen stepped through the doorway, followed by Jim. "Miss Applebaum," he greeted.

"Deceased." Gwen announced. "Never again! Mrs. James Dolan. This is Jim, doctor. Since this mornin'!"

Jim shifted his weight from one leg to the other uneasily and mumbled: "Please to meecha," accompanied with a feint at a handshake and a salute.

The doctor proffered his congratulations and drew the two into the room, presenting Agatha. "Miss Rhader, let me present Mr. and Mrs. Dolan."

Agatha gaped and viewed the visitors much as she might look at animals at the zoo, then drawled: "Chawmed."

The doctor motioned his guests to be seated. Jim sat uncomfortably on the edge of a very slippery leather chair, twisting his overseas cap like a dishcloth. Gwen sat beside the astonished Agatha and confidingly remarked: "I'm sure glad it's over!"

To this Agatha replied frigidly: "Indeed!"

Doctor Drew seeing the trend of the situation led the conversation out by an inquiry: "How is Miss Ladd, Mrs. Dolan?"

"That's what I came for, Doctor Drew; and I can't be long tellin' you, for the Erie leaves at eight for the across-lake trip, and we go with her. Mayme sent me, doctor. She got cold feet about coming. You see, the whole Rosa business was just the poor kid tryin' to have a fling; and me gettin' scared balled things up. She didn't want to go on, but they waan't nothin' else to do, so she just pulled off a movie reel all to herself, bein' the star and support both. Then I butted in and sicked you onto her, and she was afraid to own up for fear Peacock'd hear of it."

"Peacock?" The bewildered doctor repeated the name. "Peacock? Who is he?"

"He's the fella Mayme married this mornin'. Double weddin'. Fancy, eh, what? Hope you won't hold it against the kid, doctor. It was all me, you see. Me and Jim's gotta hurry. They're waitin' for us at the dock. Glad I met you, Miss Ratifier—I mean, Rhader. I remember the bottles! Good-by, Doctor Drew. Wish us luck. So long!"

Gwen rustled from the room, followed by Jim, leaving the astonished doctor and indignant Agatha staring at the empty doorway.

Finally the doctor turned and announced: "A positive cure!"

"Cure indeed!" scornfully exclaimed Agatha. "I cannot find that fact in the data just recorded. Horrible people! Mackie, you met the clever woman and I win!"

Dr. McDermott Drew did not answer. He was busy adding a last section to a certain report for the archives of science.

"I say I win," insisted Agatha.

"And I announce a cure, Agatha!" returned Doctor Drew coolly and finally.

### IX

MICHIGAN lay silvery spread, wrapping her white arms about the Erie as she pulled out from the dock and moved majestically toward the unmarked sky beyond. The smoking city glittered its lights faintly and looked like a heap of old ash embering in death.

"E-r-i-e." Mayme read the word from one of the Lifeboats. "Erie. I never can forget it.' Then she leaned over the rail watching the water where the great ship marked its path, and beyond the glooming shadow.

A strong arm encircled her and the voice of Mr. Peacock whispered: "Señorita. Señorita."

"Yeaz, señor."

"To-morrow has come!"

"Yeaz. Look, señor, look yondair." One hand made a sweeping gesture toward the fast disappearing shore. "Yondair is yesterday, señor. Look, Rosa would nevair forget yesterday. See, to-morrow is yondair in the wide open way, señor. We go to to-morrow. Ah, señor, shall Rosa go weeth yesterday or stay with to-morrow? Speak, señor, speak!"

"Rosa, Rosa, stay forever! Forever, *amor mio!*"

"*Siempre jamás,*" came the soft answer, and Rosa's little head fell confidingly upon Mr. Peacock's shoulder.

Below, Gwen nestled close to Jim as they stood watching the city recede. Gwen smiled wistfully and waved her hand toward it.

"What you wavin' at, kid?" asked Jim.

"I dunno, Jimmy. Just wavin' and kinda hopin' that somebody that needs wavin' at might see."

Then after a long silence she said: "Say, hon, I know what psychology is."

"Well, what is it?" asked Jim with a wise grin.

The answer was blotted out by the purring whistle of the Erie, but as the big boat slipped across the glistening waters she left a trailing stream of smoke, which lifted in a cunningly wrought form of a giant interrogation point upon the sky.

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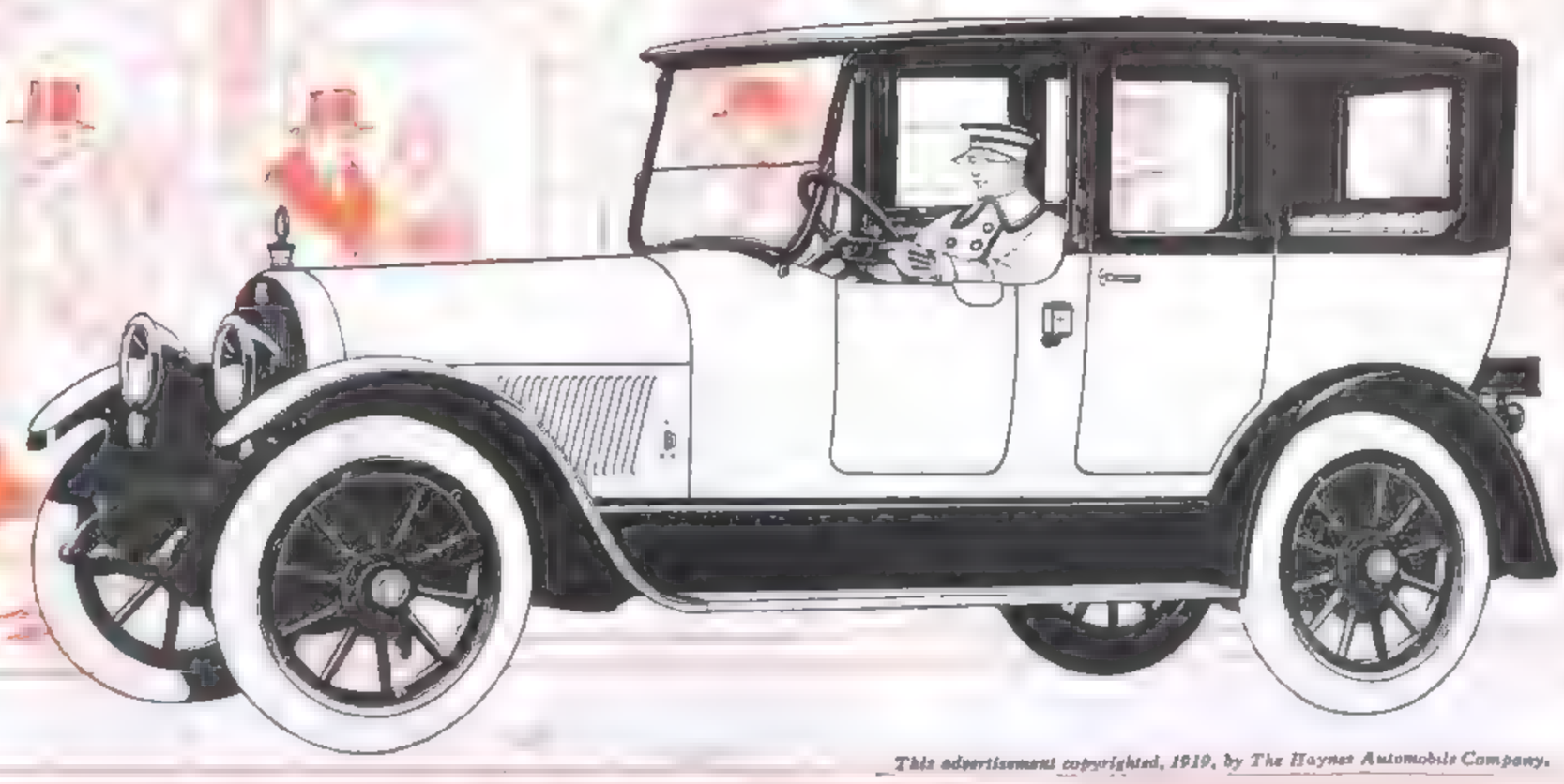

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1893—THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR—1919

# THE CROSS PULL

(Continued from Page 27)

when referring to the unerring ability of animals to recognize love, hatred, fear and other emotions in man. Moran's naturalist mind was not satisfied with the vague generality of this term. He knew that this so-called instinct was in reality the delicately balanced senses of hearing and of smell. No man who has lived much and understandingly with animals but knows that each kind has a vocabulary of its own—not that of the spoken word, but of the varying inflection of tone.

It is this that enables a dog to catch the undertone of hidden hate or fear in the voice which does not reveal it to the duller ear of man. He checks this with his nose, so there is no chance for a mistake. Man's system reacts to any emotional strain and his pores betray his state of mind to the keenly sensitive noses of the animal world.

Moran knew that it was certain knowledge that caused Flash to sidle farther from Brent and closer to himself. With his nose flattened between his paws Flash favored Brent with an unblinking stare from his yellow eyes—eyes as fierce and untamed as those of a hawk. Except in color there was little difference between his eyes and Brent's, and a wave of dislike was exchanged between them with the stare.

Not until Moran went outside to feed the horses in the corral did Flash shift from his position on the floor or remove his eyes from Brent. As Moran left him he moved away from Brent to the full limit of his chain.

Irritated by this move Brent caught the chain near where it was fastened to the leg of the table and drew Flash toward him. The pup braced his feet, but was dragged forward, his toenails scratching for a hold. When within a few feet of Brent his tactics changed and he leaped for the hand, his white teeth clashing shut in two lightning snaps as Brent jerked back. He retreated again to the length of his chain and stood there bristling with rage and fear.

Brent's insane temper flared at the sting where the sharp little teeth had grazed his thumb. He stepped over to the pup, raising his heavy glove and bringing the gauntlet down across his head and ears. Flash tried to fight, but the glove bruised his lips and ears and when he cowered down on the floor, half dazed by the rain of blows, Brent kicked him under the table and went outside.

When the two came in once more Milt Harmon, the ranger, was with them. As the three men talked Flash lay in his corner, his head resting wolf fashion flat between his paws, and regarded their every move.

Harmon did not fit in either of his previous classifications, so he classed him by himself. Here in the room were men who represented each of the three divisions under which he would place all men as he met them: Those he tolerated; those he hated with a savage intensity; and those he loved. His present feeling for Harmon typified his later attitude toward the great majority of men. The mass of them would mean little to him and only a very few individuals would ever interest him sufficiently to be classed with either extreme.

Brent finished his business and Moran stood looking after him as he rode away.

"There goes a beast," he said. "He hasn't one decent softening thought. When you look at that blizzard of a face it forces you to believe all those tales you hear of him."

"They're true," Harmon said. "I saw it once myself. I heard a horse scream, and rode down." The ranger swore softly. "Brent was standing there mouthing the same words over and over again as if his own mad-dog fit had left his mind a blank. 'He struck at me,' he mumbled. 'He struck at me. A horse can't strike at me.' I rode right on past. I knew I'd kill him if I stopped."

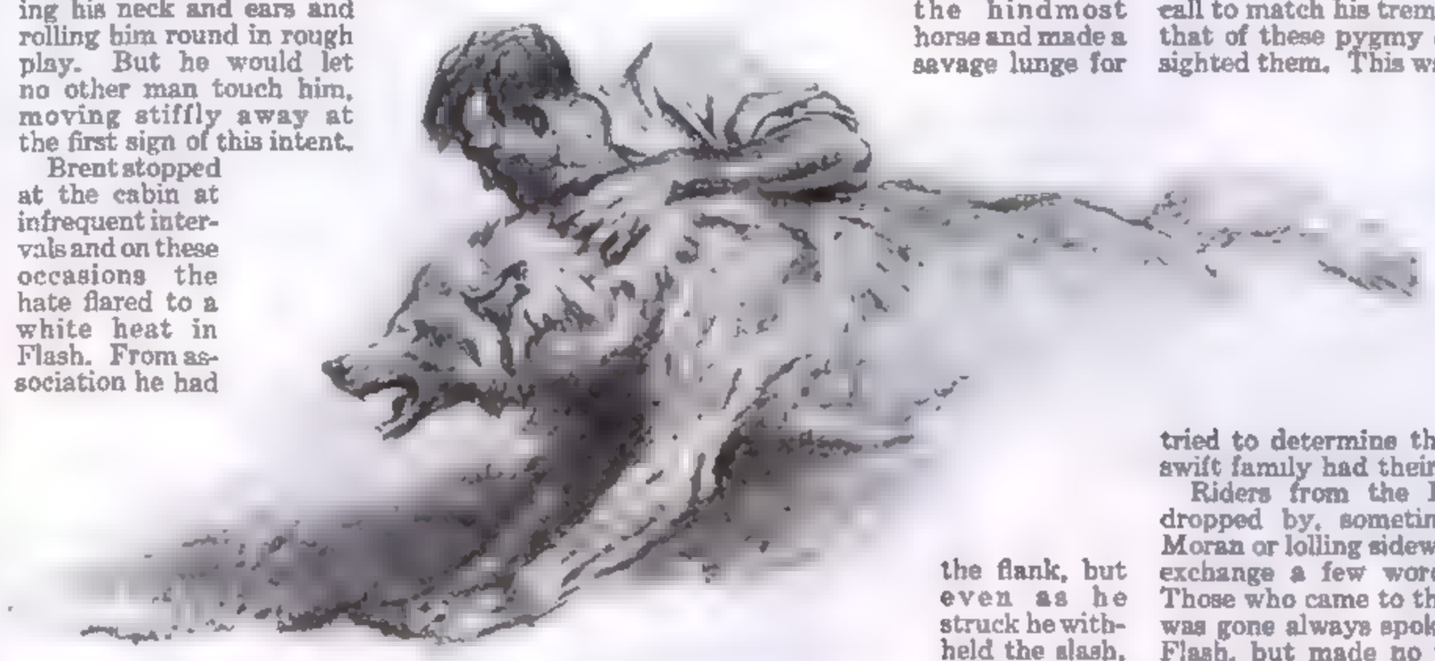
"Flash spotted that streak in him the minute he came in," said Moran. "It's harder to fool an animal than a man."

The next morning Moran shot a rabbit, jerked the pelt from it while it was still warm and offered the meat to Flash.

This time he took it. From this small start Moran led him on until in a few days he would take anything he offered. It was the first concession of the wild blood to the tame—the turning of the dog in him to Moran. In order to keep the proper balance he presented his wolf side to all other men and would touch not a single bit of food that came from any other than Moran.

His education along all lines progressed. When Moran took long walks he led Flash with a light chain. Later he unsnapped it from the collar and Flash found himself free to wander round inside the cabin. Moran next tried him in the yard with the chain trailing loose. Flash was glad of this new opportunity to trot round, but it did not occur to him to leave. By gradual degrees Moran removed first the chain and then the collar, but Flash followed him as closely as before. His world revolved round Moran. His greatest moments were those that Moran spent in scratching his neck and ears and rolling him round in rough play. But he would let no other man touch him, moving stiffly away at the first sign of this intent.

Brent stopped at the cabin at infrequent intervals and on these occasions the hate flared to a white heat in Flash. From association he had lost his early unreasoning fear of men, but had learned also that he must not turn his teeth against them. He showed his dislike of Brent by watching him suspiciously and bristling his shoulder hair at every move. Never once did he make a sound and this silent, deadly hatred inspired a like feeling in the man.



"Run, Brent!" Moran Gasped. "Run or He'll Kill You Sure!"

Twice when Moran was gone Brent kicked Flash the length of his chain when the pup bristled at his approach.

Eventually Moran let Flash follow him on long trips without his chain, trusting that his hold was greater than the call of the free hills to the pup. Flash joyously chased the long-eared jack rabbits of the foothills, but always returned to Moran.

Flash had grown and his was the wolf growth, which lacks the awkwardness seen in growing dogs. In mid-August he attained his sixth month and with it the requisite speed to catch his first jack. Thereafter he hunted them tirelessly, killing for pleasure long after his hunger was appeased. The swift chase, growing in excitement and terminating in the wild thrill of joy with the final snap of jaws upon his prey, matched his supreme moments with Moran—and thus both extremes in him were satisfied.

Horses no longer feared him and fled from the dread wolf scent as at first. From living long in the cabin and round the fire at cooking time he had come to smell much like the dog who leads that life, and the horses accepted him as such. Moran then started breaking him to handle stock. He knew that in trying to teach this art to Flash it meant a two-to-one chance of having to sacrifice a horse.

Flash would take one of three holds upon the first animal that Moran worked him on. He might have inherited the strike of a natural-born heeler from his renegade grandmother and go to the heel of a horse or cow. Otherwise he would lunge for a wolf hold—and a wolf strikes either for the flank, ripping a gash through which the heavy paunch drops out, or slashes each hind leg above the hock in turn, severing the hamstrings of his prey.

Even a lobo, powerful as he is, never strikes for a throat hold until after his meat is down, knowing that the battering hoofs would strike him down or the crazed beast would kneel and crush his life out with its own.

Moran gathered a bunch of a dozen horses and headed them toward Harmon's cabin. He motioned Flash after them.

"Run 'em in, Flash," he said, repeating the motion and the words until Flash understood that Moran really meant that he was to chase those horses. Always he had wanted to leap after every animal he saw, but he had known that these were the property of man and that he must not molest them.

He trotted halfway to the horses, turned and looked back questioningly at Moran. Again came the motion and the words assuring him that this was right, and he swept joyously down upon the bunch.

Moran's anxiety as to which of the three holds Flash would take had been reflected in his voice, and the doubt of what he was to do with the horses other than to chase them round was communicated to Flash.

He ran in on the hindmost horse and made a savage lunge for the flank, but even as he struck he withheld the slash, feeling that this hold might not be right. He dropped back and ran behind the bunch. Moran's horse was running swiftly behind him and once more Moran urged him on.

Flash singled out another horse and lunged for the hamstring—but the doubt roused by the anxiety in Moran's voice still persisted and he withheld the snap of fangs that would have hopelessly crippled one hind leg. While he ran on close behind the bunch, a horse lashed out at him with wicked heels, and even as he ducked the kick Flash knew that he must punish those offending feet. He darted in and nipped the heel.

He heard Moran's wild yell of encouragement. It dispelled all doubt—this was the thing to do.

He darted from horse to horse and his was the strike of the born heeler. Not once did he bite as the hind feet struck the ground, when a kick might have brained him, but timed each nip when the hind legs were outstretched to the fullest extent at the end of a stride. Before Moran could recall him he had scattered the flying horses all over the flat.

Moran patiently rounded them up each time Flash scattered them and at last he understood that Moran wanted them to remain bunched and headed for home. From then on no straggler left the horse herd. If one started Flash was after him at a motion from Moran and before he moved far he was headed back for the bunch.

After a few more lessons he knew what was expected of him and began rapidly to learn all the details of the game.

In this, as in all else, the strange mixed blood cropped out. He loved this work of handling horses and performed it well. The dog in him thrilled at the trust Moran gave to him. But each time he darted to a heel something called to him to lunge at the flank. Instead he struck like a stock dog, but put behind it the drive of the wolf.

Under his management the most confirmed bunch quitter on the range would soon be the best of the lot. No horse or steer would chance those punishing teeth a second time.

Men soon began to speak of him as the best stock dog on the range.

### III

NATURALISTS have made only incidental mention of the rare swift fox that inhabits a limited area of the bad lands and cedar brakes along the east slope of the Rockies. Moran had searched long for a den of these little fellows, scarcely larger than a squirrel, but an exact duplicate in miniature of the coyote.

The fur markets listed them as kit fox, but locally all men called them swifts. Aside from the fact that each year a few were caught in coyote traps or with strychnine bait, little was known of them.

To study them better Moran shifted his base camp the following spring, moving his outfit into a log cabin used by the Bar T Ranch for a winter-line camp.

On his first day at the cabin Flash had jumped a pair of these tiny swifts in a near-by gulch. Several times since Moran had seen one running like a vivid yellow streak and he knew the den was somewhere close at hand.

The year-old wolf could not resist the call to match his tremendous speed against that of these pygmy cousins each time he sighted them. This was no part of Moran's plan, and Flash to his everlasting disgust spent much of his time chained to a staple in the cabin wall.

Morning and evening Moran lay concealed on some commanding ridge, sweeping the country with his powerful glasses as he tried to determine the locality where the swift family had their home.

Riders from the Bar T Ranch often dropped by, sometimes stopping to see Moran or lolling sidewise in their saddles to exchange a few words before riding on. Those who came to the cabin when Moran was gone always spoke in friendly tones to Flash, but made no move to touch him.

It was known to them that this great wolf dog with the bright yellow eyes would allow no hand but Moran's to touch him.

Long before they came in sight the thudding hoofs and creak of saddle leather informed Flash of their approach. Then the wind announced their identity to his quivering nose.

Thus it happened that on the morning Brent rode to the cabin Flash was standing tense and rigid, his shoulder hair bristling, even before Brent turned the corner of the corral.

As the man dismounted and strode to the door Flash moved only his eyes as they followed Brent.

Finding that Moran had gone, Brent started back to his horse. In his hand he carried a blacksnake stock whip of plaited rawhide and as he passed Flash he flipped it carelessly at the wolf. Flash snapped at it and the pop lash drew the blood from his lip.

Without a sound he launched himself straight for Brent. His splendid body was three feet in the air when he struck the end of the chain and was jerked flat by his own force. His fangs had gleamed within a foot of the man's face before he was snatched back, and for one brief instant Brent had seen death staring him in the face.

The sudden numbing shock from this unexpected move was followed instantly by a blind rage and he swung the whip again and again. The very intensity of his desire to hurt defeated its own purpose as he lashed out in a frenzy of harmless blows, swinging the pliable whip as he would a club, though the deathly sting of the blacksnake whip is carried only in the back snap of the popper.

Brent's gust of reason-shaking hatred cooled into definite purpose and he stepped back.

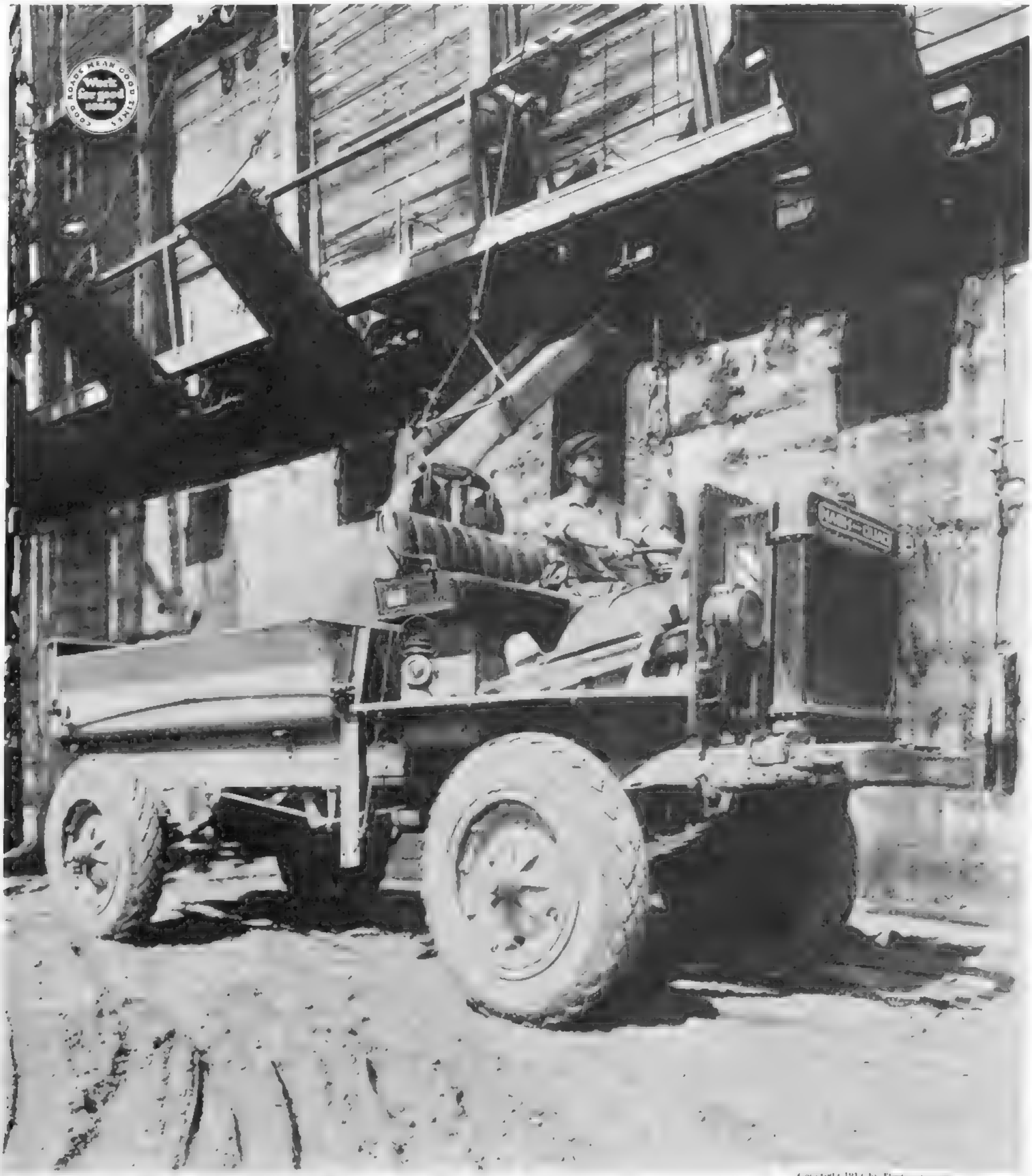
"You yellow-eyed devil, I'll start you for hell in slivers the size of a horse hair!" he said.

From long and gloating practice Brent knew himself a master of what he was about to do.

He sent the long lash curving toward Flash and with the sudden backward twist of his wrist the pop lash hissed sharply, then cracked like a rifle as the bare tip reached through the hair and drew blood from the chained wolf dog. His only answer to the deadly hurt was to spring the full length of his chain at Brent.

The man settled to his work. Each report of the whip wrung agony from Flash and brought a thrill of joy to Brent. With the pride of an expert the man chose a fresh spot for each bite of the whip. Once it would strike blood from the knee joint

(Continued on Page 107)




*An retouched photograph showing a motor truck completely equipped with Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires, which is employed in hauling road construction materials by A. H. Telder at Grand Rapids, Michigan*

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(Continued from Page 103)

of the hind leg where the hair was short; next pluck a patch of skin the size of a dime from the tender flank.

Burning agony racked Flash's frame; hot tongues of flame shot through him with every tortured pulse of blood in his veins. His senses were beginning to dull under the ordeal and at last the lash cut a half-inch gash at the corner of one eye and the flow of blood partially obscured his sight.

Brent craved audible evidence of pain. With the same lash he had often worked on the tough hide of a steer until the crazed animal bawled. But the glazing yellow eyes of the wolf dog faced him with as deadly a hatred as before and he surged against the chain which held him back from Brent.

"You big gray devil, I'll make you talk!" said Brent. "I'll drag a yelp out of you!" And he started in again.

Moran came over a ridge two hundred yards behind the cabin and saw Brent's big blue roan standing in the yard. As he looked the horse jerked his head and sidled a half step farther from the house. Again and again he repeated this strange move and Moran stopped to listen. He heard a faint hiss followed by a sharp report. Once more the horse jerked his head and side-stepped. Then came the rattle of a chain and a dull thud such as a roped steer makes when he strikes the ground. Moran started running for the house.

"Sing for me!" Brent was mumbling. "Sing for me! I'll make you sing!"

A rough hand seized his collar and he was snatched violently back, dropping the whip and reaching for his gun as he fell.

It flashed forth as he struck the ground and Moran's boot struck square across his knuckles. The gun sailed twenty feet away and Moran ground the hand into the gravel with his heel.

Brent wrapped his arms about the other's knees, shifted one hand to the belt and literally climbed up Moran against the rain of solid blows which rocked his head. He lurched to his feet with his long arms locked round Moran. As they swayed, Moran drew up one knee and braced it against Brent's chest in an effort to break the hold. The two fell together and rolled into a deadlock on the ground.

It was a silent savage fight. Each man saved his breath and spoke no word. There was no sound but the shuffle of heaving bodies on the ground, the labored breathing of the two men and the repeated heavy slam as the great wolf dog drove straight to the end of his chain.

Each man fought for a hold that would pin the other helpless to the ground. Moran writhed on top and freed one hand, driving it full into Brent's upturned face.

Then Brent got his hold. With his right arm clamped round the small of Moran's back he squeezed down on it with a grip of death, while his left arm was doubled under the other's chin. Slowly, like opening a pair of shears, he lifted the left forearm, forcing Moran's head up and back to snap the neck.

Moran could not break the hold. The veins purpled at his temples as he strained neck and shoulder muscles to resist the terrible pressure that was cutting off his wind. Specks danced before his eyes and a nasty rattle sounded in his throat.

Six times while the lock held he heard the wicked smash of the wolf against his chain.

His weight shifted to one side. The two men turned as one until they rested on their sides, but the grip still held. Brent arched his back for the final heave that would snap the neck, but instead his arms flew wide apart and Moran felt the blessed air rush back to his lungs.

The slight arching of his back had edged Brent just one bare inch within the limits of the chain and Flash instantly struck just one inch deep and slashed the full length of his hip.

The two rose to their knees and Moran bored his fist full against Brent's mouth to drive him back. Brent did not strike, but groped toward him, trying to regain his hold, and they rolled together in another lock.

Brent used his head and butted Moran in the face. It was a fast pace and was telling upon both men; the strain of heaving muscles knotted the cords of neck and face. Their breath sounded in spasmodic gasps.

Fear began to assault Brent from within. The regular deadly slam of the chain was beginning to shake his nerve. If the wolf would only make a sound! Only growl or rage aloud! Anything but this silent murderous concentration upon one point—to break that chain.

Moran found his chance to writhe on top and force Brent down on his face, stretching him full length, toe locking toe and hands pinioned to his sides, with his forehead pressed down upon Brent's head, jamming his face in the ground.

Both men heard a screech such as a rusty nail makes when drawn from a board and a shape hurtled above them, propelled by the driving force behind its own release. The staple had given way from the wall.

A dog in trying to punish Brent would have fallen in a fighting frenzy upon both men, but Flash would not touch Moran—and Moran was on top.

As he lit sprawling and darted back, one waving foot was all Flash saw of Brent and there was a choked grunt of pain as his long fangs sank through leather and flesh and reached the bones of the foot.

The wolf leaped for the sound of the hated voice.

Moran felt a hot breath fan his cheek and something pressed against his hair as Flash pushed under him and stretched his long jaws as far down each side of Brent's head as he could reach.

There was a sudden scream of mortal agony and fear as he closed the jaws and the savage teeth cut through Brent's scalp and grated along his skull.

As Flash reached under a second time Moran fastened both hands in his heavy collar.

"Run, Brent!" he gasped. "Run or he'll kill you sure!"

Brent scrambled away on hands and knees with Flash after him dragging Moran, and twice more his teeth slashed Brent's legs before he could rise. Then he gained his feet and made a staggering run for his horse with Flash lunging for him and jerking Moran along.

The loss of blood and the long fight to break the chain had weakened Flash by half or Moran could not have stayed with him for a single jump. The wolf dragged him past a hitch post in the yard and with his right hand gripped in the collar Moran reached out his left and made two quick turns of the chain and snubbed him to the post.

The horse flinched away from the smell of blood, but Brent seized the reins and swung to the saddle. He wheeled to run, but pulled and stopped when he saw that Moran had snubbed the wolf.

"That slobbering fiend damn near scalped me!" he raged. "I'll kill him for that, Moran. I'll ——"

Moran waved his arm down the gulch.

"Get started, Brent, before I change my mind and turn him loose on you," he said. "And don't come back!"

After the two had watched Brent out of sight Moran took the wolf's great head between his hands.

"I'm halfway sorry I held you back," he said. "Next time you can have him, Flash."

### IV

FOR two weeks Flash had seen no human being but Moran. It was late in June and even in the high passes the snowdrifts had melted down until Moran could put his horses across from one valley to the next all over the Land of Many Rivers. Up in this high country the drifts never entirely disappear.

All through the summer tiny streams trickled from the foot of each miniature glacier that lingered in some sheltered spot and defied the sun to blot out its last few ragged patches before the early-fall snows once more began to build it up.

These were great days for Flash. He had known the stunted cedars of the bad lands, the cottonwoods along the stream beds in the foothills and the willow thickets that marked each side-hill spring, but this was his first trip into the heavily timbered hills themselves.

Now they wandered through solid forests for miles on unending miles; the slopes dense with spruce growth and valleys of stately lodge-pole pines, broken only by the open parks and meadows along the streams or by the bald wind-swept ridges that reared their rocky crests above the trees.

The world of men was far behind them and Flash had Moran to himself. Moran spoke to him as he would have spoken to another man and found a sufficient sense of companionship from the presence of the dog. Often he told him that he was the best stock dog in the world, and though Flash could not understand the words he knew from the inflection that his master spoke in praise.

It was merited praise, for Flash solved the one problem that is always uppermost in the mind of every lonely rambler in the hills—the possible loss of his horses.

The love and understanding between Moran and his horses far surpassed that between most men and their saddle stock, but Moran was also a realist and he endowed no animal with legendary qualities it did not possess.

He knew that when in a strange country a range-bred horse will inevitably make use of every opportunity to break for home—a gelding for the spot where he was born and a mare straight for the range where her first colt was foaled. The fact that he always knew where to find them later had proved small solace upon the several occasions in the past when they had eluded his every precaution and left him on foot in the hills.

But now no worry or listening for a distant horse bell broke his rest at night. Flash knew that Moran wanted the horses kept close at hand and he kept them there. His nose and ears told him things which his master could not know and often at night he raised his head and nosed the air or inclined his ear to catch some sound, then slipped silently away from the sleeping Moran. In the morning the horses were always grazing near.

They saw many animals that Flash had never seen before—droves of cow elk in the valleys and bunches of blacktail does and fawns along the streams, while higher up in the rim-rocked pockets near timber line they met the lords of the same species with their antlers in the velvet. Bighorn rams peered down at them from ledges of the cliffs and their ewes and lambs grazed on the grassy meadows above the timber line.

Moran told Flash why it was that these animals are seldom seen in pairs and how among all the animals of the wild the wolf and his cousins are the only true lovers of the lot; that the males of wolf, fox and coyote are the only ones that help raise their own young and rustle food for the female and the pups.

Moran knew that fatherhood rests very lightly on the antlered tribes and that the bull elk or blacktail buck that remains with the herd and protects his wives and offspring is the hero of legend, not the real animal of the hills, whose wives know him only during the mating moon; that the males of the wandering cat tribes, in common with most of the furry kinds, are even prone to kill their own offspring if they meet before the kits are grown.

Moran told all this to Flash and he listened in dignified silence, drinking in each word without understanding even one. But in his own right Flash already knew these things—and many more which Moran for all his constant research would never know.

As if to make up for the marital shortcomings of other beasts, the wolf lavishes the utmost care upon his mate and pups. Flash combined the love of wolf for mate and the love of dog for man into one of single-hearted devotion to Moran. But even this binding tie did not still the warring cross currents of mixed ancestral blood.

Here, away from the cabin and the works of man, the night sounds seemed to take on a new meaning and as Moran slept Flash lay night after night and listened to their call.

The note of the big gray owls and the quavering howl of the coyotes; the yelping, turkeylike bark of the cow elk and the weird squall of the foxes that traveled the high bald ridges—all these in some way seemed a part of a world which he had known and to which he should belong.

Whispering voices called him and urged him to come. But with it all there was something lacking in the nights—some note for which he seemed to listen, but never heard. At times he felt that if he could but raise his own voice this unknown note for which he longed must surely answer it.

One night when the call grew strong he slipped away and ran for miles. His was not the scrambling gait of the dog, but the swift gliding movement of the wolf. As he ran he learned a new game that seemed in some way associated with the missing sound. After that he played it often when Moran lay asleep in his blankets.

As Flash trotted under the trees it seemed that phantom shapes were trotting with him and that he heard the soft patter of running feet. Some larger shape fled before them and he increased the pace, pressing after it with all his flying speed. He thrilled to the rush of air past his ears as his powerful muscles drove him on. His sole purpose in life was to be first of all the dim forms that traveled with him to reach the fleeing shape ahead.

It always eluded him until one night when he burst from among the trees and sped down a long grassy park. The pattering feet of the shades beside him were as soft and unreal as before, but the shadow out ahead seemed suddenly to take on more concrete form.

He gained on it. The sound of flying hoof beats on the grass and the warm elk scent in the air made the game more real. With a last tremendous spurt he closed with it and while still in the throes of his exalted dream he lunged and struck.

His teeth cut through real flesh and blood and he was thrown end over end on the grass. The dream was gone, but he struck again and the shape fell, both hamstrings cleanly cut. Then he drove at the throat. In less than a minute from the first lunge he was tearing at the warm quivering meat of a dead cow elk. A dream come true in part—he had led a phantom wolf pack to his first real kill.

Often at night Moran noticed his keen interest in every far-off note, and he appeared to nose the air and tilt his ear as if to catch some scent or sound the meaning of which was not clear to him.

Each morning they packed up and wandered on, making a new camp each night. They moved up the Buffalo Fork of the Snake until one evening they stood in Two Ocean Pass. Moran could almost have tossed a chip from either hand, consigning each one to a different sea. They were in the very center of the Land of Many Rivers—the wonder spot of the world—and for fifty miles round there was no evidence of man.

Fifty miles to the south the nearest wagon road skirted the base of the Teton Range; a like distance east of them the Sunlight Gap broke through the Rainbow Peaks to the scattered ranches of the Grey Bull; north they could see the Rampart Pass in a saddle of the Wapiti Mountains, leading down Seclusion Creek to the government trail on the Shoshone, the one dim tentacle of civilization stretching forth into the hills; fifty miles to the west, across Lake Yellowstone, was the Thumb Station on the park road. Between there was not even a path except the network of game trails worn by countless elk and deer.

Moran prodded a white skull from the grass with his toe.

"Here's one of the lost herd, Flash," he said. "This is where they died. Their skulls are scattered through here for a hundred miles. And you come straight down from the buffalo grays that followed them into the hills. You're nearly the last of your line. I doubt if you ever hear that note you listen for every night. I'm afraid the rest of your breed have followed the lost herd, Flash, and have gone this route." And he tapped the skull with his toe.

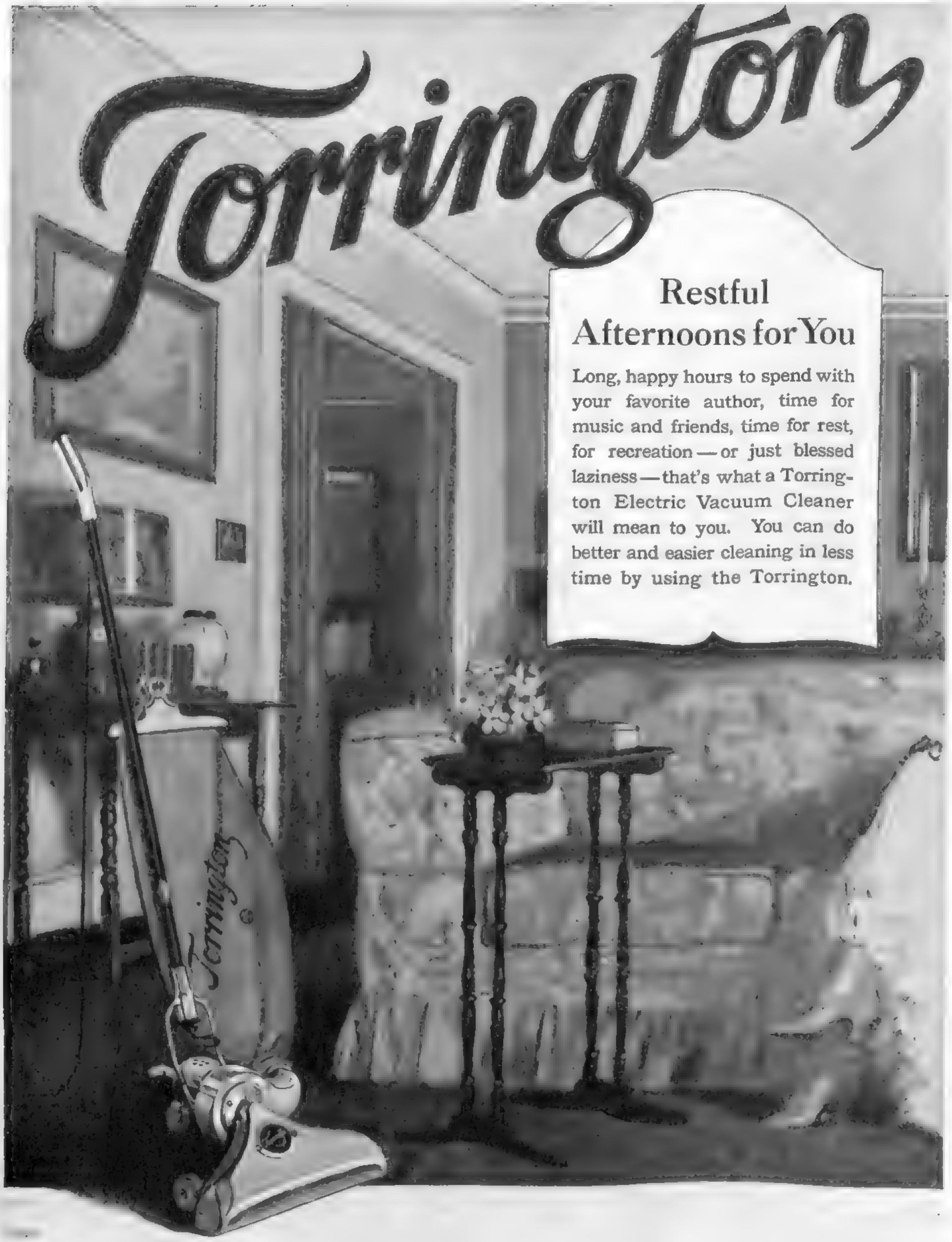
The whole country here was high, yet the hills were not nearly so lofty as the distant ranges that ringed them in. The bald ridges that branched off from the divide on which they stood were barely above timber line.

That night, as Moran slept, the breezes bore faint vibrations of sound and whiffs of scent that spoke of man to Flash.

He grew restless and uneasy and explored various long ridges trying to find the source of these. Near morning a sound floated up to him as he trotted along a crest and he moved to the edge and looked down. The rim rocks fell sheer away from his feet. From below the scent came strong. He could catch no individual odor—only the combined scent of a number of men, and some way, though there was not a trace of the one scent he hated worst of all, the whole air of the place was suggestive of Brent and he flattened his ears at the thought. These men must be camped in the gulch below.

He trotted back to Moran and looked him over carefully to see that all was right, then found a break and dropped down to the floor of the cañon that ran along the base of that particular ridge. It was a jungle of heavy spruce, but he found no trace of the camp he sought.

(Continued on Page 110)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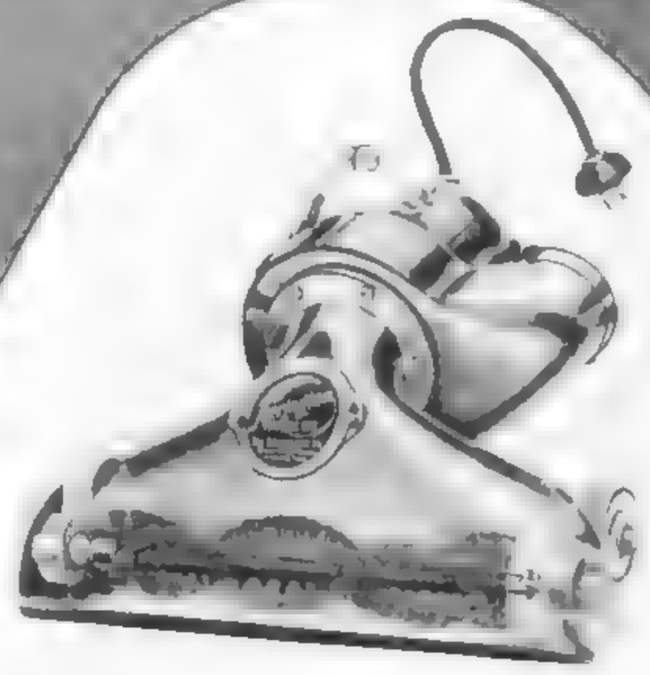

*"X-ray" view showing brush.*

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(Continued from Page 107)

He stopped often and nosed the wind, but it brought no scent. Dawn was beginning to gray off toward the Sunlight Gap when he finally caught a sound, but the sound came from above. They were on the ridge after all, it seemed. He sat down and peered up through the trees at the sheer face of the towering cliff. The drone of voices came plainer now and there was an undertone to it all that he liked as little as he had the scent. But he had no time to figure it out—Moran would be up and round by now—so he hurried back.

Moran noticed that Flash was uneasy. All through the meal and while Moran saddled and packed up Flash made repeated trips to the break and looked first down the gulch, then far out along the ridge.

"What's the matter, boy?" Moran asked. "Is there a grizzly round somewhere? You've seen enough of them by now to know they don't mean any harm to us."

Not until they were half a dozen miles away did the wolf's uneasiness subside. Even then he continued to turn on every commanding point and look back toward their former camp.

Moran finally decided that Flash had pulled down an elk or deer during the night and that a grizzly had happened along and driven him from the kill.

But Moran was wrong.

V

THE Shoshones, who had once peopled the Land of Many Rivers, had called this season the Short Blue Moon. The lordly blacktail bucks were preparing to renew acquaintance with their wives and must beautify themselves accordingly. They had discarded the long faded hair of last year's coat and the new one had not yet deepened into the dark gray of early winter. For one brief span the short new hair was a glistening blue-gray.

Moran pointed across a gulch to where a big buck grazed placidly in a little open park.

"The deer are in the short blue," he said. "This is the best season of all the year, Flash. It'll soon be love-making time for the antlered tribes. Wait until all the old bull elk tune up. We've stayed too long now, but it's worth waiting another week to hear. You've never heard one of those old boys blow off—but you will."

Flash raised his head and listened to a distant call.

There is no animal sound in the world so distinctive—so impossible to describe or imitate—as the clear, silvery bugle of a bull elk.

"There!" Moran exclaimed. "What do you think of that? He's a small one, a five pointer, and he's rushing the season some. He'll prance round the cows now, because he knows the old herd bulls will come down out of their bachelor nooks in a few days and drive him off."

Each day the pealing bugles of the younger bulls grew more insistent. Then there sounded the fuller, rounder notes of the old herd bulls, the big six pointers. Every band of cows now had a tyrannical male who herded them jealously and bugled his defiance to the less fortunate bulls who tried to cut out a few stragglers from his harem.

The blacktail bucks, casual free lovers of the hills, made no pretense of holding their own bunch of does, but kept ever on the move, philandering from one love to the next.

Rams with great curling horns traveled with every bunch of ewes in the rough peaks above the timber line.

One night, when the running season was in full swing, Flash lay listening to the bugling of distant bulls when his nose detected the first sign of the proximity of man since the night at Two Ocean Pass almost three months before.

Twice he trotted a short way into the wind, then came back to Moran.

"You old rascal!" said Moran. "You're planning a midnight raid. After I'm asleep you'll slip away and interrupt the courting of some old bull. You're a queer mixture, Flash, but you're more wolf than dog after all."

Two hours later Flash stood in a little valley across a ridge from where Moran was camped. The wind was heavy with the odor of a dead camp fire and living men. He followed it up the valley until he knew that they were less than a hundred yards away. He shifted back and forth across the wind to catch each different angle from the camp. There was something that was unlike anything he had chanced across before and it roused an intense desire to investigate.

Little by little, shifting silently from tree to tree, he approached to within twenty feet of three sleeping figures. They lay in a little open park with the moonlight streaming down on them.

Flash did not know that when men slept their minds were not at work, but he did know that at such times their scent was negative. He could identify those he had met before, but that was all; he could not classify them with nose and ear as when they thought and spoke.

One of these he knew was Dad Kinney, whom he had often met with Moran. The other was a stranger to him, but neither of them interested him in the least.

The third was of a kind he had never seen. He knew unerringly that this was the female of the species man—the first woman he had known. She radiated vitality and health and a wholesome friendly interest in all things—and from this Flash knew that she was not asleep.

She was lying awake, enjoying the silvery bugle chorus of challenging bulls that came from far and near—in love with the spell of the Short Blue Moon.

Flash was irresistibly drawn to her. He knew she was watching him and he stepped from under the trees into the moonlit open space and stopped.

Then the girl spoke.

"Come here," she said.

At the sound of her voice the two men beyond her opened their eyes instantly, but made no move. Flash knew they were awake.

"Come here," she said again, and extended her hand.

Flash took one more step and for one brief instant his big bushy tail flipped aloft, then dropped again. Inch by inch he edged up to her, keeping a wary eye on the two silent spectators beyond. His nose barely touched the tips of the extended fingers.

The girl reached out still farther and stroked his head.

"Come on up here. Don't be afraid of me—I won't hurt you," she coaxed.

He crept closer, thrilling to the soft touch of her hand. Then he abruptly raised his head and peered across her at the two men as one of them spoke.

"That's the first time he ever let a soul touch him but Moran," Kinney said.

"You know him then?" asked the stranger.

"It's Flash," Kinney answered. "He belongs to Clark Moran. Did it make you nervous to watch a wolf crawl up to her that way?"

"No," said the other man. "A wolf wouldn't come that close to us in a thousand years. Then I saw him swing his brush up in the air when Betty spoke to him. A wolf never cocks his tail up in the air—and I knew he was a dog."

This stranger with the close-clipped gray beard and close-clipped accent of the East evidently knew the animals of the hills.

Their voices had a friendly ring and Flash lay flat beside the girl.

"Who is Moran?" she asked. "I'm going to buy his dog."

Kinney chuckled and shook his head.

"You can't," he said.

"But I want him," she insisted. "Surely he'll sell him at some price."

"Not him," said Kinney. "Moran seems to have enough money of his own to worry along. It don't mean so much to him as Flash. He wouldn't consider any sum."

Kinney gave them a brief history of the wolf.

"Moran's a queer one—and a good one too," he said. "He puts in his time visiting round after first one animal and the next—studying how they act and all. He even claims they talk among themselves in sounds and smells."

"A naturalist," said the girl.

"That's him. He's a naturalist sure enough. He came in through Sunlight Gap and hit this country near three months ago. No one's seen him since. He's camped round here close. But you can't buy Flash, Betty. Moran keeps him for company when he's out alone."

"Then I won't try to buy him," the girl generously decided.

Kinney chuckled as he rolled over and prepared to resume his interrupted slumbers.

The two men slept, but Flash lay motionless beside the girl. Her hand rested on his head and held him. Her regular breathing soon announced that she, too, was asleep.

Flash heard their horses moving round farther up the valley. He slipped away and went up to look them over. One horse was picketed and the rest were grazing near. He went back to the girl. Twice during the night she half woke.

"Flash," she said sleepily each time. "Flash, old fellow, are you still here?" And she stretched out her hand to touch him.

There was something in her voice when she spoke his name that brought a thrill which was second only to his love for Moran. He waited until almost dawn, hoping that she would wake again.

Then he grew nervous—Moran would soon be awake and waiting for him to bring the horses into camp. Half an hour before the first streak of light showed in the east he slipped away under the trees, stopped and looked back, then started for Moran. There was a crisp cool in the air. As he crossed the open places the tall grass was coated white with frost and bent stiffly under his feet.

He had never been away from Moran for so long a time, and once free of the spell of the girl his desire to get back to him and see that all was well amounted almost to a panic and he covered the miles with all his speed.

He found Moran already up and lighting a fire.

"Where are the horses, Flash!" Moran greeted. "Go get 'em, boy. Go bring 'em in." He waved his arm toward a meadow below. "We're going to make an early start to-day. It's back to the flats for us, Flash. Do you want to go back?"

Late in the afternoon they stopped on the crest of the mighty divide and Moran turned for one last look at the country over which they had wandered alone for the last three months. In a narrow valley below, a file of moving specks caught his eye and he focused his glasses on the spot. Two men were wrangling a string of a dozen pack horses along a game trail. Two cream-colored buckskins and a calico pinto in the outfit identified the string as Brent's. Moran knew that the other man would be the same one Brent guided to this country for a hunting trip each fall.

"There's Brent, Flash," he said. "They're just coming in, so it's just as well we're going out. You'd stumble across their camp some night and hell would be to pay. I wouldn't give two cents for Brent's chance to go on living if you found him curled up some place asleep. That man with him is a New York lawyer—Luther Nash. I'd like to have you sniff him over and hear his voice. I'm curious to know what your verdict would be on Nash."

Every fall Nash came for a two weeks' trip into the hills with Brent, and Moran had met him several years before. On one of Moran's trips to the East Nash had looked him up—and so far as Moran was concerned that once had been enough.

Moran's healthy outdoor sense of the fitness of things had revolted at this man's mode of life. Human weakness he could understand, but not the ugly perverted pleasures which Nash had reveled in. Even his oaths were not mere profanity, but putrid slime.

"He showed me round one time, Flash," said Moran. "He's one hell of a fellow—that Nash. I like him the same way you like stale meat."

He swept his glasses over the country, searching the grassy slopes of the peaks in quest of a bunch of mountain sheep. Another file of horses showed way off to the right above the timber line, heading for the Rampart Pass. Three people walked behind the pack animals, leading their horses up the steep divide.

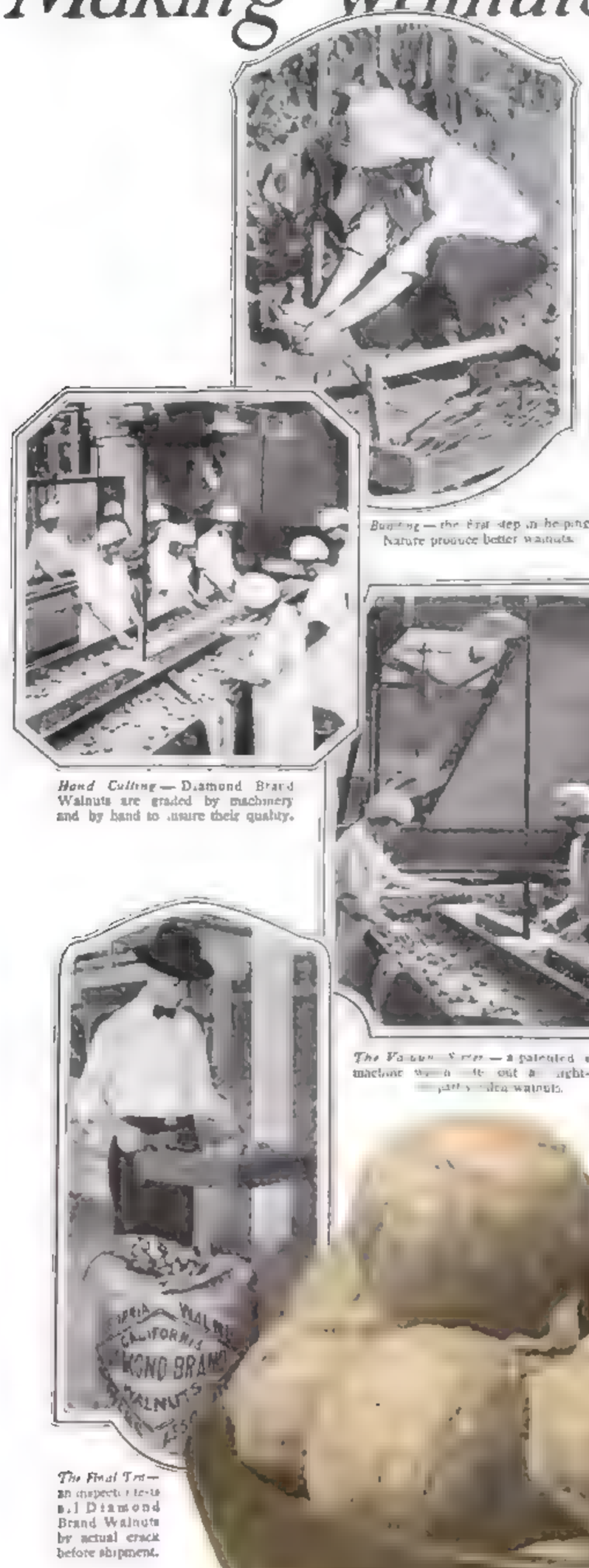
Moran rested his elbows on a rock to steady them for a better view. He looked long before he finally swung to his horse and headed down the opposite slope.

"One of that outfit was a woman, Flash—a girl," he said after a while. "Now whatever do you suppose she was doing way off up in here?"

Far below them they could see tiny green spots that broke the solid brown of the foothills; cultivated fields of the squatters who were beginning to settle the range.

(Continued on Page 114)

# *Making walnuts more than just walnuts—-making them* DIAMOND BRAND



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(Continued from Page 110)

They made camp in a little side-hill meadow.

"I wonder if she was young and pretty?" Moran said as he sat smoking one last pipeful before going to sleep.

"The spell of the Short Blue Moon is working on me, too, Flash," he went on. "After all, a man can live too much alone. All this we've been listening to—that's what it means. The bucks polishing their horns on the trees and all those bugling bulls. That note you listen for every night and don't know what it is. The wolf season doesn't start for a few months yet—when it does come you'll know what all that means. It's the same way with us all—even man. Every living creature needs one thing to round out his life—a mate."

Moran slept and Flash climbed back to the crest of the divide. A light gleamed from a ridge above the valley where Brent's pack outfit had halted late in the afternoon. It swayed back and forth as if suspended in the air. Far off among the bald ridges near Two Ocean Pass Flash could see a tiny point of fire twinkling through the clear air. This too made sweeps to the right and left.

Flash could not read the message, but he watched until the lights disappeared. From below him on one side sounded the wild pealing bugle of an old bull elk and the whistling snort of a blacktail buck; from the other came the occasional stroke of a horse bell. This reminded him of his trust.

He turned his back on the Land of Many Rivers and trotted down the opposite slope to Moran and the world of men.

VI

EVEN though he held himself frigidly aloof from all men, Flash was a prime favorite at the Bar T ranch. He was a changed Flash; his former springy alertness had been replaced by a drooping dispirited air of complete dejection. Moran had gone from his life—and life had lost its tang.

He could not know that Moran would either soon return or send for him; he only knew that he was gone, and the longing for him was like a sickness.

Flash was often missed for a time from the Bar T. Later they found that he had been several times to Harmon's cabin and had spent a few days at Dad Kinney's camp. Thereafter when he was absent they knew he was at one of the places he associated with Moran.

His handling of stock was a marvel of intelligence, but it was a mere mechanical following out of the tasks Moran had taught him, for he now found no joy in the work.

As he sat on a ridge a few hundred yards from the bunk house he distinctly heard someone call his name. He deliberately turned away and trotted off through the darkness. He had investigated every human habitation for miles round, searching vainly for some sign of Moran. Flash was losing hope and with it his allegiance to the world of men. More and more now he listened to the night sounds that called him and he spent much of his time alone in the hills.

He rambled aimlessly on until sometime near daylight, when he curled up on a ridge seventy miles from the Bar T range and slept. The air was crisp and cold. Except for the drifts in the gulches the light fall snows had disappeared from the foothills, but even this early the peaks were one solid glare of white. A stiff breeze rose with the sun and whipped his exposed position, and he started to seek a more sheltered spot.

Below him a rider was gathering some cows from the rough side-hill brakes. As Flash watched, a steer turned and the rider wheeled his horse and plunged across the draw to head him.

Habit was strong in Flash and he dropped swiftly down the slope to head the steer. The instant he appeared the rider jerked his horse back on his haunches and pulled his gun. Flash whirled and snapped at a hot stab of pain which seared across his rump as the report crashed in his ears. He fled and from behind him the sharp reports rang out in quick succession. Spurts of gravel were tossed up about him and there were whining rushes of air close to his head.

Flash knew well the use of firearms. He had often seen Moran and others shoot and after each report there had been a jack rabbit flopping in his death throes or a dying antelope twitching on the ground. He knew that this man, for no reason whatever, had meant to kill him.

Half an hour later as he trotted across a flat there came the sharp crack that a high-velocity rifle ball makes when it passes close to the ear. The distant report reached him as he whirled to run. Four hundred yards away a man leaned against the door of a sod house and emptied his gun at the gray form that was running with incredible speed across the flat.

Flash entered the mouth of a long valley. A horseman was plunging down the right-hand slope to cut him off. He veered to the left and as the furiously running horse pulled in behind him the rider's gun barked six times at the fleeing wolf.

Flash could not know that to all men but those who knew him he was a wolf. He only knew that all men had turned their hands against him and sought his life.

The next man he saw he avoided and when next he bedded down it was on the crest of a knoll that afforded a clear view for miles.

When night came he traveled on, crossing a low range of mountains and descending into the rolling grasslands of the Wind River Valley. Hunger pressed him and he found no living things but cows. The sense of distance from familiar scenes made the Bar T seem so far behind as to be part of another world. The fact that men had so recently turned against him was bitterly uppermost in his mind—and he was hungry.

Men sought his life. And for the first time he turned his teeth against an animal that belonged to men and singled out a steer. His first snap was half-hearted and did not entirely sever the cords of the leg. The steer fled in a panic and the others, crazed by the smell of blood and this silent wolf shape that had appeared among them, crowded round him in a mad stampede. The one taste of warm blood and the clattering roar of hoofs as more scattered cows joined the frantic rush stimulated the wild blood in Flash and he lunged again, this time with all the powerful drive of a killing lobo behind his teeth.

The steer ran on, one hind leg giving under him. Then Flash struck the other leg and the steer went down. Even as he reached the ground a gray shape drove at his throat and slashed it open with savage fangs that cut in like knives.

Flash stood over his kill, listening to the roar of hoofs and the crazed bawling of cows as the stampede gathered numbers and rolled on down the valley—and he was all wolf, a great gray beast of prey with the tame strain submerged beneath the wild.

He roamed the valley for a full week, sleeping by day and killing by night. Then the old longing for Moran reasserted itself and called him back to the Bar T range. He covered the hundred miles in a single night and approached the Bar T buildings cautiously just before dawn. There was a light in the bunk house; the boys were getting up.

Flash drew near, trying to catch the sound of Moran's voice in the murmur that came from the bunk house. A horrible shock of surprise flooded through him and he wheeled to run as a voice spoke seemingly out of the air and called his name. But the voice was friendly and old habit was strong. Flash stopped.

"Hello, Flash!" From his perch on the windmill platform the early riser had seen the dim form slipping toward the house. "You old rascal, where have you been?"

Flash trotted off to the sheltering gloom of the corral and waited, undecided which course to pursue.

When the windmill fan started to turn the bunk-house door opened and the occupants emerged irregularly and started splashing face and hands with the icy water from the tank. Halfway down the ladder the man above stopped to call out that Flash was back and from the group at the tank there rose an immediate chorus of friendly remarks and whistles for the dog.

Flash trotted near them, his muscles bunched for sudden flight at the first hostile move, but he was greeted as an old friend.

During the next week he reconstructed his ideas of men. Twice he was shot at when far from the ranch. He finally knew that he was safe when with the Bar T boys, but that when off his own range men sought his life. He accommodated himself to this. His two stronger strains were balanced by the coyote intelligence, which except for his eyes was his sole inheritance from the little yellow prairie-wolf grandfather.

The reason coyotes are caught in traps while wolves are not is because wolves avoid all man-scent while a coyote believes in himself; he simply cannot resist the call to pit his intelligence against that of man. This curiosity costs many coyote lives, but his kind has survived in numbers on ranges where man has long since exterminated the wolves.

Flash began to lead a strange dual life, which accorded well with his opposing strains of blood and in which his coyote brain stood him in good stead.

Stock dogs were scarce on the range. They did not long survive the poison baits which wolfers laid for coyotes. The Bar T men firmly believed Flash to be the best stock dog in the world. There was talk of taking him to the Frontier Day Fair in the far-off capitol and issuing a free-for-all challenge, backed by a thousand-dollar purse, proclaiming him the wide-open champion of the world. The Bar T owner had made Moran a standing offer of five hundred for the dog.

The stockmen of Wind River had posted a five-hundred-dollar reward for the scalp of the most savage lobo that had ever showed up on the range and who made periodical forays among their cows, killing more than the price on his head in a single week.

Thus each of the two extremes in Flash built up a reputation of its own, for the champion stock dog of the Grey Bull and the famous lobo killer of Wind River were the same.

His absences, which were attributed to wandering round in search of Moran, were now spent in raiding. On these trips he was all wild. He bedded down with the wind at his back and a clear field of view in front. He feared men, not with blind unreasoning terror, but with a certain knowledge of their power for harm.

His coyote intelligence saved him from panicky flights in the open at the first whiff of man scent; instead he would flatten out and let them pass or watch his chance to slip away unseen. Then old habit would cry out for the companionship of man and he would show up innocently at the Bar T ranch.

In the face of all his cleverness the net began to tighten down round Flash after two months of this dual existence.

Dad Kinney shifted his camp to Wind River. Winter had crept down the mountains until it was one rough white mass clear down to the base of the hills. A full half of the time there was a tracking snow in the foothills and with a relay string of grain-fed horses Kinney commenced his tireless hunt for the five-hundred-dollar wolf.

The wolfer knew well the one greatest weakness of his prey—that of gorging on warm meat and bedding down. A swift horse can often wear down an overfed wolf. It is established custom for any rider who sees such a race to throw himself into it and press the wolf with a fresh horse. More of the big gray killers of the open-range country have been relayed to death on a new snow than by all other methods combined.

Day after day Kinney rode steadily on the trail, his sights set for a thousand yards. Flash learned to watch for the tiny speck that always appeared on his back track and gradually enlarged into a rider on his trail. It was only a question of time.

One morning in mid-December Kinney found a steer that had been killed not two hours before and he swung his horse into a steady trail trot on the big tracks in the fresh light snow. Flash had bedded down on a slight rise of ground five miles from his kill. He had feasted heavily and was loath to leave his bed; not until the man was within two miles did he start.

When Kinney saw a dark speck trotting across the white snow two miles away he lifted his sorrel into a keen run and Flash started in on the first lap of the most terrible day of his life. He felt stupid and sluggish, disinclined to travel fast or far, but was forced to keep on and on. He ran in a straightaway toward the base of the Wind River hills seventy miles away. The country was slightly rolling, almost flat. Often he increased his speed and drew away from the man behind. Always his gait slackened when the man was out of sight; then the wiry sorrel would appear over some ridge close behind, running swiftly on his trail. Each time he saw smoke or the low buildings of a ranch ahead he veered slightly to the right or left to miss the spot by at least a mile. After twenty miles, as he passed a ranch he missed the man; it seemed that he had shaken off his hunter at last. He was deathly tired and slowed his pace. A few miles farther on he sprawled down in the snow on a little swell of ground. It seemed but a few short minutes until another horse loomed up on his back track.

Kinney had veered off to the ranch and changed mounts, throwing his saddle on the best horse in the corral. This time it was a rangy pinto that was running like a greyhound on his trail. So the desperate race kept up. Another score of miles and Flash had one more brief respite before a tough, smooth-running buckskin was after him.

His powerful muscles seemed to have lost their spring. His body was a leaden weight almost too heavy for his legs. Only the one ever-present knowledge that death lurked close behind forced him to keep ahead. He ran desperately, the mechanical driving of his muscles sending him on and on. From the first roll of the Wind River hills he looked back. A blocky mountain-climbing bay loped away from the ranch house a mile below and buckled sturdily to his ascent of the hills.

With heaving sides Flash started across the low divide for home. His breath sounded in leaky gasps; the yellow eyes were set and bloodshot and the savage jaws dripped froth which spattered back and dried on his breast and sides.

He kept ahead across the spur and down the other side. Just at dark Kinney quit the trail at the foot of the slope and stopped at a ranch house overnight. The dim suspicion which had haunted his mind all day as to the identity of the wolf now crystallized into a certainty. The size of the tracks; the fact that no man had ever heard this lobo howl; the sense of familiarity he had felt at each distant glimpse of the big gray shape that had fled before him all that day; the periodical raids dovetailing with certain absences from home; all these pointed to one thing—Flash.

Five miles away Flash was stretched out in the snow. After raiding all night he had been ruthlessly harried for more than a hundred miles, starting when gorged with meat, a time when a wolf's endurance is at its lowest ebb.

Before daylight he started on, heading for the fancied safety of the Bar T. Once there he kept his eye on the low ridge half a mile away over which he had come. No wind had sprung up to blot his tracks and late in the afternoon a horse topped the ridge and Kinney came jogging slowly along to the ranch on the trail of the Wind River wolf.

Flash scratched at the bunk-house door and the lone occupant let him in. From the window he watched Kinney ride up, and as he entered Flash knew this was the man who had hounded him and his hair bristled as he backed into a corner, his teeth bared savagely.

"Too bad, Flash," Kinney said. "I'm sorry it's got to be done."

Flash wanted to get out of the bunk house, but was kept there until the rest of the men came in at dusk.

Kinney's proof was clear. These were hard men. If a friend turned rustler they regretted it—and led his horse under the fatal tree. Flash was a friend, but justice must be done.

The wolf dog listened to his trial. He could not understand the words, but there was menace in the tones and the looks they cast at him. He knew it was connected with the race, and a chill dread of death shook him.

The men drew lots from a hat.

"I'm sorry it fell to me," said one. "I'll call him outside and get it over with." He slowly pulled his gun and opened the door. "Come on, Flash, old fellow," he said.

With one mighty spring Flash cleared the open door and was off, a swift gray streak in the moonlight with a gun barking spitefully behind him.

"He's a smart one," said the man with the gun. "He knew! He almost made it at that, but I got him."

The men crowded out of the bunk house. Fifty yards along the trail Flash had left they found where he had fallen and there was blood in the snow.

"We'll find him to-morrow," Kinney said. "He can't travel far."

But in the morning the trail was blotted under half a foot of new snow. When Moran notified them to ship the dog to him word was sent back that Flash was dead.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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# IN ENEMY COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 21)

American officers here and also the debonair Count Bernstorff; men and women of rank in Germany and busted refugees from Russia and Austria. Down in the lobby you can see immaculately tailored German officers, rich civilians, flashy war profiteers and women who make their living by their wits. Indeed, the oldest profession in the world is heavily represented. Doubtless a percentage of them are assigned to the job of keeping tab on the Americans.

Was introduced to Sudermann, the great German author—a man of striking appearance, well up in years but extremely vigorous. A mutual acquaintance invited us to dinner. Just my luck that I could not go. There were some happenings in The Song of Songs about which I am curious, having been strictly reared.

Also met the German ace of aces. He frequents this hotel and chums with several Americans. A slip of a boy—shy, almost diffident in manner. It seemed impossible to believe this kid brought down sixty-five Allied planes and led the Richtofen circus after that air fighter's death. Then I caught him sizing me up when he thought I wasn't looking and I changed my idea of him, for never have I seen a keener intensity of glance, where but a moment before had been nothing but mild good nature. He invited several of us to take a flight. No reason why we should not go; no reason why an American should not be courteous to a German of his stamp, for he was a straight, clean fighter.

A number of correspondents had an interview on the peace terms with Scheidemann in Wilhelmstrasse. I went along, not to listen so much as from curiosity to see the members of the government.

We gathered in a room where the cabinet used to meet. On the walls are pictures of the Kaiser and other German war lords. After a few minutes a door opened and the members of the government filed out and passed through our room. I scanned them curiously, paying particular attention to Noske, Minister of Defense. They say he is the iron man of Germany to-day, and he is suspected of being the tool of the reactionaries—the old régime.

None of them was impressive; they all looked like mediocrities, which they probably are. But I have had occasion to note that celebrities are generally commonplace in appearance—or perhaps I should say they resemble any ordinary citizen. When you find distinction of bearing and spirituality of expression, he is usually a clerk in a jewelry establishment or sells lingerie.

As for Scheidemann, he is for all the world like a fatherly Sunday-school superintendent. Nothing about him to suggest force or the capacity to steer a ship of state through troubled waters. The republicans strike me as being hard up for big men.

### Noske Gaining Strength

*Berlin.* The strangest rumors are going the rounds. In certain of the poorer districts of Berlin a report has been spread that two hundred babies have mysteriously disappeared and been made into sausages. It would be laughable if some of the more ignorant did not believe it.

Noske is steadily gaining strength and recruiting his forces. These are the *freiwilligen* troops—volunteers—and as the pay is high and they get the best there is in the way of food the service proves tempting. Before this business is wound up Germany will likely have a formidable army available for emergency.

They will beat the disarmament conditions of peace in some fashion—we all feel confident of that.

The Germans are going in for sports with a vengeance. In their laborious way they seem to have figured out that one of the causes of British and American capacity for fighting lies in the Anglo-Saxon passion for sport. And so to-day they are organizing sports with their customary thoroughness. Instead of gymnasium athletics, to which they have been addicted in the past, they plan to take up football in earnest. Who knows but baseball may one day be their favorite outdoor game, rivaling their indoor sport of beer drinking?

They have horse races at a course near Berlin and big crowds attend. The people are well dressed and appear to have plenty of money for betting. In fact there seems no lack of marks for anything in the way of amusement. The theaters are well patronized. I saw a large audience at the Ice Palace and a show surpassing in gorgeousness of costumes and scenic display anything of a similar nature that you can find in New York. Also the gambling places run to capacity every night. On a lake some miles from Berlin we saw at least a hundred sailboats on Sunday afternoon.

Strange how men and women will persist in diversion on the brink of the abyss. It happened up to the outbreak of the French Revolution—and it is happening here in Germany's darkest hour.

The newspapers assert that a wave of crime is sweeping over the country. That is always one of the aftermaths of war. Crimes of violence and of stealth are more numerous in England and America to-day than for years. Sir Nevil Macready, Chief Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, commenting upon the increase of crimes of violence, attributed it to callousness to taking human life and indifference to one's own safety engendered by war.

"In prewar days," he said, "if a burglar was met on the stairs by a householder in his pajamas his first thought was to escape. But to-day under similar circumstances the thief would probably resort to violence and if necessary to murder." And he added a prediction that there would be an increase of women murders.

"Before the war, when a man quarreled with his wife, he would just clip her under the ear and everything would be all right the next day. But now after four years of life taking he would hit her over the head with an iron bar or anything that happened to be handy and there would be no next day for her."

### Scientific Soap-Stealing

I assume Sir Nevil was speaking of the lower orders of English society rather than the landed gentry, but it is an illuminating comment on the spiritual uplift of war.

Several Germans warned me to keep everything securely locked away in traveling round the country if I wished to retain my property. Just for experiment, I left an overcoat hanging in the public hall of the hotel all night in three towns; it was there in the morning.

They have stolen cigarettes and tobacco from my room frequently, and you could not guard a box of chocolates if you put it in the safe! But when people have been denied these luxuries for years one cannot regard it as theft. As for soap, the average German would pilfer it out of your hand while you were taking a bath if he could perform the operation without bringing down punishment.

They have reduced soap stealing to an exact science. I have never lost a whole cake; that would be too crude. But cakes which I left out with a view to seeing what would happen mysteriously shrank to nothing. Each day the thief would shave off a certain amount.

Recently a sensational Berlin newspaper has been raising a howl about German girls loitering round the hotel where the enlisted men of the American mission are quartered. It asserts that hundreds of German girls have so far forgotten their pride and self-respect as to cultivate the Americans in the hope of getting chocolate and soap and money. The doughboys just grin.

*Berlin.* The American officers on duty here are living in a gilded cage. That is to say, they are surrounded with every comfort and most luxuries are available, but they remain virtually prisoners in their hotels. They are not permitted to go out except on business, and places of amusement are barred to them. The result is that they suffer from lack of exercise and chafe under the restraint.

These measures were taken as a precaution against inflamed public opinion. The American military authorities want no trouble, and something serious might easily occur were our officers and men to wander round at will.

However, some of them do get out now and then in civilian clothes, for the average American can pass very easily in a German crowd when dressed as an ordinary citizen. Cits are scarce. I brought only two suits and went to bed at eight o'clock last night in order that a couple of officers could attend the opera. One of them stands about five feet four inches and had to roll up the trousers and the sleeves of the coat. He looked as though he had just arrived at Ellis Island from Poland. The other is six feet two inches, and being of a fine heroic figure my suit fitted him beautifully.

It's queer to watch a city going quietly about its affairs when such tremendous issues are being decided. Berlin is far from normal, of course, but there is little to be observed in the street crowds, in the shops and restaurants and places of amusement to suggest anything volcanic smouldering under the surface.

The other day I drove through the *Tiergarten.* Hundreds of men and women were riding their horses along the bridle paths, sitting their mounts as only Germans can. Even those horsemen who had learned how to hold the reins correctly rode like sacks of meal. I have often noticed that there seems to be no sympathy between the average German and a horse. I wonder how they get along with mules.

But the point I am trying to make is that the world and his wife were out, sunning themselves in the parks and streets and apparently having a pretty fair time—and the peace terms had just been announced. One would have thought they would have been too stunned to carry on ordinary affairs.

Perhaps the full import of the peace conditions has not yet percolated. Every American here has remarked the peculiar fashion in which Germans react—they are so much slower than other peoples. A couple of hours after receiving such news as the Germans heard a French or American city would be pouring its hundreds of thousands into the streets to mob the representatives of the enemy powers. The flareback would be instantaneous and their fury uncontrollable.

But not a sign so far from the Germans. They are probably thinking it over very carefully and painstakingly, and later they will register some sort of protest. Their psychology is such that I verily believe you could affront the average German on the street, and he would go a couple of blocks or more before awaking to the fact and then come stumping back to demand what you meant by it.

We have remarked an odd thing about many signs in Berlin and other cities. It is a trifle in itself, but we have seen it so often that I am inclined to regard it as significant. Scores of beer gardens and cafés and places of amusement were formerly called Kaiser Wilhelm. Their signs are mostly made of electric bulbs. They have recently altered them to suit the times by removing the word "Kaiser," but they did not obliterate it. Instead they have hung strips of canvas over the "Kaiser" portion. It could be removed in a twinkling. I have counted thirty-two such temporary changes since arrival in Germany. Is this a canny caution, with an eye to eventualities?

### Russians Wiped Out by Thousands

Had a long talk with Brigadier General George H. Harries to-night after dinner. He is chief of the Military Mission of the United States and of the American Section of the Interallied Commissions on Repatriation of Prisoners of War in Germany.

It appears that the Germans had more than one million two hundred thousand Russian prisoners in camps and commandos and hired out to landowners, farmers and mines last year. They began to repatriate them immediately after the Armistice, but their methods were ghastly. They sent six or seven trainloads a day to the border and there dumped them. To reach the nearest Russian railroad point the prisoners had to walk sixty kilometers in the bitter cold of midwinter. They carried hardly any food—about three hundred grams of bread per man per day, no proper clothing and they died like flies.

The Germans did not bother about their fate. They shipped officers back also in large numbers, though well aware of the doom awaiting them. Some were sent into the Ukraine—some up north. The red army grabbed all who came, and massacres ensued. Some of the officers joined the Bolsheviks to save their lives. The majority were shot or hanged. On January fourteenth Harries put his foot down and would not permit further shipments. Not a single officer prisoner has been returned since that date.

More than half a million of these Russians were civilians. When the German armies made a clean sweep they brought them along for labor purposes.

In Germany were also ninety thousand Rumanians. Only forty thousand have ever been accounted for. Where the remaining fifty thousand went is a matter for conjecture. The theory is that they perished miserably without any records being left. Colonel Lupasco of the Rumanian delegation discovered that eighteen labor battalions of Rumanians had been organized for service on the Western Front. None came back.

The *Nachweis* bureau, which kept an index of prisoners, proved utterly inefficient. Their records were worthless to the Allied commissions. Prisoners were never registered at the Front, because they were worked there in contravention to international law. Consequently all who were killed or died at the Front were buried without identification, and figure among the missing.

Also shifting prisoners from one camp to another caused endless and inextricable confusion. Perhaps the registers were transferred—perhaps not. At any rate, a prisoner usually vanished from the records after his second camp.

General Harries remarked that the American soldier's superstition that his identity tag was unlucky resulted in many Americans going to their graves unidentified. He discovered that the Germans had treated American prisoners better than the others and could learn of no authentic instances of brutality.

### The Red Corruption Fund

There remain about three hundred thousand Russians to be repatriated of whom they have record, and "We know there are nearly two hundred thousand more scattered round Germany. That makes half a million all told."

The prison camps have been lightly held. As a result thousands of Russians repatriated themselves—beat it. Quite a number went home and then came sneaking back to their prison, where they were sure at least of food, for conditions were so bad in Russia that they had no security of life, no homes and no means of subsistence. The Germans have employed these returned penitents as missionaries to persuade the others in the camps to be patient.

Harries is in possession of information which proves conclusively that Germany engineered and financed the revolution in Russia. They sent Lenine across in a special train and later Joffe became his ambassador in Berlin. The latter spent forty-two million rubles in Germany—about twenty-one million dollars as the ruble was then valued.

"We discovered a fund of twenty-two million rubles in Mendelsohn's Bank in Berlin," he said, "which was to be checked out by the Bolsheviks to start outbreaks in prison camps. The Interallied Commission had checking against this fund stopped. It is still stopped."

One of the most murderous of the Russian Bolsheviks was Radek, who took part in the January disorders in Berlin and then fled. In March he returned to Berlin and was living quietly there when the Allied agents discovered his presence and reported it to the German authorities. They pretended incredulity, but were obliged to act on the information and arrest him. It struck the Allied officials as queer that the German secret service, which trails every suspect and about every innocent traveler as well, should have been entirely ignorant of the presence of so dangerous an agitator as Radek.

The Russian prisoners are a serious problem to the Germans. They cannot get rid of them quickly and they cannot care for them properly. Moreover they constitute a menace. During the Munich riots Russian prisoners who had been released by the reds and clothed in German uniforms took part in the Spartacide defense of the city against the government troops.

*Later.* Berlin has been demonstrating against the peace and I suppose the American newspapers are flinging big heads across their front pages to paint the picture. But the real story is very tame.

The demonstration was called for and arranged precisely as we would plan a

(Continued on Page 119)

### The charm of clear fresh color
### How to rouse a sallow, sluggish skin

JUST before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion, until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then in cold water. Then rub your skin for thirty seconds with a lump of ice, and dry carefully.

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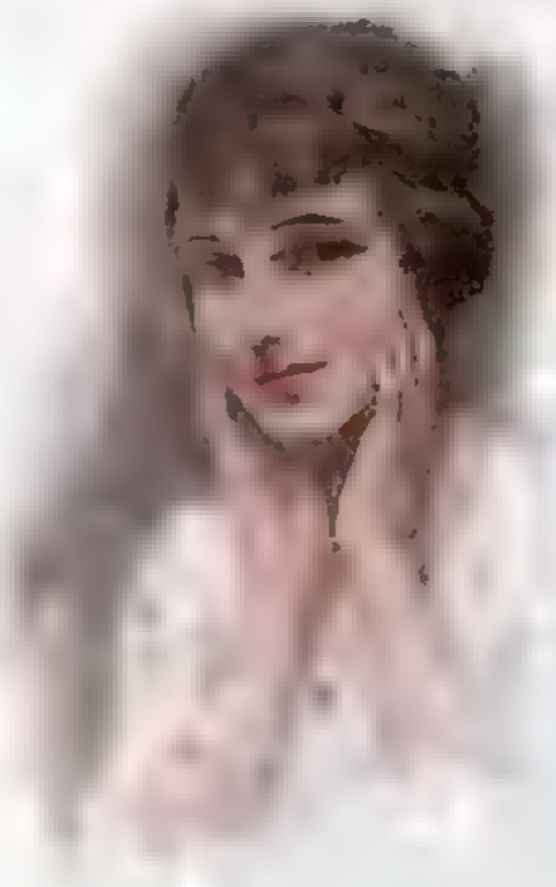

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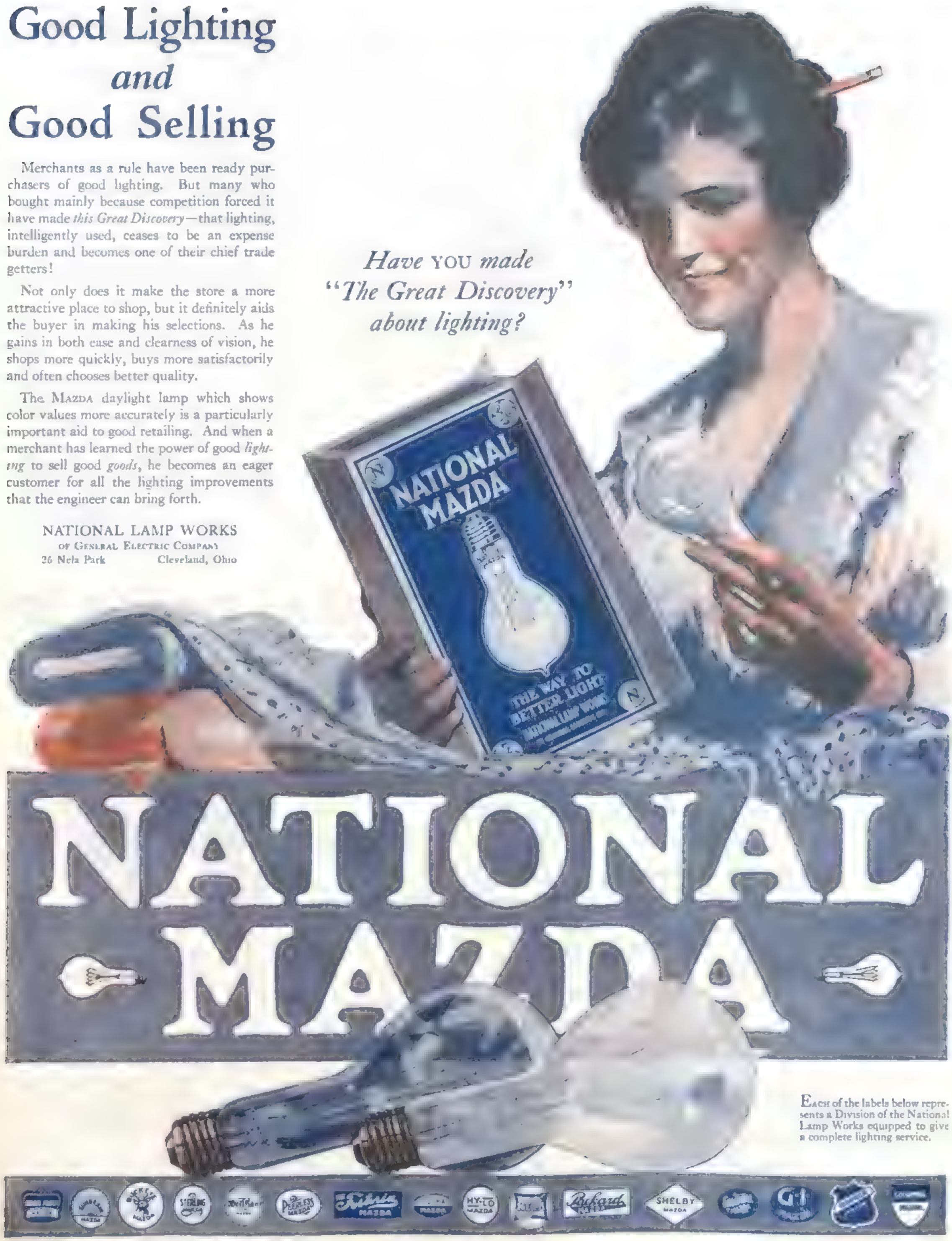


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(Continued from Page 116)

parade at home. It did not come fast on the heels of the peace terms; it was no spontaneous outburst; there was nothing of a fiery protest about the affair. The government evidently considered that public demonstrations might help their representatives at Versailles and accordingly demonstrations were held. The Berlin papers announced them in advance and more than forty-eight hours elapsed from the receipt of the peace conditions to the mob scenes in Unter den Linden.

I walked over in late afternoon to the big square in front of the Reichstag to see the show. Long lines of marchers were converging there from every street. They walked quietly, almost in silence, behind flags of the new republic.

Perhaps twenty thousand persons gathered in the *Platz*. Bismarck in bronze towered above them. Not far away another meeting of protestants gathered round the colossal figure of Hindenburg. The marchers were fairly well clad. There were men and women in about equal numbers and a sprinkling of ex-soldiers in their uniforms.

It was about the palest demonstration I ever witnessed. Various spellbinders exhorted the crowds from vantage points, but there was little applause, never a sign of tumult. Children played on the gravel walks or round the fountains which the concourse did not overlap. Citizens bound homeward paused on the outskirts long enough to inquire who was doing the windjamming, remarked "Is that so?" And went on their way.

It grew so tedious that I returned shortly to the Hotel Adlon. Half an hour later we heard the murmur of a multitude in Unter den Linden, and there was scurrying among the hotel employees and the Noske soldiers on guard, for once during the early revolution a mob had invaded Herr Adlon's hostelry with a view to wrecking the place and he had had a hard time persuading them that the bust of the Kaiser in the lobby, with its plumed helmet, was in reality Lohengrin.

The mob—many thousands strong—marched past the hotel and did some hooting. There was no note of menace in it, however, and I saw many a marcher wearing a half grin as he dutifully booed the Americans within the hotel. All American officers were ordered out of the lobby and forbidden to issue into the streets. Though a measure of commendable prudence, this roused hot resentment among them.

### Why Should Americans Pussyfoot?

"Why is it we always have to go pussyfooting for fear it might provoke somebody?" they asked one another. "The American uniform ought to protect a man anywhere in the world."

I have often speculated on that myself since this Administration came into office, for no matter where Americans go they must needs walk softly. In Italy, in Germany, in Mexico, they must take submissively what comes to them lest assertion of their rights should provoke trouble. Britishers may go almost anywhere in the world without fear of molestation—save in Mexico, which is our sphere of influence under the Monroe Doctrine—because the world knows that Great Britain will protect them with a strong arm so long as they mind their own business and behave themselves.

But during the past few years Americans have learned that they dare not assert their undeniable rights. Our policy has been to turn the other cheek. Every pygmy nation on earth knows that now. It will take years of firm dealing to correct this mistaken impression and restore American prestige.

The demonstration did not amount to anything until later in the evening. Then several thousand, who had returned to congregate in front of the hotel, sang patriotic songs and booed. A friend of mine mingled with them in civilian clothes. He told me that sentiment seemed about equally divided on the peace terms, with nearly all the women in the crowd denouncing President Wilson and America. They were more tempestuous than the males.

"Why don't you smash the windows? Why don't you go and get those baby killers?" they shouted at their men.

"About half past eight a German car with a German driver drove up and Major Jakka and a civilian came out of the hotel," he said. Jakka is quartermaster of the American mission. "Immediately the crowd surged forward and began to hiss and hoot as the major entered the car. A lot of them shouted wildly and women screamed that the pigs of America were living well while their own delegation in Versailles was stoned. Well, sir, it never bothered the major at all. He didn't seem to be conscious of the mob. Stood up very deliberately, stuck his hand in his pocket, drew out a bill which he handed to the door man, returned the latter's salute and drove off. They let him go without disturbance."

After hanging round for a few hours, listening to speakers and arguing in groups, the crowd moved round the corner into Wilhelmstrasse for demonstrations there. My friend went along. He was singing *Deutschland Ueber Alles* as lustily as the others. They had done a deal of singing during the evening, which they varied by howling whenever a slit of light showed in the upper windows of the hotel.

"In one of their quiet spells"—they stood almost without sound for long periods—"a guy yells '*Wilhelmstrasse,*' and the whole bunch turned about and followed him like sheep into the next street."

The German authorities could easily have prevented the demonstration. A platoon of men at the Brandenburg Gate could have turned the procession elsewhere. It had every feature of a frame-up.

### Much Noise but Little Violence

What astonished us was the fact that none of them tried to force entrance to the hotel. An American mob would have ruined that place. But the Germans did not resort to any violence, even when an American passed through them. Their only rough tactics that night consisted of knocking a Pole round for a few minutes. He tried to enter the Hotel Adlon, in some manner betrayed his nationality, and they set upon him, but did no real damage. An extraordinary people; they will yell and wave their arms and work themselves up to a white heat, yet such is their respect for law and order that actual physical violence is seldom resorted to.

While Berlin mobs were thus demonstrating, Lieut. William C. Rehn, Jr., of Philadelphia, left the Hotel Adlon as a courier for Hamburg. He was in uniform, but the crowd at the station in Berlin treated him courteously; the railroad officials saluted and all the German passengers were perfectly civil, even showing a desire to engage him in friendly conversation. Which leads me to think that the Berliner's rage was not quite at fever heat.

*Frankfurt-an-der-Oder.* What is to become of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners still in the hands of the Germans? A considerable percentage cannot return to their own countries because of chaos there; but even assuming that they do return some time, what is to become of them? For most have lost the habit of work.

I have been taking a look round the camp here, where 10,669 Letts, Lithuanians, Tartars, Cossacks, Siberians and Bessarabians are nominally confined. "Nominally," because there are only 4650 of them actually in the camp. The others are in commandos, on farms and in small factories of this district, where they make potato flour, briquettes, sashes and blinds.

Several thousand men were loafing—sunning themselves on the ground or gambling or just lazing round, as they say in Maine. They looked flabby and mean and useless. Nothing on earth demoralizes men so quickly as idleness. Col. E. H. Wagner, U. S. A., the senior Allied officer here, told me that some of the prisoners had not done a stroke of work in four years.

Quite a number of those engaged in outside work did not spend more than a week in the camp after capture but have been living pretty comfortably on farms during the whole of their imprisonment. It is noteworthy that hardly a single Jew is idle. Practically all are out, enjoying the civilian ration and earning the three and one-half marks a day allowed, which is the same rate of pay as German labor draws in this vicinity. Those who stick to the camp improve each shining hour by peddling stuff to the other prisoners.

When the Americans arrived they found the prisoners pale and soft and run down, because no work had been required of them. The Germans never forced the prisoners here to work against their will.

The camp has a fine location—dry and sandy. All the barracks radiate from a watchtower which commands every street. There are machine guns on the tower for use in emergency. The prisoners live in barracks, about a thousand men in each. Partitions separate the tribes and races—a curious plan, according to American ideas. Would the League of Nations approve? But herded together they have race fights.

Each man receives one mark a day for any government work done round camp, and a roster is followed. Also he is required to peel his own potatoes, unload his own coal, make his own bed and help police round his section of barracks.

The Americans have made an attempt to encourage them to self-government, the purpose being educational, and the Russians take to it with the eagerness of children for a new game. However, they are as awkward as children too. Committees for every conceivable thing—having been downtrodden so long they are keen for the chance to exercise a little control.

Likewise having been so long denied free speech, they exercise the right overtime here. Their love of a soap-box meeting amounts to a passion. At any hour of the day you can see a prisoner up on a box haranguing anybody who isn't too lazy to listen to him. None has a clear idea of what Bolshevism is, but most of them can talk socialism.

The central body which directs the interior economy of the camp is known as the Lager committee, but they have scores of other committees too. Last April a prisoner left camp without an *Ausweis*—twenty prisoners are permitted each day to go to town, to picture shows, cafés, and so on—and was arrested. At that time the prisoners were seething with unrest, due to disturbances elsewhere in Germany, and they promptly sent an ultimatum that the camp would be wrecked unless he were released.

A committee waited upon Colonel Wagner to deliver the warning. The guard had been obliged to fire over the heads of the mob, which had handled the guard roughly. The situation looked serious. But the Americans had at hand a weapon much more effective than the machine guns in the watchtower. Colonel Wagner told the committee bluntly that if the prisoners did not submit to the German authority they would lose their supply of beef.

They stared at one another in horror. The strike instantly flivvered. The prisoner under arrest did fourteen days' solitary confinement on bread and water and the mutineers were fined one meal.

### Feeding the Prisoners

Upon arrival of the Allied officials at this camp it was discovered that the prisoners were on a purely vegetable diet and three hundred and twenty-five grams of bread a day. That sounds very meager, but it was the civilian ration, and the enemy could hardly be expected to feed idle prisoners better than their own people. However, they managed to give them meat once a week—forty grams on Sunday. This was all the Russians were accustomed to have back home.

They had no fats; the men were fed enough, but not nourished. Consequently they were listless, lethargic. The Americans immediately arranged to give them, in addition to the German ration, one hundred and twenty grams of Argentine canned meat a day, twenty grams of fats and two hundred and seventy-five additional grams of bread. This bread was of German make and very dark, but what the Russians were accustomed all their lives to eat. The Interallied Commission paid for it in good white flour to Germany.

American soldiers supervise distribution of this stuff through channels from the moment of issue until it reaches the Russian stomachs. If they didn't the food would disappear. Each prisoner now gets three meals a day. Added to this are ten grams of tea a week and one hundred and twenty grams of sugar. Tobacco is offered as a reward for good behavior.

They exhibit intense jealousy of the portions served. I saw numerous scales in the barracks which the prisoners had made to weigh the bread and soup. The officials told me that every meal the Russians can be found shaving off thin slices to even up the distribution, and many hot arguments result. These disputes are settled by the decision of the barracks captain.

The Russians are great gamblers. Most of their time is spent in some form of gambling, though the camp provides a reading room, a theater and movie place, the latter being combined with the church. At one end of the church are the altar and pulpit—at the other a stage.

They have small taste for sports and no skill whatever. Teaching the prisoners how to play football and baseball and to box are among the hardest jobs laid on the Americans. A start has been made, but the Russians learn reluctantly. They seem to prefer lying out in the sun or in their bunks. When they do tackle a game they are as clumsy as a bear in a waltz. It is a pity, for the majority are fine, big, husky men.

The barracks are comfortable, all things considered, and are provided with showers, a delousing plant, laundry and hospital. Baths meant nothing in the lives of these Russians, but they are acquiring an interest in them in imitation of the doughboys.

Each cot has a bed bag and two blankets. The prisoners wear uniforms ranging from Russian to English and Italian. They have also fairly good underclothes and shoes. In fact when I saw how well they fared and how much our humanitarian efforts had done for them and then remembered the privations which our troops at the Front had necessarily to endure I grew hot under the collar. We were burning with sympathy for men living in idleness when our own were fighting under immeasurably worse conditions.

### Bolshevism Flattened Out

The presence of some women in the camp surprised me. They were brought along with the men when the German armies swept through Russia, cleaning it of both soldiers and civilians as they went. And I saw fully a score of children, some born since arrival of their mothers at the camp.

The prisoners who go out to work have it pretty easy. They live among the civilian population almost as part of it, mix with the Germans, share their amusements and have their love affairs too. There are not a few children of Russian parentage in Frankfurt-an-der-Oder, and numerous applications have been received by the Americans to get them fed.

The German guards are not soldiers but civilians hired to do the work, and they can quit by giving ten days' notice. At one time the camp commandant was elected by the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council and their stamp went on every *Ausweis*; but in the month of May, when the Bolshevik troubles had served their purpose in the peace negotiations—or had failed to serve it—Bolshevism flattened out and a major in the German regular army took command.

Among the Americans on duty at the camp was one of Russian descent whose parents emigrated to the United States shortly before his birth. He gazed at the idle, listless, no-account crowds of prisoners a while and then relieved his mind.

"Just to think," he said, "if I hadn't lived over there I might be on the other side of that fence this very minute, roaring if I didn't get my share of monkey! I wish those guys in Connecticut, where I come from, could see this too!"

*Kattowitz, Upper Silesia.* There is nothing crushed about the spirit of this portion of Germany. They are burning with patriotism and racial pride. Surrender German territory to Poland? Never! They'd like to see the Allies try it!

For losers they are certainly cocky—but then they don't seem to realize yet that they have been beaten. Much of the old German military arrogance survives in these eastern provinces, for in this direction they achieved their most decisive victories. Indeed the farther east from Berlin one goes the more pronounced the arrogance one finds, the more stubborn the determination not to recognize the facts of their defeat.

"The Allies want to merge a high civilization in a low and it can't be done," is their argument, and when they talk of the Poles it is with a scornful conviction of superiority that finds expression in curt references to them as an inferior breed. A dozen times I have heard Germans of substance and position—even officials of the Foreign Office—refer to the Poles as scavengers.

However, this is typical of the German attitude toward other nationalities. To their way of thinking, they are higher. That opinion of themselves crops out in numberless ways. They give this as their reason for not banning English plays and

(Concluded on Page 123)

# PRINTING PRINTING

*What* a surprise you would receive if you awoke one morning and missed your morning newspaper. Arriving at the office you found no letterheads, no circulars or booklets, no printed forms of any description. On the way home no evening paper or car sign met your gaze. The craving of your eyes for type would be almost as acute as a famished stomach's longing for food.

There never were so many people trying to get good printing as there are today. But it is also true that many people who buy printing overlook the value of getting it done well.

Cheap printing *is cheap*. Nearly everyone can detect its cheapness. Years of life in a nation where printing of every description is abundant, have inbred into business men the instinct to detect cheap printing.

Good printing, produced by a reliable printer, is never too costly unless waste has to be paid for. Avoid printing material which is not standard and shun odd sizes as you would a pickpocket.

This is an important subject. During the war, our government took steps to limit the

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers

# BETTER PAPER

# PRINTING

manufacture of paper to standard sizes. Other associations have tackled the problem with rather varied results. For instance, the National Association of Purchasing Agents, sitting with representatives of paper makers, printers, catalog publishers, hardware, mill, electrical, engineering, architectural, industrial and commercial organizations, suggested a National Standard Catalog Size.

Although full agreement is not yet reached, the advantage to all concerned of using standard sizes and weights is clearly something to be sought in every printing job you have.

The S. D. Warren Company has standardized printing paper quality. The printer who advocates standard size Warren Standard Printing Papers will increase his prestige and his trade by turning out better printing at a fair price.

*Briefly classified, the Warren Standard Printing Papers are*

**Warren's Cameo**
A dull coated, non-reflecting paper which gives to halftone reproductions the depth and softness of platinum prints. Made in white, ivory and sepia.

**Warren's Lustro**
A glossy coated paper for fine halftone work. It combines brilliancy of surface with superior folding and binding qualities.

**Warren's Warrentown Coated Book**
A glossy coated paper developed to meet the exacting requirements of process color printing.

**Warren's Cumberland Coated Book**
A glossy coated paper and a recognized standard for catalogs, booklets and folders where fine halftone work must be produced at a comparatively low cost.

**Warren's Silkote**
A semi-dull coated paper made in white and India. Noted for its practical printing qualities. Relatively inexpensive.

**Warren's Printone**
A semi-coated paper especially suited for large edition work requiring halftones.

**Warren's Library Text**
An English finish paper of exceptional quality that takes medium screen halftones satisfactorily.

**Warren's Olde Style**
An antique finish, watermarked paper which lends dignity to type and line reproductions.

**Warren's Cumberland Super Book**
A super-calendered paper with dependable printing qualities.

**Warren's Cumberland Machine Book**
A hand-sorted, smooth, machine finish paper for halftones of not too fine screen.

**Warren's Britannica India**
For thin editions. Bulks 1420 pages to the inch.

**Warren's Artogravure**
An eggshell finish paper for offset printing.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

# BETTER PRINTING

The CONTINENTAL MOTORS Powerful as the Nation AMERICA'S STANDARD Red Seal Motor

# POWER THE INSTANT YOU NEED IT

There's a lot of satisfaction in driving a car you know you can depend upon.

What a comfortable feeling of security you have, in the tight places, when you know that you have *power*—abundant power—the instant you need it.

Satisfaction such as this comes only to the man who knows he has a *good* motor in his automobile or truck.

For the motor's the heart of the car. Upon its performance—its power, its speed, its economy, its all-'round ability—depends your satisfaction, your security, your pride of ownership.

Look *first*, then, to the motor when you buy a passenger or commercial car. Judge the motor by its record. Judge it by the test of time—by what it *has* done, by the kind of service it *has* given throughout the years.

Apply this test—and your choice will be the Red Seal Continental Motor.

The Red Seal Continental has stood the test of time, and service—during more than fifteen years. It represents nothing untried, nothing experimental. Rather, it represents the coördinated thought of the foremost motor engineers, for more than a generation.

It is a *proved certainty*. It is America's Standard.

* * * * * *

Today 165 successful manufacturers of automobiles and trucks, by equipping their output with the Red Seal Continental Motor, vouch for its integrity.

Upward of 16,000 dealers base their business prosperity, their business future, upon Continental-motored cars.

Hundreds of thousands of satisfied owners are living testimonials that the judgment of these manufacturers and dealers is *right*.

When you buy an automobile or truck, choose a motor with abundant power—power the instant you need it—and identify it by the Continental Red Seal.

**CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION**

Offices: DETROIT, MICHIGAN Factories: MUSKEGON—DETROIT

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

(Concluded from Page 119)

Italian and French opera during the war; also for not changing French names of streets and squares.

"And our enemies did all that. It was childish," they declare.

The Silesians had a demonstration here to-day against the peace terms and the proposal to annex Silesian territory to Poland. It was rather remarkable—a spontaneous outburst of passion which put to shame the pale, carefully stimulated protests I saw staged in Berlin. Troops paraded through the principal streets and the populace went wild. They strewed flowers and green things in their path, decorated soldiers and horses and guns with flowers and ribbons.

The troops were A1. Young men for the most part—a large number of them mere boys—excellently equipped and trained as all German soldiers are trained. Their horses and the artillery were a revelation to me; nothing about these troops to suggest a defeated army.

Later the busy propagandists who arranged the trip for the English and American correspondents held a meeting of Silesians for our benefit. Present were representatives of every industry and business and occupation in the province—mine owners and working miners, landed proprietors and farm hands, bankers, shopkeepers, railroad managers, railroad employees, lawyers, doctors, peasants, priests and rabbis. They even had some Poles among these protestants against the peace terms.

### Uncle Sam, Financial Angel

The Oberbürgermeister of Kattowitz made a speech.

"And now," he said, his voice deepening to a note of menace, "now for a harsh word! If this injustice is not righted the curse of the German people will follow America and President Wilson!"

None of us will lie awake to worry over the outcome of this curse, but as a revelation of Germany's attitude it is significant. They look to America to save them from the just punishment of their crimes, and they are ready to denounce America the instant her efforts fall below their high-pitched expectations.

A similar tendency is discernible in practically every European country. They have been encouraged to believe that the United States will help them realize all their ambitions and they confidently look to us for all necessary credits and food and such other assistance as they may require. And whenever they are disappointed in their eager desire to grab something from the general pot to which they are not entitled, they promptly turn against Uncle Sam and snap at his heels.

I suppose this situation was bound to occur. A creditor is never popular, and envy makes men hate. But after America's achievements in the war and her efforts to succor peoples in distress, it is rather discouraging to find that Americans have earned more dislike than gratitude. Indeed, I fully expect to see the United States the most unpopular great power in the world before we emerge from this mess.

*Weimar.* To-day in a session as dull and cut-and-dried as any meeting of a county council for routine business I saw the representatives of the German people give their assent to a peace treaty which they firmly believe to mean the virtual enslavement of the nation for two generations. And not a man among them struck a high note of patriotism; not one rose above the plane of party politics. It was as pitiful an exhibition as their bitterest enemy could desire.

The choice of Weimar for the sittings of the National Assembly strikes the visitor with wonderment. What could have prompted the selection? A number of the newspapers would have us believe that it shows the new régime's sympathy with the noble aspirations and spirit of broad humanity which emanated from Weimar in the writings of the immortal Goethe. The explanation might appeal to a twelve-year-old child, but is too ingenuous even for people who have been heroically swallowing war propaganda for years. Perhaps the absence of agitators had something to do with it, for Weimar claims it has less than seventy Spartacists.

However that may be, the few unruly ones they have here nearly played hob. The authorities were taking no chances; they threw the whole outfit into jail in order to make sure of them while the National Assembly was sitting.

But twenty-eight of them contrived to break out the other night and, forming themselves into a raiding party, made an attack on the old castle wherein were housed most of the members of the German Government. It is a huge frowning pile inside the city and the usual precautions had been taken to guard it, including soldiers and machine guns.

In some manner not yet explained the doughty raiders managed to elude the guards and got inside. They penetrated almost to the apartments of the government leaders. Had they taken a turn to the right instead of to the left—so the story goes—they would have bagged most of the cabinet. But they took the wrong turn, brought up at an impasse and were overpowered by the alarmed garrison. It has had one good effect—given the Germans something to laugh at in these dark days.

When Ben Hecht and I arrived in Weimar the town wore such a normal aspect that it was difficult to believe the nation's fate was being decided there. No crowds, no apparent excitement—not even an atmosphere of tension. Citizens were coming and going about their affairs very quietly; the market place was filled with produce and country folk and townspeople; comfortable-looking men and women sat at the tables of the restaurants and sidewalk cafés; idlers sunned themselves on the benches in the squares.

One of the first persons we ran into was Count Bernstorff—well-groomed and suave, but unsmiling. Ben stopped to question him, but I passed on.

At dinner last night we had Erzberger sitting near us. They say he is the brains of the government and is responsible for the formation of a cabinet which will sign the peace. Whatever his ability, he is unquestionably the shrewdest of German politicians, for out of every upheaval and readjustment Erzberger has emerged with a better job. His new post of Minister of Finance is probably the most important in the cabinet.

A smooth, jovial, round-faced, pink-cheeked man who doesn't appear to have suffered from underfeeding, I should say that Erzberger has a fine digestion and a robust conscience, taking things as they come with a light heart. He has a habit of rubbing his hands when he smiles, and he smiles often. Might be a war profiteer from his appearance.

That he is not easily discountenanced he proved at a meeting of the National Assembly which we attended. They were announcing the names of the new cabinet, and when Erzberger's was reached a chorus of jeers and laughter rose from one side of the house. Erzberger, facing the Assembly from the government chairs, beamed at them. The noise continuing, he flapped one hand in good-humored protest, as much as to say: "Here, you guys, cut it out!" And they did.

### Making History to Snores

Of an opposite type is Brockdorff-Rantzau, who was in the lobby of the hotel talking to a lady as we came out from dinner. He looks the aristocrat in every line of him. There is a certain spirituality in his finely chiseled features, but it is marred by a suggestion of hauteur, even arrogance, in the poise of the head, and his expression is stern. The impression he conveys is that of a polished diplomat of the old school—the sort of man who might appeal to public opinion when it was necessary, but who deep down in his heart scorns the rabble multitude and the new ideas of popular government.

Never shall I forget the meeting of the National Assembly. It was the most dramatic thing I ever witnessed—simply because it was so routine and prosaic. That sounds like a paradox, but here was an assemblage of a nation's representatives debating whether they would accept the peace, and no apparent excitement, no display of passionate patriotism, hardly a note of protest rising above party politics. Why, two of the representatives of the German press dozed in the gallery not ten feet from me—one of them began to snore! And yet it was one of the great moments in German history.

Everything moved with the precision of a rehearsed performance. The president of the Assembly sat in a high-backed chair on the stage; directly below him the Assembly officials and in two rows below them, facing the house, the members of the cabinet. A gallery and the boxes—for the Assembly met in the municipal theater—were filled with spectators of both sexes.

Though we knew that women had been elected to the Assembly, it nevertheless came as a surprise to see so many sitting in it; for Germany has so long been a country absolutely dominated by men, wherein women played the rôle of *Hausfrauen* and breeders of children—little more than that. We counted quite a number, all dressed in dark sober clothes. They took no part in the debate, and it amused us to hear each speaker begin with *"Meine Herren und Damen"*—gentlemen and ladies—instead of ladies and gentlemen, as in most other lands.

One by one the party leaders stepped to the tiny rostrum and proclaimed where they stood on the peace. Of course they denounced it, but that was merely a matter of form. Everyone knew it would be accepted; everyone could read between the lines of those set speeches: "But we'll have to sign! We'll have to sign!"

### Again Politics vs. Patriotism

So there were no great orations delivered that day. It seemed to be each speaker's object to square his party's stand with the public and history—a difficult and thankless task, requiring sorry juggling. Not one of them had in him the sacred fire; not one could rise to Germany's need of a heroic consuming patriotism; not one could strike the deep vibrant note of his country's anguish. In careful bald phrases which left their auditors cold they sought to set their parties right with the nation. They played petty politics when the hour cried out for forgetfulness of everything but Germany's needs and a sublime devotion to them. Had there been in that Assembly one flaming patriot, one great man who could forget his personal fortunes and those of the clique for which he spoke, he could have set the nation ablaze against a peace of might.

It is well for us that there was none—well for all the Allies. For had there been a Mirabeau in Weimar, Germany would probably have risen in irresistible strength behind him. He could have stampeded the Assembly and rallied the dumbly resentful people, for whether they should sign or not sign hung by a hair for days.

Much was expected of Haase, that firebrand of the Socialists, whose clear vision and practical common sense have made him an outstanding figure since the war began. Time and again Haase has risen from his place in the Reichstag to denounce Germany's militarism and the policy of her war lords. At the summit of their victories, when Germany seemed triumphant on every side and men like Erzberger and Dernburg were spouting of terms of peace which would have extended the empire to cover most of the habitable globe and wrung from its enemies an indemnity to cover every cent of her war costs, as well as surrender of fleets, Haase had the courage to sound a warning.

"Yes," he cried in substance, "we have won victories, but we have lost the war. The whole world is arrayed against us. Unless we make peace now in terms which the Allies can accept we will be beaten."

And they howled him down. Flushed by conquest in the East, with Rumania and Russia crushed and Italy at their feet, with smashing triumphs bulletined from the Western Front, Germany was drunk—raving-mad with power. They could see nothing but world domination then, so they yelled "Traitor" at Haase and silenced his lashing tongue.

And now came his day of days. Everything he foretold had come true. All his predictions were now realized a hundredfold; and when the president cried the name of Hugo Haase a stir ran through the Assembly—a murmur of expectancy; men and women squirmed in their seats. It was the little man's hour of triumph and hopes ran high that we would hear a speech such as only Haase can make.

And what happened? Even Hugo Haase, the clearest thinker in the public life of Germany to-day, could not rise to the occasion. All he said amounted to "I told you so." And a ward politician can say that.

An undersized, high-shouldered, almost bent, slight figure, he stepped leisurely to the rostrum after a moment of cheap by-play with another member who had mistaken the call for Haase as his own turn, and faced the Assembly. He leaned his elbows on the rail and regarded them a space. You could feel waves of warm expectancy pouring from the house toward him; the air tingled with pleasurable excitement. Despite his unprepossessing appearance, Haase has a compelling personality, a species of magnetism which draws an audience, whether or not they approve of what he says.

And then he began. In quiet, measured, almost confidential tones he began, and we grew eager; but his voice rose speedily to harshly strident denunciation and he started to lash the government and everybody concerned except his own party. Shaking a finger at the government chairs, he scored point after point with inexorable precision as he reviewed the past.

Nobody could deny the truth of what he said. It was Haase's day of vindication, and he employed it for just that. But the facts spoke loudly enough for themselves, and surely a patriot like Haase might have offered something better in his country's time of stress than "I told you so! I told you so!" But no; he talked of what "our party" had done, seemingly more concerned that his party should emerge with credit from the difficult situation in which it had been placed than for a solution above party fortunes.

### Will Kaiserism Survive?

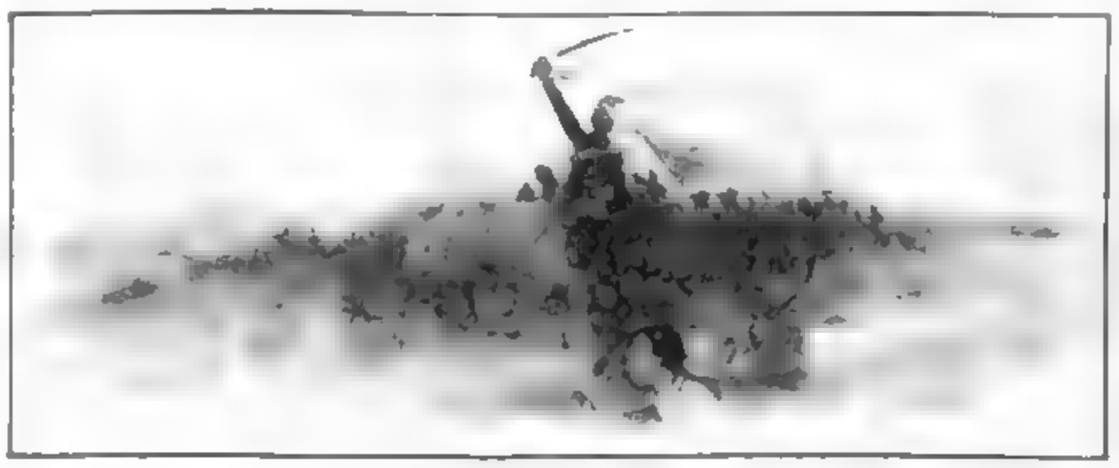
Halfway through his speech the dean of German press representatives was nodding again, worn out by days and nights of staying on the job in Weimar. And men and women were looking at one another in disappointment. Was this the best Germany's leaders could offer in the crisis?

It has been the same with all the prominent men in the new régime. They have exhibited a deplorable lack of greatness. In the caliber of its leaders lies the weakness of the republic. What men among them who can approach in ability the master organizers of kaiserdom? They have failed dismally to measure up to the opportunity. For that reason, among others, I am persuaded that some fine day the old crowd will sweep them all away with "Here, we've had enough of this foolery," and Germany will welcome the coup.

Even so keen and courageous a brain as Maximilian Harden's seems pitifully unable to produce anything but destructive criticism. Indeed Harden, to whom the outside world pinned hopes for Germany's regeneration, long ago lost his hold in the public imagination. They wearied of his constant scolding. When would he have something constructive to offer?

After it was all over we wandered out into the *Platz* where a small crowd waited patiently and in silence for a glimpse of the leaders. And I hired a cab for a ride out to Goethe's garden house.

It seemed good to escape from that atmosphere of petty politics and pygmy men and selfish running for cover to the quiet and peace of the little quaint place in the park where a giant among men had in an older day given with lavish hand to all mankind the products of high thinking and a vision which lifted those who caught it nearer to the Infinite.



# When the Western Electric Company Started Fifty Years Ago

MOST modern comforts were unknown a half century ago. To our grandsires the city water supply was the village pump. Urban transportation centered in the "depot hack". And distant journeys were restless adventures on the turnpike stage.

A few folks were just learning the luxury of gas, but most others still read by kerosene lamps or candle light.

In the homes of the "well-to-do" the first tinkle of the electric bell was heard. The telegraph was an expensive means of communication used largely for emergencies. And other signs of the dawn of the electrical age were appearing here and there.

* * * *

Upon such conditions as these does the Western Electric Company look back from its 50th Anniversary.

It began as a small, two-man concern, formed to "carry on trade" in bells, buzzers, telegraph supplies and other electrical inventions as soon as they were perfected. For the Western Electric was then, as well as now, the logical channel through which what was best electrically reached the public.

Evidence of the retention of this leadership is recorded in sales that exceed a half million dollars a day, and a working force of more than 30,000 men and women.

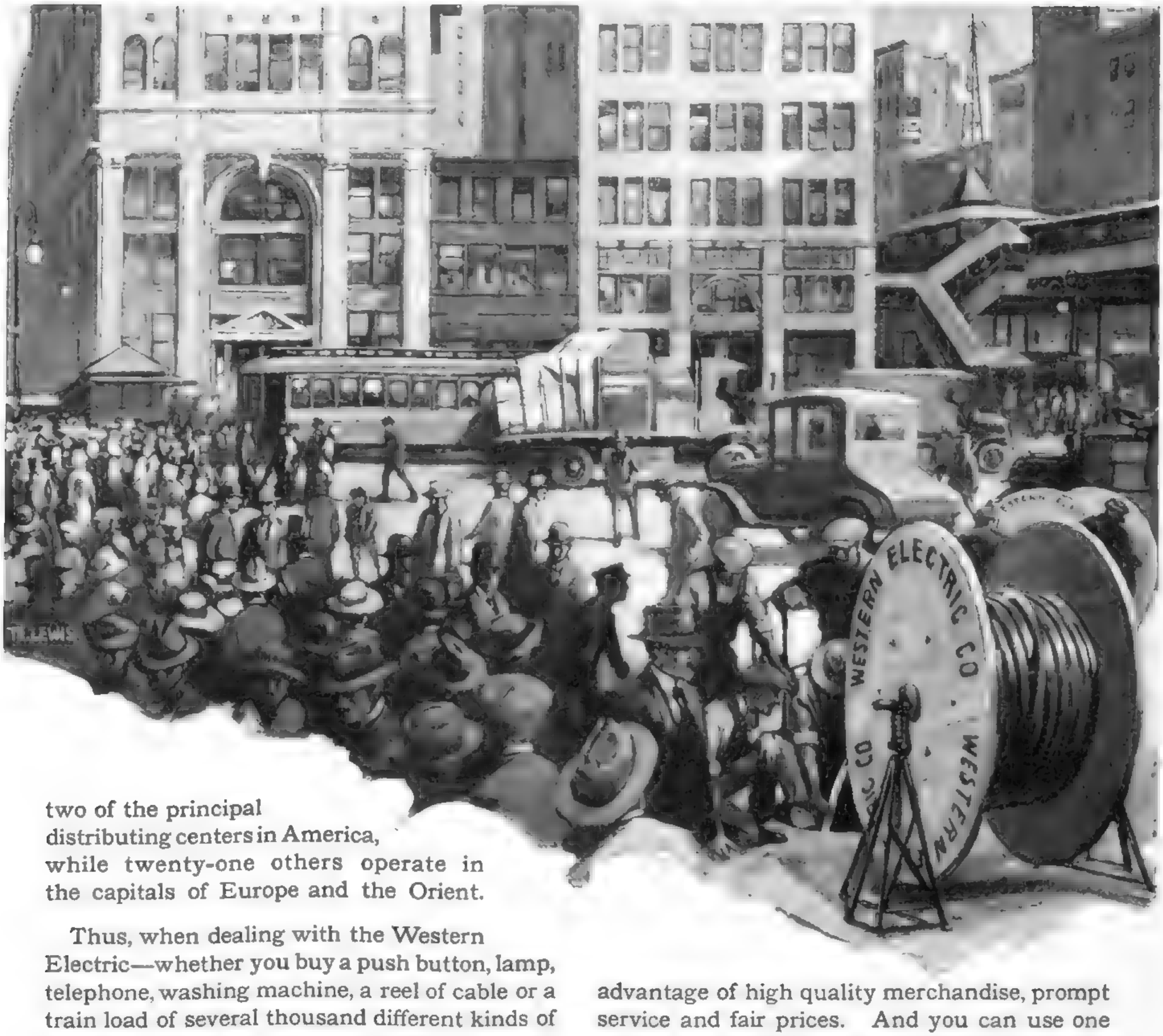
* * * *

The Western Electric Company is both manufacturer and distributor; it is at the same time the world's greatest manufacturer of telephone apparatus and the world's largest distributor of electrical supplies.

Houses well-stocked with standard equipment to meet every electrical need are located in forty-

Western

Everything Electrical Everywhere




two of the principal distributing centers in America, while twenty-one others operate in the capitals of Europe and the Orient.

Thus, when dealing with the Western Electric—whether you buy a push button, lamp, telephone, washing machine, a reel of cable or a train load of several thousand different kinds of electrical supplies—you gain the threefold advantage of high quality merchandise, prompt service and fair prices. And you can use one source of supply for all your electrical needs.

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| New York | Buffalo | Atlanta | New Orleans | St. Louis | Oklahoma City | St. Paul | Oakland |
| Syracuse | Pittsburgh | Savannah | Chicago | Memphis | Omaha | Duluth | Los Angeles |
| Newark | Baltimore | Jacksonville | Indianapolis | Cincinnati | Dallas | Denver | Seattle |
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Canada—Northern Electric Company, Ltd., Montreal
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China—China Electric Company, Ltd., Peking
Japan—Nippon Electric Company, Ltd., Tokyo
England—Western Electric Company, Ltd., London
France—Le Matériel Telephonique, Paris
Holland—Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company, The Hague
Belgium—Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company, Antwerp
Italy—Western Electric Italiana, Milan
Norway—Western Electric Company, Ltd., Christiania
Russia—N. C. Heisler & Company, Petrograd
Switzerland—Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company, Berne
South Africa—Western Electric Company, Ltd., Johannesburg

# Electric

Everything Electrical Everywhere

# THE CHANCE

(Continued from Page 9)

of me. Maybe the new Old Man will be different from Teller. I hope so. They tell me he's as plain as an old felt boot. He was here last week, sizing the dump up. He met Dave Tinker down at the pig machine and asked him for a chew. Dave pulled out a sack of Puddlers' Perfection. It's the punkest junk a man ever tried to masticate, Tootsy—leave it alone!

"'Why, I used Puddlers' Perfection for years,' said the new Old Man, 'and did well on it too. I always knew there was a lot of cigar stubs mixed up in it, but that didn't worry me. Then I got hold of two or three packages that had stubs in them that hadn't even had the smoked ends clipped off, so I quit it. I didn't kick on the snipes, but I did think they ought to clip 'em at least.' He stuffed his trap full, handed back the package to Dave, and went on.

"What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? I believe he'll make a hit. Imagine old Tellerinsky saying a thing like that to Dave Tinker or to me or to you! I hope he makes a clean-up here. I'd just like to see Lafe Murdock get one good bust, blast me if I wouldn't! Maybe a fellow who deserves a show will get it now. You bet, I believe he's going to be all right. Goodlow is his name—comes from Pittsburgh. Well, I've got to lope on. But cogitate on it, Tootsy, cogitate: Twenty-eight hundred bucks out of us suckers' pockets to buy a present for that old fat slob of a Tellerinsky! What d'ye know about that?"

Goodlow's secretary knew that someone had entered his office, had quietly crossed the room, and was now standing before his desk. But he did not look up from the newspaper he was reading. Film News was exceptionally interesting that morning. As secretary to the general manager of Steelburg Mills, Bridges had his troubles, and not the least of them was trying to make people understand that the mills were not open to the public. Here was another petitioner for a pass; he was certain of it, so he kept on reading. He had to say "No, sir!" and "No, madam!" so many times every day that he had come to hate his callers. For people would come to Steelburg, hoping to be permitted to go inside the great steel plant—all sorts and conditions of people, men and women of all ages, of all professions, of all degrees of inquisitiveness and taciturnity, and wisdom and foolishness, and politeness and impoliteness.

Bridges could not understand this crazy desire of people. Why should they want to see the steel mills? He himself could find nothing of interest about them—a place of noise and dirt and smoke and danger; a place of white lakes of bubbling steel, of red pools of molten iron, of glowing stacks of bars and blooms and ingots; a place of grinding wheels and rumbling rolls and thundering engines; a place of grimy, sweaty, hard-faced men. Bah! Why didn't they visit those places where their real interests lay? Lawyers should visit courthouses, school-teachers school buildings, doctors hospitals, bank clerks banks. But no, they all came here, bothering him. Here was another one of them! Let him wait! Let him ——

"I beg your pardon, sir, but could you tell me if your company has in its employ a man by the name of Wellington Gay?"

Bridges started, dropped his newspaper and looked up. A pleasant-faced, white-haired old man stood before his desk. Bridges was disturbed; he wished he had looked up at first, for evidently this was not one of his tormentors.

"I cannot answer your question at once," he replied, "but I can find out in a moment or two. Just take a chair, please."

This courteousness with Bridges was something unusual—he was somewhat surprised at it himself. His customary reply to a question such as he had been asked was: "What do you want with him?" But there was something about the mild-mannered old gentleman before him that appealed to him. For one thing he reminded him of a fine old character he had seen on the screen a few nights before. He was sorry he hadn't been exactly polite—he wished to make amends.

He telephoned to Bottman, chief timekeeper for Steelburg Mills. Bottman rose from his chair at his big desk in the time office, looked over a room filled with half a hundred busy timekeepers, brass-check men, calculators, verifiers and stenographers, and shouted: "Anybody got Wellington Gay?" And a pop-eyed young man in a far corner of the room answered at once: "Scale wheeler at the ingot mill. Check Number 6489."

Bottman had a good system. Bottman could in a moment put his finger, as it were, on any one of Steelburg Mills' ten thousand employees.

Bridges turned to the old gentleman. "Yes, we have a man named Wellington Gay. What can I do for you further?"

The old gentleman smiled. "This is indeed good luck," he said. "I was not certain that the man was in Steelburg, but I thought I would ask for him at all of the different establishments, and this is my first inquiry. I wonder if I could see your head man, your general manager or general superintendent."

"You will find him in that room yonder," replied Bridges, pointing to Goodlow's office door. "Go in."

The old man hesitated. "Perhaps I should send in my card. If he is occupied ——"

"Oh, no; that will be all right—he will see you now."

The caller walked into the general manager's office. Bridges looking after him smiled as he thought how different it would have been a short while before, with Teller in there. The door would have been shut; he would have carried the caller's card in and laid it before the general manager; that pompous official would have looked at it, mused over it for several minutes, chewed his cigar savagely, read a letter or two, and then grunted: "Show him in"; or, "Tell him I'll see him in a half hour."

But Goodlow was different. On the first day of his coming he had fastened the door open and said to Bridges: "There's no need of my keeping that door shut if you'll keep your mouth shut—when you happen to overhear something that is said in there, you know. If anybody comes here and asks to see me, shoot him in. You shoot people in and I'll shoot them out. I'm not afraid that I shall be bothered."

Goodlow's caller advanced to the table where Goodlow was seated.

"My name is Spencer," he said, presenting his card. "I am of the firm of Spencer & Banks, Grain Dealers, Buffalo."

"Will you be seated?" Goodlow indicated a chair.

"I am here to try to have an interview with one of your employees, Wellington Gay. I was passing through the city and my interest in the young man is such that I could not go on without attempting to locate him and have a few words with him. In fact, I hope to be able to induce him to go away with me."

"Wellington Gay?" repeated Goodlow. "I never heard of the man. But that is not surprising—we have several thousand men in our employ, and I have been here but a short while. What is he—a foreman of some sort?"

"Oh, I hardly think so; but of course I don't know. He was, when I met him and became acquainted with him—but perhaps you would be interested in learning how I came to know him."

And Randolph Spencer began telling the story of his meeting Wally Gay in the wheat country.

Goodlow had not laid down the cost sheet which he had been studying when Spencer entered his room; he continued to hold it, that he might use it as an instrument for shooting out this caller should his business prove to be of no importance. In that case he would become preoccupied, return to the study of the cost sheet, begin to make notations on it with a pencil, buzz for his secretary, and when Bridges would appear he would say: "Tell Mr. Gonsall or Mr. Baum to fetch me last month's Bessemer records, and send a stenographer in here." The caller would take the hint and go. That was Goodlow's way: it was thus he shot out the unwanted. The great majority of them he did, but now and then there was one who wouldn't take the hint. Once a persistent insurance agent ignored three hints. Then Goodlow buzzed again for Bridges. "Send Mike O'Toole in here to clean out this office," he said. The agent slithered out.

But this morning he did not resume his perusal of the cost sheet. Spencer had talked but a few moments when he threw the paper upon his desk, leaned back in his chair and gave his whole attention to the story his caller was telling. Once he reached into a drawer in the desk behind him and drew out a box of cigars, which he passed to his visitor, lighting one himself.

And once he interrupted Spencer to say: "Will you please repeat that? I cannot understand why I have not heard of this man if he is working here, though, as I have said, I have not been here for any great length of time," he stated, when the story had been told.

"I should have thought some one of the heads of departments would have mentioned him to me, for he must be holding a fairly good position. I don't wonder at your wishing to get hold of him, Mr. Spencer. I hope he doesn't go with you—we need his kind here."

He put his hand beneath the edge of his table top and pressed a buzzer button. Bridges came to the door.

"Find out where Wellington Gay or Wally Gay works."

"He's at the ingot mill, Mr. Goodlow," replied Bridges promptly, and he gave a quiet little chuckle. That ought to make a hit with Goodlow—his having the asked-for information right at the tip of his tongue. But Goodlow spoiled the little triumph.

"Bridges, how do you happen to know that fact?"

"I was locating him for this gentleman a few minutes ago, and Bottman told me he was a scale wheeler."

"A scale wheeler! Telephone to Jaster at the ingot mill, Bridges, and tell him to send the man to my office at once."

Ten minutes later Wally Gay walked into Bridges' office, a trifle nervous, a little scared. Mill workers don't like to be sent for by the Old Man—it too often means trouble. He was dressed in a torn and greasy suit of overalls, his hands were black with grime, and his face streaked with dirt. There was something striking and forceful about Wally Gay's face that the dirt from the mills, with which it was smudged, could not conceal; there was a strength in his brown eyes, and as Bridges looked up from his newspaper his artistic self was startled.

"What a face for the screen!" he murmured.

"Are you Wellington Gay?" he asked. And receiving an affirmative reply he said: "Go in yonder," pointing to the door opening into the general manager's office.

His curiosity was roused. What could Goodlow and the white-haired old gentleman want with this dirty wop? Perhaps he should find out. He quietly crossed his office, took a position close to the open door, where he could hear all that was said in the next room, while apparently busying himself with arranging a shelf of books on the wall. He might be able to get a little tip for a good scenario here. For be it said that Bridges' ambitions did not lie along the lines of iron and steel—he aspired to be a writer of moving-picture plays—he wanted to write a scenario that would sell.

Wally entered Goodlow's office hesitatingly, twisting his little cloth cap about in his hands. Spencer turned, saw him and rose from his chair.

"Hello, there, young man!" he cried.

Wally looked at him for a moment in silence. Then a flush showed through the smudge on his cheeks.

"Oh—good mornin', Mr. Spencer!" he stammered. "No, I reckon we can't shake hands—mine are too dirty." And he stepped back.

"What's a dirty hand? There's plenty of soap and water in the world! Shake hands! And how are you, Mr. Gay?"

"Pretty well; how are you?" And then he rushed on: "Say, Mr. Spencer, I've got the money to pay you back that there twenty-five dollars you let me have to get to Buffalo; and for the ticket too. I've been wantin' to send it to you all the time, but I didn't know where to send it to. I lost that there letter you give me."

Spencer laughed. "And what about the money I owe you?" he said. "I've got over three hundred dollars that belongs to you—the wages due you from John Peterson. I succeeded in collecting it all from Peterson's nephew, after considerable difficulty, and it is now in a Buffalo savings bank. You can have it whenever you want it. How are you getting along here?"

"Gettin' along fine."

"Why didn't you go on to Buffalo after I had started you there?"

"Oh, I got back here to Steelburg and I'd always lived here and I liked it here, so I thought I'd stay here."

"Then I suppose you don't care to go on with me now? That little office next to mine, that I told you about is empty again. I haven't yet found the right man to put in there, unless you'll go. What do you say?"

"No, I like Steelburg; I like the mills."

"What are you doing now?" asked Goodlow.

"Wheelin' scale at the ingot mill."

"How long have you been there?"

"Quite a while—two or three years, I guess."

"You've always lived in Steelburg, you say?"

"Yes, up in Vinegar Gully."

"Who are your folks? Is your father living? What does he do?"

Wally did not reply at once, and just for an instant a glint of anger showed in his brown eyes. Then he discovered something in the faces of the two men before him that reassured him.

"I reckon I haven't got no folks," he said, smiling faintly. "I was a nobody's kid. I come here in a car of pig iron. Joe Gay found me and raised me, and I just sort of growed up in the mills."

Outside the door the eavesdropping Bridges clenched his fists, raised them to the level of his face and tensed his arm muscles. "A plot! A plot for a picture!" he muttered.

"Well, if you don't want to go to Buffalo to take a position with our firm," said Spencer, "I'm sure I wish you success here. Shall I send your money to you?"

"Why, no—I guess not. I don't need it now. You might leave it there in the bank. I'll send for it some day. Much obliged, but I'll stay on here."

"Very well. I was at Wheaton and through the country thereabouts last week, I met a Miss Creeth there—Miss Amy Creeth. You remember her, of course?"

"Sure, I do!"

"She asked me to give you her kindest regards, should I meet you. Young man, if I were you I believe I'd write to Miss Creeth. I'm pretty sure she'd be glad to hear from you. She is going to teach in Wheaton next winter."

"Aha! Appears the woman!" chuckled the listening Bridges.

Again a red flush showed beneath the grime on the cheeks of the young workman, and he stirred uneasily and twisted his little cap more tightly.

"I reckon I'd better be gettin' back to work," he mumbled.

"All right, Gay; that's all," said Goodlow.

Spencer rose and shook hands with him.

"Good-by and good luck. Maybe I'll see you again some day. Take one of my cards, and whenever you wish me to send you the money I'm holding just write to me. I have taken out what you owed me, so you need not worry about that. Write to me sometime and tell me how you are. And take my advice and write to Miss Creeth."

In the adjoining room Bridges went slipping back to his desk, and he was penning the opening lines of a new photoplay as Wally passed through his office.

"I like that young fellow," said Spencer. "I liked him the first time I saw him. There's something in him. I wish I could have him with me; I'd like to watch him develop. He's sadly handicapped, it is true, by his unfortunate bringing up, but I believe he will overcome that."

"I'll keep an eye on him; I'll see that he has given him a chance to get on. I'm mighty glad that I could meet you, Mr. Spencer, and I'm glad, too, that I learned about this man. I am interested already in him."

Goodlow shook hands with Spencer as the latter rose to go, walked with him to the door of his office, and then returned to his desk and sat down and picked up his cost sheet. But it did not get his attention. He sat gazing out of a window, drumming the table before him with his fingers and whistling softly, and he was so occupied when Lafayette Murdock walked into his office.

"Murdock, what do you know about a young man in the mills by the name of Wellington Gay?" he asked quickly.

"Wally Gay? Oh, he's a scrubby little scroot that works down at the ingot mill.

(Continued on Page 129)

# Biting off what you can do

The business where orders mean more than deliveries and where personal profits outweigh public benefits has a weak foundation and a stunted growth.

The business that serves *thrives*.

Blaw-Knox Company accepts orders only when it can deliver a saving in time, money or equipment with its product.

Blaw-Knox Company believes in its methods to the extent of first having its engineers investigate the purpose which its product is to accomplish. Then furnishing or designing the equipment which fits exactly. And finally seeing that it *does* accomplish.

When a subway, sewer, wall, warehouse, road, sidewalk or 'most any other concrete structure is to be built, Blaw-Knox Company is called on to furnish the steel forms to do it. Because they are quicker, cheaper and more accurate than wood forms.

When excavating is to be done or loose bulk material to be rehandled, Blaw-Knox Company is asked to furnish the proper bucket because it works from whistle to whistle without a waste of time or energy.

When a transmission-line is to be erected, it is carried on Blaw-Knox towers because none has ever failed. And before a high-temperature furnace is put to work, it is equipped with Knox patented water-cooled appliances because they save men and materials, time and expense.

The steady growth, year-in and year-out, of Blaw-Knox Company is the unquestionable answer to the inquiry—*Are Blaw-Knox products and service successful?*

## BLAW-KNOX COMPANY, Pittsburgh

Offices in Principal Cities — Export Representation

**These products are built and trade-marked by Blaw-Knox Company**

BLAW STEEL FORMS for all kinds of concrete construction, from sewers to subways, from sidewalks to skyscrapers.

BLAW CLAMSHELL BUCKETS and Automatic Cableway Plants for digging and handling.

FABRICATED STEEL — Manufacturing plants, bridges, crane runways, trusses, etc.

KNOX PATENTED WATER-COOLED APPLIANCES for open-hearth, glass, copper regenerative, and sheet and pair furnaces.

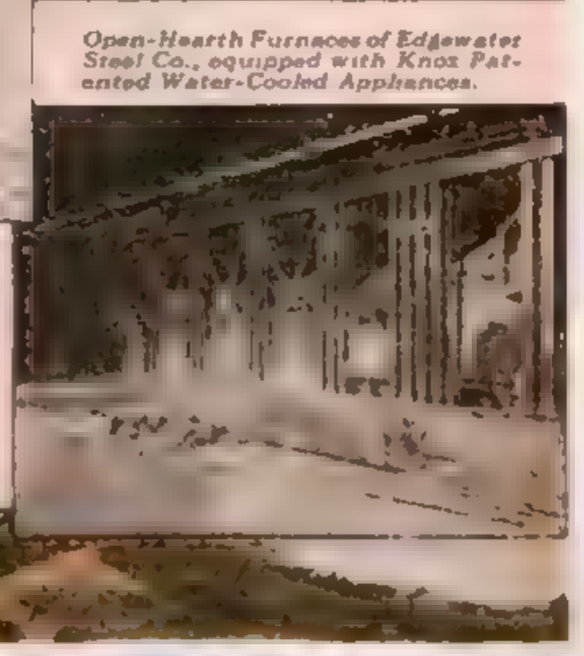
TOWERS for supporting high-tension transmission lines.

PLATE WORK—Riveted and welded steel plate products of every description

BLAW-KNOX

*Blaw Light Wall Forms used in the construction of concrete foundations for houses.*

*Open-Hearth Furnaces of Edgewater Steel Co., equipped with Knox Patented Water-Cooled Appliances.*



*Blaw Steel Forms used on the Diana Tunnel, L. & N. R. R Train Service maintained*

*Steel transmission-tower line built for West Penn Power Co., carrying 130 000 volts*

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

# WRIGLEY'S

Hermetically sealed, to keep the gum as clean and fresh as when it leaves the factory.

WRIGLEY'S popularity is based on its quality and the package protects the quality.

## The Flavor Lasts!

(Continued from Page 126)

Somebody's bastard that was shipped in here in a car of pig iron ——"

He broke off suddenly in his speech. He had seen something jump into Goodlow's eyes; he had sensed some subtle change in the attitude of the man before him that startled him, scared him. He coughed, started to speak again, but Goodlow's words came first:

"Murdock, that's pretty mean talk! It's sorry, contemptible talk! A scurvier utterance I never heard from a man of your supposed intelligence!" There was a wire edge to Goodlow's voice and Murdock winced as it cut him. "Hereafter when I wish to inquire about an employee of this plant I shall not ask you! What do you wish to see me about?"

Murdock finished his business in a very few minutes and hurriedly left the office. He had not been getting along well with Goodlow; he was conscious that from the first he had not made a favorable impression with him, and now he had stirred his ire deeply.

It was in the dining room where the heads of departments met each day for lunch, a few days later, when Goodlow's wire-edge voice cut into Murdock again and caused him to wince. The meal was over, cigars had been lighted, and the daily business meeting was in session. But Goodlow did not enter upon the regular routine.

"Gentlemen," he began, "when I came to Steelburg to take charge of this plant I informed you that I was strictly opposed to what we speak of here as favoritism. I told you that I wanted every man working in Steelburg Mills to have a square deal, and be given opportunity to advance to better position and better pay. I told you I didn't give a two-penny damn how religious you were at your work in the plant, but that you were to leave your churches outside; how much you were inclined to indulge in professions of brotherly love, but that there were to be no lodge meetings inside the gates; how much you loved your relations—your cousins, your brothers-in-law, your step nephews—but that you were not to slop over about them in these mills. You may have thought at that time that I was simply talking for diversion, making conversation. Some of you evidently did, for I have discovered that in certain departments conditions along the lines of which I have been speaking are about as rotten as they could possibly be. Tell me how the men in Steelburg Mills are to get a square deal, how they can hope to get ahead, what there is for them to look forward to if you heads of departments and your foremen under you are to determine a man's fitness and qualifications for something better by the church he belongs to, by the lodge button he wears in the lapel of his coat or by the nearness of his kinship with you. I want you to understand me this time! There's going to be a sudden change in these conditions and practices, and you and your foremen are going to make that change—either you will or I will!

"There has been brought to my attention the case of a young man who has worked here for years, who has given practically his whole life to this company, and who has been a steady, faithful, willing workman. I have learned, too, that this man possesses mental qualifications that would probably have enabled him to forge ahead had he been given a chance. Some of you undoubtedly knew of this fact. But where is he to-day? Wheeling scale! He didn't belong to any church, to any lodge, and he had no family whatsoever—he was and is a nobody, a nobody without a pull. Perhaps this is why he didn't get on, why he was never given a show. But I may be wrong; there may have been good reasons for his failing to advance—he may have been wholly incompetent. Maybe some of you know.

"Ackerman, I have learned that you worked Wally Gay for several years. Why did he never get any further with you? Why did you hold him down as a roustabout?"

Ackerman started and began to squirm uneasily in his chair. "Why, I—he never kicked—he never asked—I had no place ——" he began.

"Quite so!" snapped Goodlow. "Your ranks were so choked with your cousins and uncles and aunts that there was no place for an outsider! Do you hold your family reunions in these mills, Ackerman? If you have been you want to look about for another picnic grounds this year!

"Jaster, you've kept Wally Gay in that scale hole at the ingot mill for two or three years. Why?"

Jaster dropped his eyes and stared at a pickle on his plate. "Well, Mr. Teller sent him down there and said I was to put him in the scale hole, and I—why, I never thought he ——"

"Exactly! You, Jaster, came from County Clare—or was it bonny Scotland?—or was it lovely Wales? County Clare men—or bonny Scotlanders—or lovely Welsh—they're the men you have been boosting along; not the nobodies from Vinegar Gully!

"Calla, what do you know about Wally Gay? Didn't you get a hint once that he might make a good man in your department?"

Mr. Cecil Calla flicked a fleck of dust from a flawless cuff. "Er—I believe a shipping clerk of mine told me once that this man knew something about figures, but he was, I understood at the time, rather uneducated and somewhat crude and coarse ——"

"Say that again, Calla!" broke in Goodlow. "That's interesting! Crude and coarse! Calla, you ought to get down on your knees every night and thank God there are crude and coarse men! It's a fine lot of silk shirts you'd be wearing if there were no crude and coarse men! If my first boss had been a man like you I might yet be a pig wheeler in a Pittsburgh furnace! Crude and coarse! Rats!"

Mr. Calla passed an immaculate handkerchief over a pink face.

"Manning, could you find a place in the Open Hearth for young Gay?" Goodlow asked, addressing a man seated at the farther end of the table.

"Oh, yes; I've always got a place for a good man."

"Then you may tell Gay to report to Manning at the Open Hearth, Jaster. And, Manning, I want you to forget that I spoke to you for him. Don't consider him a protégé of mine, for he isn't. Give him a chance, that's all I'm asking. If he makes good you'll know what to do; if he fails to qualify let him go. I don't want any one of you to handicap yourself with some inefficient man merely because you think I am interested in him. That is all for to-day."

There was a scraping of chair legs on the floor as chairs were pushed back.

"Did you say something, Murdock?" Goodlow snapped. He was leaning forward, his fingers resting on the table, looking straight at the assistant manager, who had sat by the side of Jaster at the farther side of the table.

"No, I said nothing," replied Murdock, and fourteen flashing gold teeth suddenly disappeared from view.

But he had said something. He had muttered to Jaster: "That's the tommiest tommyrot I ever heard! He's an old woman! You keep right on as you've been doing, Jaster—I'll take care of things!"

It might have been a week or two weeks or three weeks after the long-remembered meeting in the superintendents' lunch room—somebody has tampered with the chronology of the history at this point—when a shipping clerk halted Aquilla Moseley, a steel inspector, as the latter walked through the yards to his office.

"What d'ye know about that, Quill?" he demanded. "Here I've forgotten my plug and you don't chew! Got a stogy in your pocket that I could bite the end off of? Well, Quill, old rooster, it looks like housecleaning time in the mills, eh? Three of Ackerman's kinsfolk, four of Jaster's and two of Hannigan's have gone out into the cold, cold world, and it is rumored about that a lot more of our bench-warming Willies are in for a bump. What d'ye know about it? Didn't I tell you that Goodlow would make a hit? Hit? Call it a smash! I heard he landed on Lafe Murdock the other day so hard it almost jarred Lafe's fourteen gold teeth loose. Goodlow's secretary told somebody and somebody told Skinny Thudd and Skinny wigwagged the glad news to me. That's good.

"And Wally Gay's gone over to the Open Hearth to learn to make steel. What d'ye know about that, Quill? There's the right place for a fellow to start in at to get to be a steel man. The Bessemer process will be a dead one in a few years, and then the Open Hearth man will be the big cheese in the steel business. And say, Quill, what d'ye think? Calla Lily told me the other day that I am to come over to the main office the first of the month and go on the books! What d'ye know about it? Honestly, I thought I was stuck on this job for the rest of my days. But I'll bet Goodlow had a whole lot to do with it—I wouldn't give Calla Lily credit for anything—not for three cents if I saw him giving four with my own eyes. Well, I've got to keep moving, Quill. I'm breaking in a new man to take my place, and say, Quill, he's a proper dub. Yesterday Lum Moochener told him to go down to the north yard and card out a car of gumgollies, and gave him a car number on a piece of paper, and I'm a sucker, Quill, if he didn't go looking for it! Gone an hour or two and then came back and asked Lum what gumgollies were. And when Lum told him they were mildewed pretzels he said 'Dear me!'—and nearly fainted with humiliation. What d'ye know about that, Quill?"

In the Open Hearth Wally Gay was sledging and carrying and wheeling and shoveling, breaking test pieces of steel and running with them to the laboratory; bringing in to the furnaces back-breaking loads of manganese and spiegeleisen and the various refractories used; spelling the hands, helping them to make bottom, taking hold and tugging with them on a splasher, riding the tapping bar, gasping and cringing before the blistering heat that poured through the hoisted doors of the furnaces; heaving, into the seething white lake within, great bowlders of red hematite and heavy pigs of iron, and then stooping at a peephole to watch them bobbing about in the bubbling bath as bits of cork bob about on agitated water.

Behind the furnaces, too, he worked, sweltering over a tapping hole, digging and gouging in the fused magnesite with which it was plugged until it was broken through, then stepping back to gaze with fascinated eyes at the white torrent bursting through the uncovered aperture, rushing down the long runner and cascading into the set ladle in the pit below with the roar of a hundred waterfalls.

In the pit he labored, fastening the chain hooks to the slag bowls, dumping the ladles, cleaning the molds, setting the overflow pans, and when the tap was made watching Big Mary, the huge electric crane, come slipping out of the overhead gloom, rumbling along the runway, and dropping down her long, slotted and deformed black hands, to seize the brimming bowl of molten steel—seventy tons of it—and go slipping back into the gloom with murmuring motors.

"Isn't it great? Isn't it great?" he would say to himself. And he would chuckle over the good fortune that had come to him when he was shifted here, and he wondered why they had changed him—why they had taken him out of the scale hole and sent him to the Open Hearth. And he would laugh as he recalled the cries of dismay of Nicker and Dicker when he told the old men he was going to leave them; how they raged and swore; how they put on their coats, took their pails, and stamped out of the mill and through the yard, arm in arm, stopping at The Morgue in Vinegar Gully to drown their anger in many a nip-and-a-beer.

"How is that Wally Gay making out, Ed?" Manning asked one of his foremen one day.

The foreman laughed. "I can't figure out whether Wally's case is one of nuts or of overambitious youth. I never saw a hand more willing to do his part and the other fellow's part too, but that kind of a man ——"

"Has he been second-helping yet?"

"Oh, he's done everything there is to be done here; lending a hand, you know; but I haven't had him on a furnace yet."

"You might try him out. Put him on with Red Face; I believe Red Face could get along with him."

The next day Wally went to work with Red Face, a big Pole, a very giant of a man. He was ill-tempered, excitable, quick in quarrel, and in his moments of anger dangerous. Because of his mean and ugly disposition, his quarrelsomeness and his constant petulance it was difficult to find a man who would work with him for any length of time. Sometimes he would show pronounced signs of insanity, and then the workmen on the floor could not be induced to go near him. Had he not been one of the best furnace men in the plant he would have been discharged long before. But now, to the surprise of all, he showed a decided liking for his new helper, and was as quiet and easy-going with him as he was harsh and violent toward others.

Again Wally rejoiced over the good luck that had come to him—he was now on the way to learning the mysteries of steel making, under the tutelage of one of the best of furnace men. And with the same zest and enthusiasm that had always been characteristic of him he entered upon his new job.

It was but a short while before he was watching the roof of the furnace for Red Face, to see that the nipping tongues of flame pouring in through the furnace ports did not touch the brick arches and start "icicles." He was soon learning to read the carbon in the ends of the broken test pieces of steel, with Red Face carefully pointing out to him the different appearances in the grain of the steel, calling his attention to certain worm holes and explaining their significance, and making clear to him the effects of slow cooling and rapid cooling. He was observing the action of the various materials he was throwing into the furnace from time to time, as they went into the bath, and asking innumerable questions. He learned to put a test bar into the bath to try the temperature of the melting steel; how to splash out a puddle hole in the furnace's bottom and how to patch it; how to break down a honeycombed bank and how to rebuild it; how to make up a tapping hole and to mud up a runner; how to reverse and regulate the gas.

The big Pole would chuckle as he watched his helper laboring in his enthusiasm, relieving him of so much of his own work, and something like affection would now and then show in the dull fishy eyes of the giant.

"You watch 'em, Wally! You watch 'em!" he would say. "Some day you get a furnace, you bet! I show you—I show you ever'ting!"

It was hard labor, that second-helping, exhausting, killing labor, and often after a long twelve-hour stretch, when the work had been unusually severe, he would stumble into his miserable little shack in Vinegar Gully, where he continued to live alone, too tired to prepare himself a meal, too worn out to sleep, and he would throw himself upon his hard cot, to lie there through the long night, gazing at the black ceiling, until the whistle blew again, calling him back to his furnace.

So the winter wore through and the work pulled him down until he was thin and lean. And his face was burned to a fiery red by the fierce heat of the furnace, to which he was always exposed, and the skin on his nose peeled and rolled up into little rolls, like tiny bits of tissue paper, and there were blisters on his legs beneath the thin overalls he wore; and on his breast, where his shirt fell open as he worked, the searing heat had branded a great red wedge.

One day Red Face stopped Manning on the floor and spoke to him. "Boss, I guess dot Wally make one fine furnace man now. Dot Wally is one damn goot feller, boss."

Manning smiled. "All right, Red Face, I'll see about it," he said.

A little while afterward the Pole came to Wally. "Dot Meester Manning' is ver' fine man, but dot odder feller, dot Lafe boss—poosh! You watch 'em, Wally—some day I get dot feller! She's no goot, dot Lafe boss! You watch 'em!"

The speech disturbed Wally, for he had been noticing for several days that the man was acting queerly. He had had fits of wild, unreasonable anger, and had turned on the other workmen when they approached him and threatened them until they fled from him. Once a craneman had roused him to a state of frenzy by dropping a box of limestone where he did not want it dumped. Screaming and cursing he had seized a sledge, swung it about his head, and hurled it aloft with all his mighty strength at the craneman in his cab. It fell far short of its mark and the craneman had jeered and laughed, exciting and infuriating him still further.

"Next time, Wally, dot feller do dot I go up!" he roared. "I go up, I pitch dot craneman out an' I run dot crane, me! I run dot crane goot!" Some years before he had worked as a craneman, and it was said about the mills that there had never been a more efficient one.

Wally sought his foreman and told him he thought the man was going insane, relating to him what had occurred, what Red Face had threatened to do with the craneman, and speaking about his threat against Murdock. The foreman laughed.

"Oh, he'll be all right in a few days. He has those spells now and then. I've known him for years and he has always been as he

(Continued on Page 132)

# TIMKEN

# DETROIT

## The Margin of Safety

Too often there is a mighty small margin of safety in passing a street-car either at a crossing or between crossings where cars are parked along the curb.

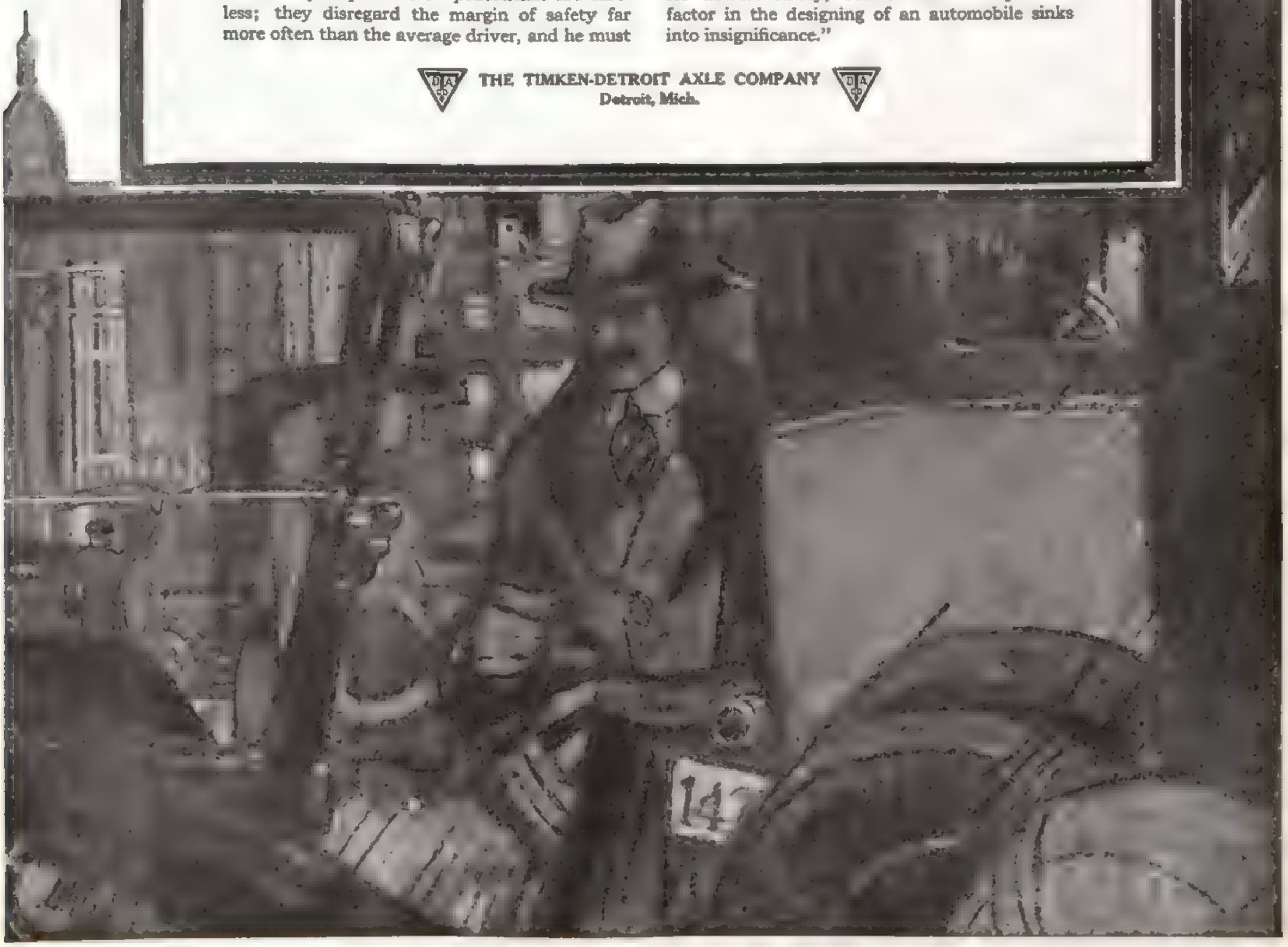
How big or how little that margin of safety shall be is largely in your own hands. If automobile drivers do not regard this and exercise care with the ever-increasing number of vehicles on our streets, then the authorities will take it in hand.

There is another margin of safety which should be ample, if life and limb are to be protected, and that is the margin of safety which the manufacturer of your car puts into the axles which have so much to do with the support of the load under all conditions, with safe steering and with reliable and efficient stopping of the car. *In traffic in the rush hours brakes must be absolutely dependable*—pedestrians are careless; they disregard the margin of safety far more often than the average driver, and he must be on the alert ready to stop his car dead in its tracks if need be. And brakes are but one of several axle features that are absolutely essential to safe operation.

After seventeen years of experience in building axles for every size and type of motor vehicles, we are unalterably of the opinion that the axles should be built to outlast every other part of the car or truck. They must have an abundant margin of strength in reserve, so that if some day the unexpected happens, if in the case of one out of every thousand cars a moment occurs, through no fault of the driver, when a sudden and most unusual strain is put upon those axles, they will stand the test.

So we say to the motorist, "Don't take that chance; drive as carefully as you know how, and be sure you buy a car that is built with regard for human safety, beside which every other factor in the designing of an automobile sinks into insignificance."

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.



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is. Let him have his own way, don't stir him up, and he won't cause any trouble."

It was a week later, and Murdock came walking down the floor one morning, his gold teeth flashing, his little eyes darting to the right and to the left, intent on discovering something about which he could complain. The Pole began to mutter as soon as he caught sight of the assistant manager.

"But what's the matter with him, Red Face?" Wally demanded. "What did he ever do to you?"

"She? Dot feller, she come an' she say: 'Hey, you beeg Polack, how much for mooney for presents for dot beeg boss? Two dollar, hey?' An' I say: 'Sure t'ing, Meester Murdock!' I no can lose my job. I work lak hell for dot two dollar an' she come an' takes 'em for presents for dot beeg boss! You watch 'em, Wally—I get dot feller!"

Wally left the man and walked off. He was afraid of him now—he had never seen him in a state so bad as this. He thought he should warn Murdock but he hesitated, for he knew it would result in the discharging of Red Face. And the foreman might be right—perhaps he would recover from his derangement in a day or two. But the longer he gave thought to the matter the more he felt he should speak to either Murdock or Manning. He went on toward Manning's office, into which he had seen Murdock go. He would tell him, and then suggest that Red Face be given a chance—that he be sent home for a few days. Just outside the office door, where he paused for a moment, he overheard Manning's voice, and then Murdock's.

"I'm going to give Wally Gay a furnace."

"What? That Vinegar Gully mongrel? Say, Manning, why don't you pick out a decent man for a good job like that? Somebody's cast-off, somebody's ——"

An electric crane rolled by overhead, the noise it made drowning out all other sounds thereabout. It passed on and Wally started to move away when he heard Manning say: "I'm not giving the job to your nephew because he's not capable of taking care of it. That's exactly why!"

Again Murdock's loud voice broke out, and the few ugly words Wally caught as he hurried off told him he was still Murdock's subject. He had heard too much. He walked rapidly down the floor, the hot blood of uncontrollable rage rushing through his veins, tugging at his pulses, pounding at his temples, flooding the chambers of his heart till every nerve of his body ached with awful anger. He stopped. He had heard too much. He had heard himself spoken of in words he loathed, in scurrilous, contemptible terms, in terms he had heard no other man use, which he would permit no man to use!

He turned and went back toward Manning's office. He would go in, confront Murdock, make him retract, make him apologize. Failing in that he would fight him then and there!

On the threshold he checked himself. That wouldn't do, in Manning's private office—he must consider Manning. He would wait here, outside the door, and when the man came out he would smash him a blow, just one, on that protruding jaw, and he would go down! He would leap upon him, stamp upon his ugly face, kick in his flashing gold teeth, make him howl like a beaten dog!

With fists clenched, with muscles taut and corded till they were hard as rods of steel, he stood and waited, ready for that forward lunge. And as the fighter in the ring feels for the foot grip on the resined canvas so he felt for a foot holding on the smooth iron plates on which he stood. His shoes slipped over it, and he stepped quickly to a box of sand that stood by a crane track close by and scooped up a double handful, which he sprinkled over the polished floor. And again he took position and waited.

Behind him he heard a yell, a cry of rage, a maniacal scream. He turned and looked and saw a craneman in a small, speedy electric crane, dumping a box of ore at the side of the big Pole's furnace. He saw the man at the furnace waving his arms and shaking his huge fists, and he heard him yelling and cursing. Then he caught the sound of the jeering laughter of the craneman as he moved his crane away.

Suddenly the maddened furnace man started to run along the floor in the direction taken by the crane overhead. He came to a great steel column, one of the building's supports, to which was fastened an iron ladder. Without pausing or slackening his speed he sprang upon the ladder and ran nimbly up it, hand flying over hand, foot over foot, hands and feet taking the rungs with unerring accuracy. At the ladder's top he climbed to the flat spread of a girder, along which he sped, fifty feet above the glowing furnaces, still following the flying crane.

A hundred pairs of eyes were turned toward the running man. They saw the craneman leaning from his cab and gesturing to his pursuer, and they could see he was laughing. Then they saw the laughter go from his lips and a look of fear succeed it. Near a safety exit from which a stairs led to the outside of the building he brought his crane to a jarring stop, clambered from the cab, and disappeared through the exit. The runner came to the crane, climbed upon one of its girders, rushed across its sixty-foot span and dropped into the cab.

Then he began to race the crane up and down the runway, laughing and chattering in maniacal glee. A foreman had hurried to a telephone to order the electric current shut off, but a storm the previous night had put the plant's telephone system out of commission. A man was started running to the power house, but that building was nearly half a mile distant. Up and down the runway, back and forth went the crane, with its hoist running in and out and with the chains rising and falling, as the mad operator played with the controllers. The sudden startings and stoppings of the machine's motors had set the chains to flying wildly, rattling and clashing against themselves and against the slag pans and ladles and molds in the pit below. To one of the hoist chains a smaller chain had been attached, for moving light loads, a chain of small links, flexible and sinuous. Like the steel cracker of some Gargantua's whip it curved and twisted and snapped at the end of the flying hoist chains.

Murdock coming out of Manning's office and hearing the shouting and the yelling of the workmen, and seeing them staring upward, walked rapidly across the floor, passed between two furnaces, and came out on the tapping platform behind. He arrived there just at the moment the crane passed over that spot, just as the flying chains, describing a long arc, came sweeping past.

With uncanny and devilish accuracy, as though guided by invisible hands, the smaller chain shot out, curved and encircled his body at the waist, and the hook fell over the links, making the loop complete. Jerked from his feet at the same instant the man went swinging out over the pit. An awful cry of terror came from his lips, a louder scream from the maniac in the crane cab.

Then began an exhibition of horror so terrible, so appalling, so sickening that men groaned and hid their faces from the sight, ran from the building and fled away through the yards, trembling, looking back with fearful eyes, aghast at what they had beheld.

Up and down the runway raced the crane, guided by the hand of the madman. In and out ran the hoist with the cable drums spinning, now taking up the cable to which the chains were fastened, now letting it run out. And in long arcs swept the shrieking man with the loop of steel chain about his body, now over and very close to a red pool of molten slag, now above a great-mouthed ladle still aglow from the hot steel it had contained, now high in the air, now all but dragging on the slaggy ground of the pit. And above the noise of the grinding wheels of the crane and the humming of the laboring motors, above the cries of those who remained to watch the fearful sight rang out the frenzied cries of the suspended man and the screaming laughter of the madman.

Wally was standing at the opposite side of the furnace when the chain had looped itself about Murdock's body. Horror-stricken by what he was witnessing he stood for a moment as though paralyzed. Then he acted quickly. Running to the edge of the platform he let himself over it and dropped to the ground below. Rushing across the pit he came to a column to which was fixed a ladder, up which he climbed with all his speed, and reached a girder, the runway for four wheels of the crane. He was now on the same side of the building as the crane cab.

He knew his way up there, knew every foot of the girders and beams, knew where the danger spots were and where the safety platforms and ladders, for many an hour had he spent up there in the long night shifts when, with his own work caught up, he would leave the floor and go above to gaze down on the magnificent sight below—the white smoking rivers pouring out of the furnaces and into the black-mouthed ladles; the great pools and huge bowls of red and yellowish slag with the little blobs of purple and green flames dancing over its crackly scum; the long unbroken line of glowing molds filled with the molten steel, with the sputtering sparks of yellow fluttering about their contracted tops like swarms of golden bees seeking somewhere to alight; the leaping tongues of flame licking the port joints and the furnace doors.

But nothing of all this did he behold now, for his eyes were on the crane ahead of him, and his brain was busy with the plan he had thought out for deceiving the maniac and saving the man dangling at the end of the flying chain. The crane was coming back, it was approaching him—now it was very near.

"Hi! Red Face! Red Face!" he shouted. "Take me in! Take me in with you!" He began to wave his cap and to leap up and down on the safety platform to which he had climbed. "Take me in! Let me go too, Red Face!"

The madman saw him and heard him, and he ran the crane nearer. "Sure! Climb in, Wally!" he yelled. "Hurry up; hurry up!"

Wally climbed to a crane girder, climbed down a short ladder fixed to the side of the cab and slipped in.

"I got 'em, Wally; I got 'em!" gloated the crazed giant. "Watch 'em, Wally! I fix dot feller now!"

"Show me, Red Face, show me how to run the crane!" begged Wally. "You showed me how to make steel, now show me how to run the crane!"

"Sure t'ing, Wally! I show you. Rack 'em out—like dot; rack 'em in—like dot; hoist—so; lower—so. You try."

With trembling hands he took hold of the controller handles and began to turn them, Red Face watching him as though he suspected him, and keeping his own great hands near. If they would only shut off the power!

"Ha, ha, ha! I got 'em, eh, Wally? Dot feller, she say: 'How much for presents for beeg boss? Two dollar, hey?'" The voice of the madman rose to a scream. He leaned far out of the cab and gazed down at the struggling man on the chain. "Hi, you!" he yelled, "how much for chance to get loose? Two dollar, hey?"

Would they never shut off the power? Wally lowered the chains until the trapped man was very close to the ground, but the big man at his side was watching him, and he reached over and threw back the handle.

"Keep 'em up; keep 'em up!" he shouted.

Three hundred feet beyond them a furnace that had been left to itself while its crew watched the tragic scene before them, or fled away in horror, suddenly tapped itself, and its seething flood came tumbling out and pouring into the ladle that had been set some time before. The maniac's laughter was redoubled as he saw what was happening.

"We dip her! We dip dot feller! Maybe we spoil dot heat, eh, Wally? Maybe we give dot heat too much carbon, but we dip her!" He shoved Wally to one side and seized the controller handles.

"Let me, Red Face; let me!" begged Wally, tugging at the handles.

But the madman chuckled.

"No, no, I do dot, Wally—I do dot goot!" The crane leaped forward, running toward the tapping furnace. And again the giant leaned from the cab to shout down: "How much you give for chance? Two dollar, hey?"

Before he could straighten up Wally sprang upon him and sank his fingers into his throat, forcing every atom of his strength into the grip of his hands, hoping and praying he could choke him and prevent him from moving the crane farther. The maniac grunted and began to push back, twisting and struggling. As he did so he unintentionally checked the moving crane, but it continued to creep toward the filling ladle. The man dangling at the chain's end was now on a level with the stream of molten metal—he would strike it where it leaped from the runner's mouth into the ladle.

The madman was gasping for breath under the pressure of the two hands about his throat, but he continued to push steadily back, with the great muscles of his back and arms standing out, through the thin shirt he was wearing, in lumps and cords, and with horror Wally realized that in another minute or two he would be crushed against the cab's side. The splash of the steel came to his ears, and the odor of the yellow, ocherous smoke floating from the hot metal smote his nostrils. Would they never shut off the power? The giant had now worked his elbow up until its point was pressing against his face; his head was being forced back; black spots began to dance before his eyes—the light was failing—it was gone.

With a noise in his throat not unlike the snarl of some angry and hunger-maddened beast of prey the madman straightened up and reached for the controller handle. At the same moment a black and dirty hand came in at the cab window, holding in its grasp a heavy iron wrench.

The hand rose, wavered just an instant, and the iron tool crashed down upon the head of the madman. An electrician slipped into the cab, stumbled over the two crumpled-up forms on the floor and seized the controller handles.

When Wally returned to work a few days later he was given a furnace, the same furnace where he had been working under Red Face. And that same day Goodlow came through the Open Hearth, went straight to him and shook him by the hand.

"Gay, that was a magnificently courageous thing you did up there the other day," he said.

A flush showed through the dirt and dust that covered the new furnace man's face. "Aw, that wasn't nothin'," he mumbled. And he dropped his blue glasses over his eyes and went to peer in at a peephole in one of the furnace doors.

A steel melter! A furnace man! A first helper! He could hardly believe it—it was too good to be true. Now he would sometimes wake up in the middle of the night, in his shack in Vinegar Gully, to stare up at the black ceiling and muse over his great step forward. Why, he was somebody now! He was a steel maker—he was doing big work. Who could sneer at him now, call him a wop, a roustabout, an Indian? And he was drawing big money too! He might live in better surroundings now, and wear better clothes. Why not? Why not leave Vinegar Gully? He had begun to have a distaste for the place since he had returned to Steelburg it had never seemed the same—and he was not frequenting The Morgue and The Bucket of Blood as he once did. Sometimes he would half resolve to buy some books and attempt study, try to acquire that something that he knew he did not possess, that he had failed to secure to himself, that mysterious something that he had found in Peterson, in Spencer, in Amy Creeth that made them different from him, superior to him.

Amy Creeth! It was very pleasant to think of Amy Creeth. He would picture her as he saw her that last time—running along the station platform, waving her handkerchief at him. Then, with humiliation in his soul, he would recall how he had been unable to write a letter for Peterson, but must ask Amy Creeth to compose it, after which he would copy it in his perfect manner of writing. Ignorant—he was ignorant! Spencer had told him that day in Goodlow's office that Amy Creeth would like to hear from him, and advised him to write to her. He wished he could—he wanted to tell her how well he was getting on in the world, but a letter—he couldn't write a letter! He couldn't spell correctly, he couldn't form sentences as they should be formed, he had refused to study his English lessons when he was going to school. What did he know about writing letters?

Sometimes as he shoveled and sledged and sweat before the hot furnace these thoughts would recur to him, but they did not dwell long in his mind there before the furnace, for his work demanded his whole attention; and because he gave it that attention which it demanded, because he found joy in his job, because he believed in his soul that now had he found his life's work, he became a good steel maker.

"My steel!" he would murmur as he gazed at the white cascade at the runner's mouth, taking its leap into the seventy-ton ladle. "My steel!" he would whisper as he watched the steel pourer filling the tall red molds, the mold capper capping them, and the narrow-gauge locomotives dragging them away. "My steel!" he would chuckle as he stood in the billet mill, whither he would sometimes run for a few minutes,

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# Monroe Clothes

"New York *Styles* America

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and saw the ingots coming out of the soaking pits, yellowish-white and dripping, saw them smashing through the rolls, followed the bars through the finishing mills, heard the sheared billets hissing and popping in the cooling tank, watched them tumbling into the cars. And he would go through the inspection yard on his way back to his furnace and stop there to climb into the cars that held Number Four's steel, and he would run his hands over the smooth surfaces of the blue billets, and look critically at their ends for flaws, and gloat over them. And when he would catch sight of a switch engine moving out of the inspection yard with a drag of billet-laden cars he would laugh and tell himself "There goes my steel!" envisioning it scattered among a thousand shops and forges, fashioned into a thousand different shapes, handled and utilized by a thousand people—his steel, the steel he had made!

Bridges, piloting a famous authoress through the mills one night—she was there seeking material for her new book—came into the Open Hearth with his charge. He was in bad humor. Why did these prying people bother him so continuously? The Old Man had asked him to act as guide to the authoress; it had to be done. And there was a new film on at the Saturn Theater that night! The authoress found his answers to her questions of little assistance to her in her search for material; she was doubtful whether her visit to the mills would profit her greatly.

As they came upon the floor and stood before the long row of furnaces the gray-haired lady exclaimed: "Oh, what a magnificent spectacle!"

Bridges glanced about him. "Splendid picture for the screen," he observed.

The woman looked at him curiously, then laughed.

The great open building was flooded with that strange, mysterious light that comes from a mingling of the lights from high-powered lamps, molten steel, glowing slag and flaming gas. A thin fog of smoke and dust drifting over and among the furnaces softened the glare of the light and streaked it with shifting shades and shadows, and through it moved the silhouetted forms of men at work—going back and forth and to and fro, stooping and rising, lifting, carrying, sledging, wheeling, shoveling. Across the floor in front of them the door of a furnace slipped slowly upward, and they shielded their eyes from the fierce white light that poured upon them, and shrank away from the waves of heat that suddenly struck against them. Through the interstices of their fingers they saw a man step in front of the opened door, very close to it. They saw him stand there, looking into the furnace, with his arms crossed before his face. And his garments smoked. Then he turned away, facing them, and the door dropped down into place.

"Why, it's the dirty little wop!" muttered Bridges to himself. "The cast-off—'nobody's kid,' he called himself. I began a scenario, playing him up for chief character, but failed to make it go. I must hunt that up; there's good stuff there, I believe."

The woman at his side asked him a question. His answer was incoherent and she walked away from him, went along the floor and stopped before the bench on which Wally Gay was now seated.

When she came back Bridges was sleeping soundly, sitting on a workman's bench, his head propped against a locker.

"Wake up," she said, touching his arm. "It is time we were gone; we have been here three hours."

He leaped to his feet and began to mumble apologies, but she stopped him. He saw that her eyes were lustrously bright, and there was an animation about her face he had not before noticed.

"Just what I was hoping for!" she exclaimed. "Oh, what an experience—and I nearly missed it! Now I can finish just as I had dreamed of doing—no, much better! Those wonderful eyes! That queer little smile!" She was speaking not to Bridges but to herself.

In her hotel room—it was after midnight when Bridges bade her good night in the hotel's lobby—she sat down to write, and when daylight came she was still writing. And more than once she had paused to whisper: "This is my chance, my great opportunity! I know it!"

The next day Wally burned a huge pile of odds and ends in the street in front of his ramshackle cottage in Vinegar Gully, hung a For Sale sign in a window, locked the doors, said good-by to the Gully, and moved his few personal belongings to the Falls House, a poor second-rate hotel, but the best there was in Steelburg. He considered it a continuance of the good luck that had been running with him so long when he was given a room adjoining that of Major Fronk, whom he had known, but never intimately, all his life, whom he had always held in a kind of awe—venerable Major Fronk, whose life pursuits were apparently no more than three: Playing old tunes on his old violin, reading bound volumes of old magazines and breathing anathema against the swart-faced sons of Europe who had made of Steelburg the ugly, hideous hole of a place it was.

"Ah, Wally, but I'm doosed glad to see you coming up here to live!" was the major's greeting as he met Wally coming out of his room that first evening of his residence at the Falls House. "It's a sad old dump of a place, I know, but it's the best there is, and the best is what you always want to go after, Wally. It was time long ago for you to get out of the Gully. You're making decent money now—you see, I've been keeping tab on you—and you ought to live decently. A man should be just as decent as his income. What you want to do now, Wally, is to tog yourself out in a modest way and slick up a little bit, and you'll feel yourself somebody, which you are if you'll only think it. Thinking oneself somebody helps to make somebodies out of more people than any other thing. You've got to believe in yourself. What do you say we saunter down to Sam Sternberger's and take a look at some of his latest styles in clothes?"

Wally soon found he preferred the atmosphere of the Falls House to that of Vinegar Gully. He found he enjoyed a mild drink in the Falls House bar with the major more than he did an iron cocktail in The Morgue or in The Bucket of Blood with some of the boys. The major's old violin made sweeter music than did the piano at The Bucket of Blood, played by Lum Moochener.

There was something about the music that flowed from the major's violin that puzzled him. He could not understand why he should be so strangely stirred by it. The singing of Bulger the Bat at The Morgue had never stirred him, nor had Lum Moochener's piano. But when the major played There is a Green Hill Far Away a lump floated up into his throat and choked him; and when the old man began on another favorite of his, which he had told Wally was The Serenade, he thought of Amy Creeth and John Peterson and the broad prairies where the wheat rustled. And he felt very lonely then.

Amy Creeth! He was thinking of her often now, for the major liked to play The Serenade, and not infrequently he would ask the old man to play it. And then one evening in the major's room, after the old man had laid his violin aside and he had sat silent for several minutes, picking at the calloused spots in the palms of his hands, he looked up and started to speak, stammered, and was again silent. But there was a friendly smile on the major's face that reassured him, and soon he was telling his old companion about Amy Creeth.

The major's eyes sparkled as he listened, and when Wally had finished his tale he smacked his hands together, got up and paced the floor.

"Wally, you write a letter to that girl write it at once!" he said decisively. "I'll look over it when you have it ready and lick it into shape for you if it isn't just as it should be. You write that letter."

There was so much of a command in the major's speech that Wally felt he must obey, and he agreed to write the letter. The next day he made a trip into the big city, where he purchased a letter writer's guide. A couple of days later he handed the major a letter to read.

The major put on his spectacles. "Say, did you have this thing engraved?" he inquired as he ran his eye over the sheet. "Wally, you certainly can sling a pen. Ahem! *'Dear Madam.'* What the Sam Hill! I thought you said that you two were sort of chummylike! Well, by Godfrey! Ahem! *'Dear Madam:* Having had for some time a feeling of great admiration ——'

"By all the gods of Greece if he hasn't begun a letter, his first letter, to a girl, his only girl, with a participle!" shouted the irate major. With a snort of disgust he tore the letter across, put the two pieces together and ripped them across again, crumpled the whole in his hand and hurled it to the other side of the room.

"Wally, my son, when you write a letter to a girl don't dawdle with any prefatory claptrap. Never mind about fine phrases; don't bother about any rhetorical tommyrot. Get right into your letter—get yourself into it, get the girl into it. Listen now and give ear, you precious young simp! *'Dear Miss Creeth.'* Do you get that? *'Dear Miss Creeth:* I heard the other day that you are now living in Wheaton. I just wish I could be in Wheaton to-night—I'd hunt you up and say howdy if I got arrested for it. I'd hunt you up and ask you if you remembered the time you tried to get me to go to your Sunday school, the time you and I wrote letters together for John Peterson, and that time we drove across the broad prairies together ——'"

"But we didn't drive across the broad prairies together," interrupted Wally.

"Well, what if you didn't? Say so, anyway. She's probably forgotten, and when she reads it in your letter it will refresh her memory. I was just giving you a sample start-off. Now get busy. But first throw that letter writer's guide out of the window. I know you've got one hidden some place about you."

"All right, major," laughed Wally. "I'll have it ready to-morrow, maybe."

But he didn't have it ready, for the next day a splash of steel burnt his hand and he could not hold a pen. He was rather glad to have an excuse—the major had made the task seem an almost impossible one for him. "Dear Miss Creeth?" He could never bring himself to write that to her—he didn't know her well enough. What would she think of him?

It was the slight burn he had received on his hand that was the cause of his name being brought up in the general manager's office the following day, for Goodlow noticed on his desk among other papers an accident report.

"What's this—has young Gay been injured?" he asked Manning, who had come into his office on business concerning his department.

"Oh, no, a trifling burn—it doesn't amount to anything. By the way, Ed Lister told me yesterday that he is going to leave the mills the first of the year. That is a good way off—nearly six months—but I have already decided that I'll put Wally Gay into Ed's position as assistant foreman. What do you think about it?"

"I approve. But of course, Manning, you are to decide that yourself."

"He has made good, more than good. I consider him one of the best furnace men I have. He is on special steels all the while now."

"I have understood that he is startlingly clever at figures."

"Yes, I have discovered that. He figures out all the charges for his own furnace and I have found out that the foremen frequently consult him when they are puzzled over proportions. Several times he has caught errors in my clerk's calculation, thereby saving himself a lot of extra work. Oh, he'll do—he'll get there."

Outside the door in the next room the listening Bridges struck at the air with a clenched fist. "It's the dirty little wop again! If I could only bring in the woman as she should be brought in! But I'll get it yet—I'll make a go of this one!" He returned to his desk and lifted some production sheets from a number of pages of manuscript which he began reading.

He was busy over this same manuscript a day or two later when Goodlow approached his desk. He had barely time to thrust his papers into a drawer when his employer spoke to him.

"Bridges, you're elected," he said, smiling. "You have some delightful work ahead of you. I imagine you'll jump for joy when I tell you what it is. You've been reading in the papers, of course, about the coming annual convention of the Teachers' League of America, which meets in the big burg next week. The city is going to be overrun with school-teachers from all over the country. The league's secretary has been to see me about their visiting this plant, and from what he said I suppose ninety per cent of them will wish to go through the mills."

"Heaven bless the other ten per cent!" interjected Bridges.

"I knew you'd be glad, Bridges. I don't like to do it, but I've decided to open the gates to them for two days. You and twenty-five or thirty other good-looking young men will act as guides, guards and entertainers to the bunch. I want you to take charge of things. See Calla to-day. He will furnish most of your men. We'll have them here on Thursday and Friday. Fix it up—I haven't time to bother about it."

They came, as Goodlow had said they would—came by the hundreds to look upon the wonders of the steel mills. Bridges had been through one awful day, and the second day was at hand. He had piloted his tenth party of twenty teachers each through the yards and mills, answered a thousand foolish questions, called out a hundred warnings, directed his charges' attention to various details of the work, listened to cries and exclamations, and was weary and disgusted. And now the eleventh party of twenty chattering visitors awaited him at the gate. He sighed resignedly—it had to be done, it was part of his job.

"Follow me, please!" he called. "Keep as close together as you can, and let no one wander away from the party. Don't approach any moving machinery, and please touch nothing. The ladies should be careful that their skirts and coats do not come in contact with railings and floors, as there is a lot of oil and grease scattered about wherever we shall go."

He started off. "It's the same old bunch!" he grumbled. "They'll all ask the same silly questions and make the same silly remarks and have the same silly thrills, and when I have brought them out they won't know any more than they do now!"

"I suppose you have seen all the school-teachers you will care to see for the remainder of your life. I know you are worn out—I can tell it by your eyes."

Bridges started. For some distance he had been walking by the side of a young woman, but he had hardly glanced at her. It was she who had spoken to him. Now he turned and looked at her.

Why, she was pretty! She didn't wear glasses, and the rosy flush of health was in her cheeks. Her tiny ears beneath her rich brown hair were very pink, her lips were full and ruby red, her eyes were beautiful eyes, and her voice was a pleasing voice. Bridges had collected these details in an instant. "She's deucedly attractive, but she hasn't a screen face," he told himself before he replied to her remark.

"Oh, no, miss; I rather enjoy this," he lied pleasantly.

"I am so glad I could get to visit the mills," she went on. "I'm from the West, from the wheat country, and I never saw any of the great industries such as this. All that I know about metal working I learned in Dan Miller's blacksmith shop, watching him shoe a mule or cut a wagon tire. I knew a young man once who had worked in the mills at Steelburg. His name was Gay, Wellington Gay. You don't know whether he is now working here, do you? But of course you wouldn't."

Bridges gasped, then stopped short—stopped so suddenly that somebody behind him bumped into him. "Is—is your name—er—Screech?" he asked as he moved on.

She laughed with great amusement. "Goodness! Am I shouting so loud as that? But the wheels make such a racket! Not Screech, but Creeth. But how do you know—why do you ask?"

He did not reply; they had come into the mills, where conversation was impossible.

"The woman herself appears!" he chuckled. "Now I see it—I'll finish that play! Why couldn't I get it before? I'll bring them together pretty soon! Heavens, what a chance this is for me!"

He moved away from the girl and did not try to speak to her again. But he shortened the route which he had been following that day and the day before, and soon brought his party into the Open Hearth.

A furnace was tapping. He conducted the visitors to a point where they could see the steel pouring out of the furnace into the ladle, where they could see the giant crane lift the brimming ladle from the pit, where they could watch the teeming of the molten metal. And then he led them to the front of the furnace, where a crew of workmen were making ready for the recharge. They saw the men cringing and shrinking before the terrific heat in which they worked, saw them sledging and shoveling and barring, heard them grunt and pant. One of them went closer to the door openings than did the others and stood there examining the bottom of the furnace through the purple-blue glasses he wore, then stooping to peer

(Concluded on Page 138)

# Something You Talk About Every Day

*David Wark Griffith*

SOMETHING that is a part of nearly everyone's daily life! You want to be sure you *talk well* on the subject.

When you say you saw a good motion picture, or a good play, *what do you mean?*

Are you sure your judgment *is good* in this art—so old with the centuries—and changing faster than any other today?

Many persons devote their lives and genius to a study of the good and the bad in plays. There is Amy Leslie, of the Chicago News, probably the most famous woman critic of the drama in the world. She and others of her difficult profession are favored by study, research, and unlimited opportunities for observation, to discriminate with accuracy.

And these trained critics, in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Paris, London, and all large cities, have declared that only four pictures of the tens of thousands made, have universally appealed to the *intelligent* persons of all lands. These four are "*Birth of a Nation*," "*Intolerance*," "*Hearts of the World*" and more recently, "*Broken Blossoms*."

Miss Leslie says that "*Broken Blossoms*" is *an eloquent and decisive flight beyond the spoken drama.*

These are the *only pictures* for which the people of all lands have been willing to pay the *same admission as for the highest class theatrical productions*; standard in the same theaters with the best plays.

It is interesting that Griffith motion pictures were the only entertainment the King and Queen of England saw for two years during the war.

And the very best artists in America have gone again and again to study Griffith Films for their artistic newness that has distinguished them from the beginning.

In a Griffith Film was the first "close-up."

Do you know the meaning of the various terms in common usage regarding motion pictures?

The close-up changed acting as definitely as automobiles changed transportation. It brought the greatest single development in dramatic art.

Before its adoption, players had been photographed from a distance, indulging in most violent gestures to indicate emotion. David Wark Griffith, a young man just entering the study of this art, desired the faces of his players close to the camera so their expression could be effective. His cameraman calmly told him it was folly, an impossibility, scorned by his craft, and that he didn't wish to be a party to such madness.

In a little theater on lower Broadway, New York City, the close-up was first shown. The audience hissed, and shouted, and stamped its feet; and called "*Where are their legs?*—They're cut in two," thinking there was some accident in the projection.

But it changed acting *from false, exaggerated gestures*—ranting—and mugging (overdone facial expression)—to normal, effective, and controlled movements. With this device, the face of a great player reveals such astonishing depths of emotion, *that it seems you look* into *his very soul.* An experienced critic told Mr. Griffith, he often felt he should turn his head aside in embarrassment as though he were looking into the very secret chambers of the player's soul.

With the close-up, art entered the films. But still there was no suspense. One set of characters was shown in complete action, and then the film took up another set of characters. The film was accepting the same limitations as the stage.

Griffith, the restless genius, resented this handicap. He destroyed it by creating "The switch-back." He took several groups through the story, switching from one to another, showing the change that each passing moment brought to all.

That creation was the first great challenge to the stage for supremacy in dramatic art. It revolutionized motion pictures, making them entertainment of such power and mounting interest, that now critics, once so hostile, admit they move and thrill beyond the power of the stage.

But there were other crudities for Griffith to surmount. "Amazing his rivals," as Current Opinion says, by startling them always with greater and greater improvements, he decided to correct the awkward, sudden jumping on and off the screen of the players. Again others had been content to follow the limitations of the stage, and stop the action as crudely as by dropping a heavy curtain.

It was then that Griffith devised the "fade-out," the slow dissolving of the figures as delicate and beautiful as the twilight dies into the night. You have become used to it now, for it is in universal use.

Had Griffith patented these inventions, controlled them for his own productions, or demanded tribute from his imitators, he would have become one of the richest men in the world. Instead he gave these tools freely to his followers, satisfied to be always doing something new, leaving the host in the van behind him, to use what they could as well as they could. This generosity alone has permitted motion pictures, as an industry and an art, to improve so rapidly.

Many other things has he done, for instance, the mist photography—as beautiful as though a rose petal were used for a lens—which is only now coming into common use. As far back as "The Birth of a Nation" Mr. Griffith used this, perfected it further in more recent films; and now that he has brought it to perfection it appears as his gift in the films of those who follow.

In other words, *practically all the tools that make moving pictures, were the invention of Griffith.* So, whether in the slow, *character development* in pastoral stories, the studies in psychology, thrilling dramas of life and action, *you are safe in praising a Griffith production*, because the most competent critical brains in the world have praised them.

And when you see the splendid work of the pupils and disciples remember the productions of the master himself are in the theaters.

In discussing acting, you are safe in saying the acting of the Griffith Players is good. No smeary make-up running down their eyes, no wild, overdone hysteria—only the mirror held up to nature according to the scene.

His great pioneering is now bearing fruit. Charles Hanson Towne, poet and editor of McClure's Magazine, says Mr. Griffith has immortalized himself by creating the eighth art. Parker of the Boston Transcript, Rathbun of the New York Sun, Percy Hammond of the Chicago Tribune, look forward to these productions—always different.

To watch the further development *of this new art*, you need only watch the *work of Griffith, the pathfinder*, the creator, and rest assured you will see in them today, what you will see in the films of others tomorrow.

Practically all the well known stars were trained by Griffith—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Mae Marsh and Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Henry Walthall, Robert Harron, and a host of other artists and stars with whom you are acquainted. And most of the special pictures are the work of splendid directorial talent developed by Mr. Griffith.

Every director, player and artist in all the motion picture colonies pay tribute, and go as devotees to the shrine, at the *première of all Griffith films. To them, it is the fountain of creative genius in this one great American art.*

Mr. Griffith is now at work on a short story series for the regular motion picture theaters. Perhaps one may please you better than another, but to be abreast of the times, you must see them all. And as the New York Tribune pleads: "Don't, don't miss Broken Blossoms."

Warning: All films personally produced by Mr. Griffith are marked with the written name "Griffith" and the trademark "DG" on the titles. Watch for the trademark. Others are frauds.

# —and Women Were So Scarce That

MARK TWAIN dropped his pick and abandoned a mine that later yielded $200,000 to join a sociable stranger along the hill trails to Sonora, where there was a public holiday to celebrate the arrival of a woman

IN THE LAND OF GOLD: AND ADVENTURE AND KNIGHTS OF OLD—'49

A half million dollars a day they were taking from the hills at that time—and they abandoned it for one afternoon to assemble in a reverent committee of welcome and shower gifts of greeting upon The Unknown One in Petticoats. Legend—with distressing scrutiny—reports she had a very large mole on her left cheek. But ankles so small that one enthusiast agreed to give her enough nuggets to surround them with bracelets—to the distinct annoyance of her husband.

And other women, whose commerce seems to deliver them to uttermost reaches of the earth, auctioned their favors to the bidding of gold-dust and nuggets.

An old gentleman who lives on Jack Ass Hill, where Bret Harte spun his fiction tales of glory, says he recalls the time when the miners collected a purse that a fellow miner might send to Colorado for his wife, so anxious were they to see a woman. And the miner had said his wife was very pretty. Although he says she wasn't.

But there were beautiful women. And the men—Spaniards with untamed eyes; young Virginians on a long adventure for swiftly seized fortunes—convicts, hard devils, from Australia—the hills swarmed with them; and the little towns roared with the tide of them.

Down in the red hills of Sonora, where hangings occurred at high-noon, like some solemn judicial cabaret for dinnertime, was Bagley's dance hall. A place of high spirits and low deeds. Down the great hillside, pitted with mines, was a beautiful valley where the Tuolumne River roamed, gleam of sunlight on the ripples, the glow of gold sparkling in the sands beneath. Mother of many, many fortunes—even now.

That was where Rosie Nell was entertaining. Bagley's Hotel, she called it, when she sent the regular allowance of money to her daughter in the Boston Boarding School. She liked to call the daughter Lady Fair—carried an old daguerreotype of Lady Fair in a locket always swinging from the neck—a beautiful girl, certainly. Face slender, tight, aristocratic—tall, a sort of a tennis girl—eyes bright and large—curls to her shoulders—and a light graceful step that blessed the health of her clean-cut ancestors.

The men, many of them splendid fellows—west on a wild chase for gold that was so plentiful—called Rosie Nell the queen of Bagley's. They came for rollicking dances, or drinks that drilled away the loneliness in their hearts.

Alvarez the Spaniard used to call frequently. Said he was a cattleman, but that was pleasant fiction. His slender body had the grace of Castile. His hair, middle-parted and straight, was draped in sort of lovelocks, low about his eyes. It was his way—and he was handsome. A slow smile of easy courtesy. Silk brown eyes that roved everywhere but never jumped—that twinkled, smiled, sighed, wooed, challenged and defied—the eloquent eyes of a Spaniard. Spurs chimed at his heels when he wooed the soul of his guitar—in some woman's honor—and they seemed to toll again, like the bells of hate, when he whipped away, after some desperate fray.

Brother in courage to Joaquin Murietta and Tiburcio Vasquez, born to be a darling to women and living to be a dread to men; at least Alvarez was of the stuff of which heroes are made!

Somehow he wasn't attracted by that little Mexican girl down in the old adobe district. Little Flameheart, they called her because she loved Alvarez so much. And she never thought of washing her face as an aid to win him!

But that was the time Rosie Nell's daughter came,—unannounced, unexpected—out of the Boston boarding school, searching for Bagley's Hotel and Mother.

And that afternoon a dreadful thing had happened at Bagley's. Rosie Nell saving her earnings—the women secure and respected by the men—yet jealous of each other—frantic blows—and then a chair was swung.

Rosie Nell, the veteran of so many experiences — accused, mob-frightened — and her daughter within a few miles of the meeting and aglow with the first thrills of romance.

It was that meeting, and what followed that made Alvarez, and Randolph, the boy of the white heart, and the little girl with the washed face, rallying with all their resources even unto life itself, names to live forever on the friendly tongue of Romance in old Sonora.

Many years the story slumbered—when the gold and its mad patrons vanished.

And one day in London, Lloyd George, the famous Britisher, said to his guest: "Mr. Griffith, you have made your Civil War a new and living history to me with 'The Birth of a Nation.' Why don't you bring to the world that old California country, the most romantic in your land—the Bret Harte country?"

So when David Wark Griffith was relieved of his labors in making the war epic, 'Hearts of the World' for the British and French governments, he went to California.

Out to the very banks of the Tuolumne River he went, with Jack Ass Hill just beyond. As the one American who has created, single-handed, the only distinctive American art—motion pictures—he began a picture, for Lloyd George and the World.

With cabin, mine and stage coach trail, he set the scenes again with absolute accuracy to portray the life that is of the past. He took with him many of the most talented members of the Griffith Players: Richard Barthelmess, the Chinaman of "Broken Blossoms," as Alvarez; Ralph Graves as John Randolph, Carol Dempster, former solo star of the Denishawn Dancers, as Lady Fair; Clarine Seymour, the Cutie Beautiful of "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," as Little Flameheart; George Fawcett, stage star in "The Great John Ganton," as The Sheriff; Walter Long, who played Gus in "The Birth of a Nation," as Bagley; Adolphe Lestina, who earned fame with E. H. Sothern; Kate Bruce, the mother in "Hearts of the World," and others.

More vivid and as accurate as history, this work of the supreme film genius acquaints you with the geography, the life, the romance, adventure and deeds of love and outlawry of old California as never before has been possible.

It is called

## SCARLET DAYS

—a tale of the olden west. It will be released next week in many of the first class theaters.

A. L. Grey, General Manager,
Griffith Productions,
720 Longacre Building,
New York City.

Send for illustrated booklet of the life and work of D. W. Griffith, and the history of motion pictures.

All Griffith films are marked by the initials D. G. and the written name, Griffith. None others genuine.

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up at the snow-white roof, shouting out orders to the shovelers and to the men with the bars and the long-handled spoons with which they were working, and then picking up a shovel himself to work with the others, throwing in the finely crushed stone that lay scattered over the standing.

"Lower!" he shouted suddenly, and the three doors dropped down, and there was a rattle and clatter as the men hurled their shovels and bars and spoons to the iron floor and walked away, flipping the sweat from their brows with curved fingers, mopping their streaming faces with their little cloth caps, running their hands through their wet hair as they went.

Bridges touched the girl on the arm and drew her to one side, to a bench that stood near a group of gas valves.

"If you will sit down here," he said—and he reached up and took down a coat that was hanging on a post near the valves and spread it over the black bench—"you will find more of interest, I believe, than you would if you continued with us. We shall be back this way presently."

"Thank you. I should like to stay here."

She sat down on the bench.

The man who had been giving orders at the furnace was walking toward her now, but he was not looking at her—he was peering over the tops of his blue glasses, with his eyes on the gas valves near which she was sitting. His grotesque appearance made her smile. Then he raised his hand and removed the glasses.

An inarticulate murmur broke from her lips as she leaped to her feet. Then she ran forward, crying: "Why—why, Wally—Mr. Gay!"

He stopped and looked at her, and the glasses fell from his hand, the lenses shattering to pieces on the iron floor.

"Amy! You?"

She came to him with her hand outstretched. He raised his own hand and looked at it. It was sweaty and dirty and stained with iron ore. He rubbed it vigorously up and down the leg of his trousers, then shook hands with her.

"Well, how are you, anyhow?" he asked.

"Why—I—I'm so surprised! I'm so glad to see you ——"

"You just set down on that bench, won't you, until I get that there gas to goin' again. I've got to keep the furnace hot, you know," he said.

He went to the valves, opened them, walked back to the furnace, watched the flow of the burning gas through the ports for a moment, and then returned and sat down by her side.

"Well, how are you, anyhow?" he asked again, and there was a tremor in his voice.

"Why, how you're trembling, Wally!" she exclaimed.

"I've been workin' pretty hard, gettin' that heat of steel out," he mumbled.

"And how red your face is! Have you been burned?"

"No, it's the furnace—watchin' the roof and the bath all the time."

"And your hands!"

He turned them up as they lay on his knees, and she reached over and touched the calloused spots in the palms. "Why, they're hard as rocks! And there's an ugly burn!"

"Pooh! That's nothin'."

"Wally, you're working too hard, just as you did for John Peterson."

"I'm workin' hard, all right, but I'm gettin' ahead, Amy. I'm makin' steel now. That's my furnace there, Number Four, the best and fastest furnace in the plant! And that's my steel in that there ladle they're pourin' yonder—seventy tons of it—I made it!" There was a note of pride in his voice that thrilled her.

She asked him questions about his work, and then they began talking about the wheat country where she lived and where he had worked, and he had a hundred questions to ask her—about Ike Dooler and Pete Peddy and old Katy Podkins, and about Peterson's nephew and about the elevator, and about the old horse with which he had made his trips to Wheaton.

Suddenly she cried out: "Oh, dear, here they are coming back! Now I must go, and I don't suppose—I don't suppose I shall see you again! I'm going to start home to-night. My train leaves at ten o'clock. Oh, how I dread that long trip—two days and two nights!"

He got up and went to the gas valves, with which he worked for a minute or two. Then he came back and took his place beside her.

"Couldn't I—couldn't I ——" he began but stopped, confused.

"Why couldn't you come down to the hotel this evening and take me to the train?" she asked quickly.

"I'll come," he replied. He smiled at her in a way that made her cheeks go a rosier red than they were.

"That will be just fine! I'm at the Hotel Weston. Ask for me at the desk and they will telephone to my room. About seven?"

"I'll be there at seven."

"Without fail?"

"Oh, sure!"

"Good-by till then."

Bridges came with his party, and there was a satisfied look on his face—he had not been so cheerful for two days. One of the group, a young woman wearing thick-lensed glasses, looked sharply at Wally as she passed him, and her thin lips were crooked by a sneer as she went on.

Wally continued on with his work, bantered and jollied the remainder of the day by his fellow workmen. But he was unresponsive to their gibes—he seemed not to hear them. Never had he given closer attention to his furnace, never had he kept it hotter, its roof nearer the dripping point, never had he pushed it along at such a rate of melting speed. And that day Number Four broke the record for running time.

An hour before the quitting whistle was due to blow he asked his foreman for permission to leave. Taking his lunch pail he hurried out of the plant and to the Falls House, where he sought out the major and told him what had occurred that day. The major swore joyously, he laughed, he smacked his hands together.

"What luck, Wally! What luck you're running into all the time! Why, this is delightful! Think of that girl coming here and finding you in such a manner! It's romance! It's poetry! Now then, I'm going to doll you up and get you started toward the city. I'm going to be your valet this evening. The first thing on the program is for you to trot downstairs to the barber shop and tell Jimmy Jiggers to give you everything he's got, and to give it to you quick. Hurry up, son; hurry up!"

Wally grinned and obeyed, and while he was gone the old man went into his room and laid out the two suits of clothes he had helped his protégé to purchase, brought out the four new shirts and the two ties and the four pairs of socks and the two pairs of shoes, chuckling over them as he worked with them. And when the younger man came back there was much arguing and disputing and threatening, with the major having his own way and selecting the suit, the shirt, the tie, the socks and the shoes that were to be worn for that wonderful occasion. And he fell to with a zeal unheard of in the major, assisting in the dressing, smoothing out imaginary wrinkles in the new black suit, helping to tie the flowing tie, with his own hands setting the tie pin and adjusting and readjusting it, poking at the cuffs, brushing the shiny shoes, smoothing and creasing the hat. Once he ran into his own room to fetch a box of powder.

"Your face is altogether too red, Wally—I'll touch up the bright spots again. Jimmy Jiggers didn't put enough on." And he dabbed the fiery-red skin, where the furnace heat had touched it, with the white powder.

"Now put on your hat," he ordered. "Put it on straight! That's it! Now keep it on straight—you're not going up to Vinegar Gully! There! By gad, Wally, I'm proud of you! Turn round—so! You'll do. Now then, beat it—get down to the Hotel Weston just as quick as a street car will carry you. And say, son, keep your hands out of your pockets; don't pick your callouses; keep that hat off your ear; and when you talk use a 'g' now and then. Don't say 'goin''—say 'going'; don't say 'walkin''—say 'walking.' Ing! Ing! Ing! Don't forget! Wait a minute—hand me that powder. Golly, Wally, what a beak! Why don't you wear a nose glove of some kind when you're working at that furnace? But she'll think you're blushing. Now, don't forget ——"

There was a knock at the door. The major swung it open. Butch Magee stood there, Butch Magee from the Open Hearth.

"Say, Wally, Manning wants you should come out to-night and work Four," said the messenger, peering into the room and grinning at what he there beheld. "Felding is sick and can't come out, and Four is charged with a special."

The major exploded in awful wrath. He raved, he foamed, he swore, he threatened. "Tell him he won't be there!" he shouted. "Tell him he can't come! Tell him he won't come! And you light out of here, Butch—get out of here quick!" He advanced upon the messenger with clenched fists, and Butch Magee retreated down the hallway, grinning and chuckling.

Wally stood looking at the floor for a moment. Then he walked to the door and stepped out into the hallway.

"Hey, Butch, tell them I'll be down there in ten or fifteen minutes."

The major sat down heavily, folding his arms and saying not a word. In grim silence he watched Wally disrobe, watched him put on his old stained working suit, watched him lay his finery on the bed. Then he rose and went out without a word, and a few moments later from his room floated the strains of The Serenade.

Wally went to the hotel's kitchen, had a pail of lunch packed and trudged off to the mills.

In the Hotel Weston Amy Creeth sat and waited, watching the clock—saw the hands point to seven, to eight, to nine, to nine-thirty. Then she sighed, had her baggage brought out, and departed for the railway station.

"I suppose he doesn't care," she murmured, and she was so silent that her companion, a young woman wearing thick-lensed glasses, became irritated.

"For goodness' sake, Amy, say something!" she complained. "You're as glummy as a mummy! Or are you preoccupied with thinking about that red-faced lout with whom you had such a long tête-à-tête at the steel mills this morning? I wish I hadn't gone there. What a hideous place it was! Why doesn't that porter hurry and make our berths down? Why weren't they ready for us?"

Amy Creeth did not reply. With her face pressed close against the car window she was peering out into the darkness through which the train was now rapidly moving. Soon, by the appearance of hundreds of lights and spots of fire in the blackness in whatever direction she looked, she knew the train was approaching Steelburg. She caught glimpses of towering black stacks, and she saw great clouds of smoke and steam, and there were rivers of red and yellow running here and there, and sparks and tongues of flame leaping upward, while everywhere the sky was rosy red.

The steel mills! She pressed her face closer to the window, wondering if these were the mills she had visited that morning, and in what part of them she had been—where it was she had talked with Wally Gay. And as she looked she noticed a square frame of light up in the side of a tall black building, and just then the head and shoulders of a man moved into and occupied the lighted square. What if that were Wally Gay! But it couldn't be he—he would not be working to-night. But suppose it were he! She glanced at her companion and seeing her eyes closed she raised her handkerchief and waved it, dropping it quickly and blushing at her foolishness. Then her heart gave a leap, for, by the light that streamed out of the square from behind the man, it seemed to her—yes, she was certain of it—he was waving his hand! She watched him until another building shut him from her sight.

Up in the Open Hearth, Wally Gay went to a window near his furnace and thrust out his head. He was very hot and very tired, and the night air was cool and pleasant. Down below, just outside the high fence where the Midline tracks skirted the yards, he saw the lights of a moving passenger train. He wondered what train it was. Could it be Amy Creeth's train? It might be, it might not be—hundreds of trains of different roads left the big city over the Midline tracks. But what difference? How could he think of Amy Creeth any more? He had failed to keep his appointment with her, and had sent her no excuse. What would she think of him? He might have telephoned to her at least—but he had not thought of that. Anyway, who was he? A roughneck, a lowbrow! He was not of her class. How did he dare think of such a woman? Still, he wished he could have seen her again, could have told her good-by. Maybe she was on that train down there. No harm about it, and nobody would know—and he took off his little cloth cap and waved it at the train speeding away through the darkness, waved it until the lights of the last coach had disappeared.

At that same hour Bridges, in his room, was feverishly writing the last lines of a photoplay. Walking up and down his room he read the pages of his finished manuscript, chuckling over them, gloating. "It's a hit! It's bound to go!" he told himself over and over.

"It's the best—it's really the only decent bit of work I've ever accomplished! It will take!" And as he folded the manuscript and addressed an envelope, and then addressed another envelope—this one to himself—he muttered: "No use of my sending that self-addressed envelope—that manuscript is not coming back!" But he put it in.

And at that same hour Randolph U. Jackson, stock clerk at Susie Blast Furnace, known about the mills only as Tootsy, who for some reason never determined had fallen behind with his work, and was working overtime trying to catch up, sat at his desk listening to the talk of a sad-faced young man who sat near by.

"Yes, Tootsy, I'm back on my old job again, and they've stuck off a lot of night work on me. But that's all right—I'll get a day or two off later on," the sad-faced young man was saying. "You see, Tootsy, I didn't seem to fit in over there at the big office. I was a little bit out of my element, I guess—something like a fish in a flour bin. I made two or three little bulls and balled things up a trifle. Under the rose-bush, Tootsy, I made some pretty darned big bulls. . . . No, thanks, Tootsy, I'm not chewing to-night. But Mr. Calla treated me mighty white. Mr. Calla isn't a bad sort of scout, Tootsy, and he has a nice lot of young men on his force. He said to me: 'Robert, if you care to return to your old position I shall indeed be glad to have you there. You were the best shipping clerk I ever had.' Pretty decent of Mr. Calla, wasn't it? I'm glad he did that. Otherwise I would have had to go out of here on the tramp, letting it be known that I was leaving to take a bigger, better job with a bigger, better company, as they all say when they fall down and get the G.B. Now I am letting it be understood that my lungs are weak and the doctor ordered me out of the office into the open air. But between you and me and the henhouse door, Tootsy, I simply couldn't cut the cheese."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories about Wally Gay. The next will appear in an early issue.

# After the Opera, Enjoy Again Its Finest Music on Your Gulbransen

WHY permit the wonderfully inspiring music of Grand Opera to remain but a dimming memory to you? Why, when you can enjoy it at home again and again?

At home with your Gulbransen, you can live over the dramatic moments, the wonderful songs of your favorite operas. And you can play them delightfully yourself.

The finest music of all the great operas is now available in player-rolls. It has been specially arranged and played for player-piano reproduction by famous pianists.

The Gulbransen is Easy to Play. The pedals operate so gently a tiny baby once played the Gulbransen and gave us the idea for our trade mark.

But unless you have actually played a Gulbransen, you cannot imagine its astonishing ease. It is so close to you, so sympathetic, so responsive.

You find yourself unconscious of the means you are using to produce the music. You secure every variety of expression as naturally as in talking. Thus the Gulbransen is easy to play *well.*

Go to our dealer's store and try a Gulbransen. Test it and your ability with some of the grand opera selections named here. You will be satisfied that at last you can really play the piano.

You can locate our dealer by the Baby at the Pedals in his window and newspaper advertising. Or write us for his address.

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO.
3232 West Chicago Avenue CHICAGO

## Grand Opera Selections

A few out of hundreds available in player-rolls—many the records of playing by famous pianists.

Il Trovatore—Anvil Chorus
Tannhäuser—Evening Star
Cavalleria Rusticana—Intermezzo
Lucia di Lammermoor—Sextette
Thais—Meditation
Carmen—Toreador's Song
William Tell—Overture
La Bohème—Musetta's Waltz
Aïda—Celeste Aïda
Die Walkure—Magic Fire Scene
Jewels of the Madonna—Intermezzo
Lohengrin—Wedding March
Pagliacci—Prologue
La Traviata—Ah! Fors' è Lui
Henry VIII—Morris Dance
Faust—Waltzes and Soldiers' Chorus

## Nationally Priced

Three models, all playable by hand or by roll, sold at the same prices to everybody everywhere in the U. S., freight and war tax paid. Price branded in the back of each instrument at the factory:

| | |
|---|---|
| White House Model | $675 |
| Country Seat Model | 585 |
| Suburban Model | 495 |

Gulbransen Trade Mark.

# GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

*(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)*

*Sorting the contents of a family bundle in a modern laundry, so that each class of goods can be given special washing.*

# Selective Methods of Handling the Family Washing

NO laundry problems fretted the primitive woman. If on Monday morning the family required a change of raiment, she ventured forth and plucked a new wardrobe from a convenient bough.

But as the race accumulated years and clothes, the Monday morning problem became an increasingly difficult one.

By the time of the Egyptians, 4000 years ago, the family wash was "treated" by stamping on it with the feet and beating it with the white clay of the Nile. The Egyptians' was a one-method process with no object but the elimination of dirt.

Washing methods have been increased to four or five by the modern housewife. For each of the several classes of goods—woolens, silks, cottons and miscellaneous—she may use a special laundering process. She avoids boiling woolens. Silks she washes gently, in lukewarm water. Badly soiled cottons she boils in strong soap solutions. Colored goods are washed in a way that keeps the dyes from running.

In modern laundries, even greater refinements are practiced. Instead of four or five methods of handling the family washing, a dozen are used.

Your wearing apparel and household articles are carefully sorted by trained workers when they are received at the laundry—sorted and "pigeon-holed" in the same way that the mail clerk sorts and pigeon-holes your letters.

Woolens, silks, laces, badly soiled articles, linens, light colors, cottons, dark colors, curtains and so on are placed in special compartments and kept apart to be washed separately by special means.

A dozen methods for handling your family washing—these are what the laundry uses. Isn't this immensely superior to the old-fashioned washtub way?

It is this attention to detail—this specialization—that has made modern laundries conservers of clothes and a true economy.

There are modern laundries in your city. Give them your family washing and they will give you ideal service and freedom from washday drudgery.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

*Executive Offices,* Cincinnati

# MELANCHOLY MALLARD

(Continued from Page 15)

He's had a hen a-settin' for five years, come six now she's about to hatch or I'm a Dutch missionary. You'll see if she ain't! You'll see!"

III

THE Twister—so he was known to his intimates and to certain of the police—left the penitentiary with his plans definitely and clearly worked out to their conclusion. He had had four years in which to perfect them—now there remained only their consummation in action. As far as human ingenuity could contrive, he had anticipated every contingency, safeguarded every step.

He rode into the city on a local train, buying his ticket through to the Central Station, but dropping off unobtrusively at a crossing in the suburbs where all trains were compelled to slow down. From the point where he alighted to the old room in Gifford Place was but two short blocks and he covered them without encountering anyone who gave him so much as a glance. He found Dorgan gone, but he knew where the key was. In his ill-fitting suit of clothes supplied him by the state, in his heavy shoes creaking of prison and prison things, and his coarse blue shirt he entered the familiar place. Everything was there to his hand just as had been agreed when Dorgan's wife, his sister, had visited him two months before.

An hour later he came out, locked the door and hid the key. Presently Dorgan or his wife would come and carry away for destruction every trace of the ex-convict. Meantime the latter was moving confidently out into the street, dressed now in a quiet, tailored business suit, with his shoes shined, with a neat broad cap covering his closely cut poll, with money in his pocket and with a heavy suitcase in his hand. A cross-town car line took him to the railroad station four miles south. There he bought a ticket through to Salt Lake, accepting an upper berth with the philosophic observation that when business compelled a man to go across the country on an hour's notice that man must take what accommodations he could find. Presently he was in his car, lounging in the smoking compartment and rolling for himself one of those brown-paper cigarettes which he found he needed rather badly and craved rather extravagantly. And almost as he drew his first deep whiff the train began to move westward.

Two hundred miles short of Salt Lake he left the train at a small junction, caught a south-bound local; changed again; traveled in another direction; and four days after his discharge from the penitentiary was in the bustling, thriving little town of Great Bend—his immediate destination. Without difficulty he rented a room exactly where he had been planning to rent it ever since he had seen this plant for a robbery—some six years before. His room was in the second story of a low frame lodging house. His windows looked out on the main street of the town, and across that street was the place of business of the State Trust and Banking Corporation. In his walk from the station he had gone by its big plate-glass windows and had seen with satisfaction that the directors were still postponing the purchase of the new steel-lined vaults they had been quarreling about for years. For the old-fashioned safe still stood there, well back in the room and in full view of those front windows which he remembered so well.

The Twister was forty-eight and well circumstanced. All he needed was another fifteen or twenty thousand. With that and his own accumulation he could settle down on a fruit ranch he had decided on, free from suspicion, worry, risk or the need for quick action and long jumps. He had owed society a definite debt—for being caught at a job in Illinois—but now that debt was paid with his four-years-and-three-months term. This time he would not be caught. This time he would owe society nothing. He was perfectly frank about it; perfectly businesslike; perfectly confident. And, as the police would have testified sourly, the Twister had reasons for his confidence.

His room was a clean, plain, rather pleasant apartment, with a wide, deep-set window at which he spent much of his time reading papers and magazines. When he glanced out, as he did occasionally, he could see the bank and several of the buildings down Main Street and he could look up Bates Street to where it went over the hill toward the river and the bottom country. He dined in quiet little restaurants, unnoticed and unnoticing; and he went to bed usually about ten o'clock. After his lights were off he always raised his window sash and curtains—he liked air in his room and, besides, he was often sleepless, and from his unusually high bed he could see the street in front of the bank and all that went on therein.

Lying thus comfortably on his sleepless nights, the Twister became familiar with the following facts—more or less unrelated but of a certain potential import to himself:

That there were two entrances to the bank—one double-doored on Main Street, one a small private entrance on Bates Street, at the rear of the building.

That from the front doors and the plate-glass windows flanking it anyone on the street could see the whole interior of the bank except such as was masked by counters.

That the high, old-fashioned safe stood well to the back of the counting room on a platform and that by night the safe and the rest of the room were lighted by two lamps—an electric bulb over the cashier's cage and a big gas light above and a little in front of the safe.

That a counter used by the bank's trust department ran from a point forward from the rear door across the back of the room almost to the safe, so that by stooping one could creep from that private entrance to a point within a few feet of the safe without exposing himself to the view from the street.

That a night watchman, privately employed, tried the door of the bank at fifteen minutes past the hour every night with mechanical exactness and regularity.

That there was a police telephone box on the pole at the bank corner a few feet from the front door and directly opposite one of the big windows, thus occupying a position from which any person could see the inside of the bank and the face of that big safe.

That two policemen, one having a beat lying to the westward of the bank and the other to the eastward, met each night at the police telephone box and stood there for a few minutes talking and laughing.

That these meetings were not regular or fixed as to most of the night, but that there was one hour at which it was the custom and habit of the two patrolmen to meet without fail. That hour was two o'clock; and immediately after ringing in to the central station they always strolled westward half a block to the Acme All-Night Restaurant, where they regaled themselves—as he discovered by following them one night—on sandwiches, pie and milk, and exchanged rather obvious jokes with the bright-eyed little Greek who was on the morning shift of the place.

To these physical facts the Twister contrived to add others; as, for instance, that the burglar alarm in the bank was connected with the police station and the private watchman's office by only one wire, which wire he located without great difficulty; that the bank carried only comparatively small amounts of currency as a rule, being in a country where gold and silver were most generally used; and that its largest currency budget was in the safe on or about the first of each month, the oil-field employees to the south of Big Bend being paid off in bank notes on the fifth.

It must not be supposed that the Twister was idle all this time. On the contrary he was very busy. A day or so after his arrival he bought a piece of plain oilcloth, two yards in length and fifty-two inches wide, and stretched it on an ingenious frame he carried in his suitcase that could be extended or contracted at his pleasure, like a camera tripod's legs, by the use of set screws. After he had stretched this cloth he turned the reverse side toward himself and placed the frame on end near the window. Then from his suitcase again he brought oils, turpentine, rags, brushes and a square palette, and that evening, much after the fashion of a sign painter, he proceeded to paint a picture—crude but not wholly without merit.

When this picture was completed and dried The Twister folded it up with its frame into a small neat bundle and put this into his suitcase, which contained—among personal articles—many small, dull-finished steel instruments of peculiar shape and unusual character; a small bunch of beautifully executed and neatly arranged keys; several pairs of cheap cotton gloves and a physician's stethoscope—the delicate instrument with which examinations of the heart and lungs are conducted. The Twister glanced over these varied articles thoughtfully, made a trifling rearrangement thereof, and then closed his suitcase with a little sigh and rolled a cigarette.

He had now been in Big Bend for ten days. It was the third of the month in the dark of the moon and the night weather was warm but murky. On the day after the completion of his picture he busied himself with a new enterprise. In an air-tight stove that was in his room he first burned every scrap of paper in the place and several pieces of clothing. With them—which expedited his work—he burned all his paints, oils, brushes, rags and painting appliances. Thereafter he donned a pair of his cheap cotton gloves, took out a bottle of furniture polish he had bought that morning and with a piece of cheese-cloth began going over his room with the most meticulous care. Every piece of furniture and woodwork in the place was wiped clean—nothing was overlooked. He even wiped the stove lightly and with great particularity the stove lifter. After that he burned his oily rag, opened his windows to air the place, took off and burned his cotton gloves, put on another pair, put the half-empty bottle of furniture polish into his coat pocket and went out for a walk. On the walk he threw the bottle of polish into a street drain. Not until this was done did he take off his cotton gloves.

The afternoon was waning before he went to a little out-of-the-way restaurant that he had found and there he ate a satisfactory meal. Thereafter he returned to his room, putting on his gloves as he approached the place and buying an evening paper from the boy at the door. At home once more he made a thoughtful inspection of the apartment, satisfied himself that everything was as it should be, pulled up a chair to the window and sat down to read his paper. At ten o'clock he turned off his lights, raised his curtains and lay down on the bed without undressing.

He dozed off after a time and it was one o'clock when he rose. He did not turn on his lights, finding the darkness cut by rays from the street lamps at Main and Bates Streets, but sat down by the window, took off his gloves for a moment and rolled a cigarette. He lighted the fag cautiously in a corner of the room and smoked it while cupping it carefully between his hands so that its glow would not be seen from the street. Meantime he stared reflectively at the brightly illuminated bank front and interior. At fifteen minutes past one o'clock the watchman passed, trying the bank doors and peering in punctiliously. Half an hour passed, then forty minutes. At five minutes before two the Twister rose, flipped his burned-out cigarette aside, pulled on his cotton gloves, picked up his suitcase and went quietly out of the room. He paused a moment at his own door, was reassured by the stillness of the place, crept down the stairs, took a precautionary peep into the street through the glass of the outside door and let himself into the street. A quick glance showed him the place deserted on every hand save for a policeman, who a block away was just turning up a side street. Boldly then the Twister crossed Main Street and entered Bates, taking from a side pocket in which he had placed them his ring of beautiful keys.

At two minutes before two the Twister had cut the burglar alarm wire and was inside the bank, crouching behind the counter that protected him from view from the front windows. Almost immediately he heard one of the policemen come up with measured footbeat; presently there was the sound of a laugh and some remark, and the second arrived. Their voices came in distinctly to him. He smiled. He had chosen this particularly dangerous hour for his job in the bank on an old theory of his that that hour was really the safest when your enemies are where you can be sure of them. At any other hour they may be far away—but his experience had taught him that they may not be. Now he knew exactly where they were—and what in all human probability they would do next.

They met his expectations. He heard them report in over the police telephone line, slam the box door, exchange a few heavy sentences and move away. He allowed them a full minute in which to go, looked out from behind the end of the counter, found them gone and opened his suitcase. In an incredibly short time he had extended the collapsible frame on which he had painted his crude picture, had crossed the intervening space between the counter end and the safe and had set his picture up there in front of the safe and two feet away from it with the aid of a pair of steel angle braces such as stage hands use in theaters to secure flats of scenery. In the narrow aisle formed between the picture and strong box he put down his opened suitcase. From it he took his stethoscope. Hidden from the street by his painting, he went quite deliberately to work. With the rubber nibs of the stethoscope in his ears and its sounding box pressed gently against the safe door just above the combination knob he began turning that knob very softly and slowly. Three times, after breathless work at the task, he tried the safe-door handle in vain. But on the fourth trial the handle gave. The Twister nodded and opened the safe door.

He tried two or three keys on the inner door, but they failed him. With swift decision he chose a flat steel tool from his case and with his cheap cotton gloves giving his clever hands a ridiculous appearance of awkwardness he inserted the appliance, gave it a quick jab and twist and wrenched the door open. It was only a matter of a moment then for him to force the two large metal-lined boxes within—in a breath the bank's treasure was exposed to his eyes. He wasted no time in gloating—in debating a desire to take it all. Without a thought for the gold and silver he chose the bank notes, taking six thick packages of them and placing them in capacious inner coat and vest pockets. Then he closed the inner safe door on the returned strong boxes; shut the outer door. It jammed for a moment, but he worked patiently. At last it swung home—and he twirled the combination twice. Returning his tools to his suitcase, he straightened, listening.

Footsteps echoed in the street outside. They came nearer—stopped: The door was tried—tried again. The Twister, standing behind his picture, awaited this test of his artistry. What the watchman looked in to see was the well-known face of that old-fashioned safe—just as he had seen it year in and year out for a decade. The artist—concealed behind his work—smiled with a pardonable pride when the watchman's footsteps sounded once again as he moved deliberately away—his picture of the safe front had passed for the real thing; no praise could be higher than that.

A few minutes later, having passed both from the bank and from the town without encountering anyone, the Twister stood on the river bank more than a mile away. His picture frame was in his suitcase with all his tools and his used cotton gloves. Standing in the black shadows of the willows, he disrobed to the skin. His underclothing, his collar and tie, his garters and a clean handkerchief that he found in one hip pocket he put into the suitcase weighted with its steel tools. Removing the bank notes he had got from the safe, he stuffed them uncounted into a wide money belt that was strapped about his waist. Then he rolled in the mud, dragged his clothes there, dirtied his socks and cap, beat his excellent shoes against a rock until they were shapeless and torn and dressed himself. Having finished this task, he closed and locked the suitcase and threw it into the river, where it sank without a sound. He stood a moment checking things up. He could not see his hand before his face, but he knew what he had done. With great deliberation he rolled a cigarette, crept out of the brush and took the river road southward, moving clumsily. As day began to dawn he was revealed the shabbiest, dirtiest, most ragged and ill-conditioned tramp that ever begged a meal or purloined a ride. He walked in the heavy river-road dust for seven miles until he was gray with it. Shortly after daybreak he picked up a west-bound freight moving warily across the bridge and so was carried out of the Big Bend country and the picture.

IV

BEN PORTERSON, of the Pendleton Detective Bureau, claimed familiar knowledge of more professional crooks than any man in America. He did not pretend

(Continued on Page 144)

*An answer to the question of—*

# Labor Troubles and Production

## *The Du Pont Chemical Company offers the Petersburg-Hopewell, the Industrial District of Virginia, to manufacturers of the world as a solution of their big problems of production and distribution*

### Are These Your Problems?

Are excessive power costs or high wage, tax, water and insurance rates cutting down your profits?

Is your production hampered by adverse labor and housing conditions?

Is your business suffering for lack of cheap and adequate transportation facilities?

Are you without room to expand your plant to take care of the increased demand that's coming?

Would a branch factory located at a place of greater strategic value help to solve your marketing problems?

Do you have to fight a hostile local government to prevent harassing restrictions on your business?

Does it require cheaper power and lower factory costs to make your business a greater success?

Do you need greater financial aid for expansion, or the help of technical and traffic experts to work out your particular problems?

Are you looking for a suitable place to begin a manufacturing business?

### How Hopewell Solves Them

Steam and electric power, light, heat and air pressure below standard prices.

Rail and deep water shipping facilities that are unsurpassed in point of service and cost.

Freedom from labor and housing troubles. Houses are plentiful, rent is cheap, and living costs are approximately on a pre-war basis.

Factories are already built and splendid sites for new buildings.

Abundance of purest water for all domestic and industrial purposes at low rates. Best fire protection in the world, with consequent low insurance costs.

Climate never too hot or too cold for out of door work. Health conditions such as to make Hopewell a potential health resort.

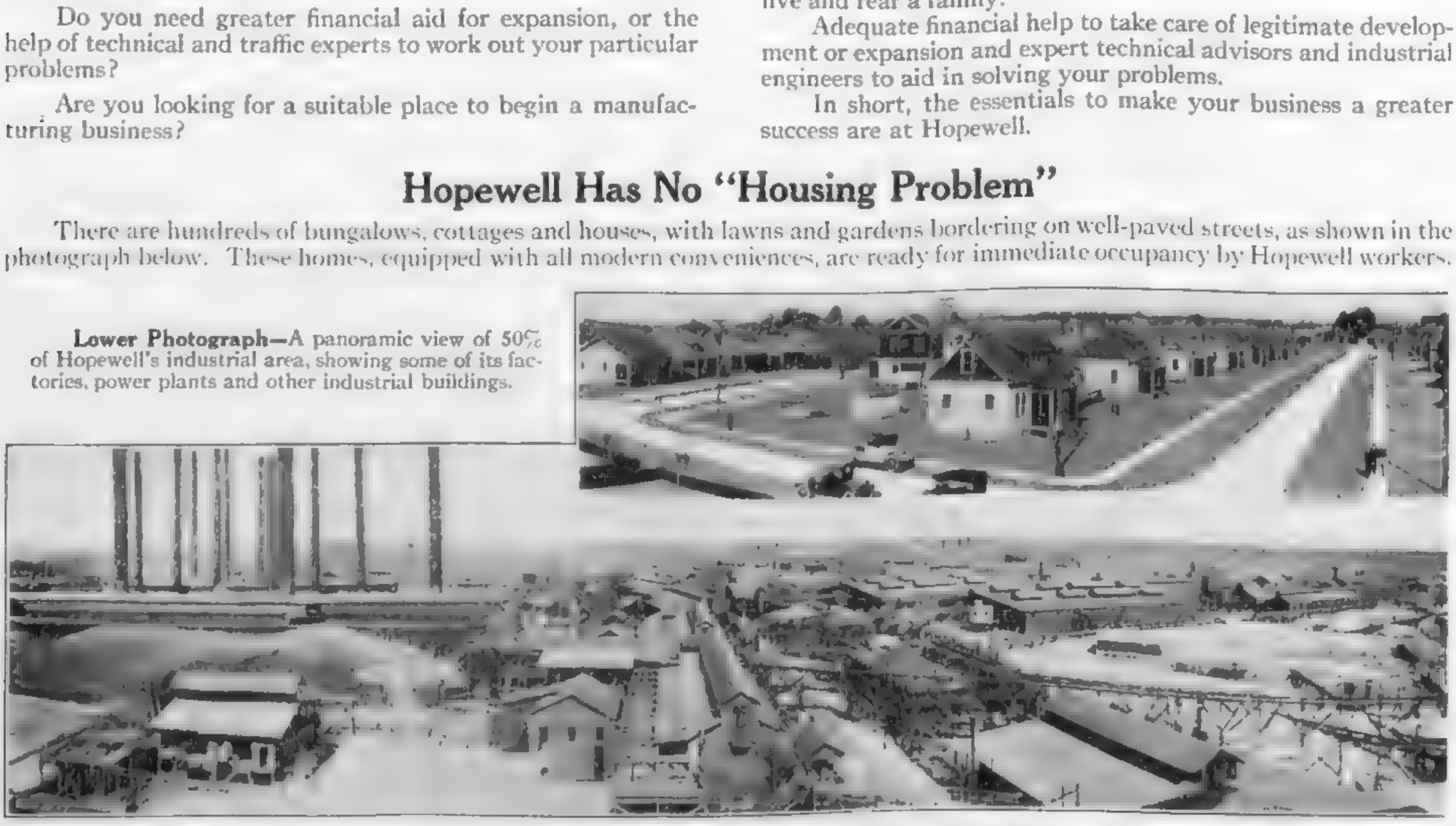
Civic environment that makes Hopewell a good place to live and rear a family.

Adequate financial help to take care of legitimate development or expansion and expert technical advisors and industrial engineers to aid in solving your problems.

In short, the essentials to make your business a greater success are at Hopewell.

### Hopewell Has No "Housing Problem"

There are hundreds of bungalows, cottages and houses, with lawns and gardens bordering on well-paved streets, as shown in the photograph below. These homes, equipped with all modern conveniences, are ready for immediate occupancy by Hopewell workers.



**Lower Photograph**—A panoramic view of 50% of Hopewell's industrial area, showing some of its factories, power plants and other industrial buildings.

*An answer to the question of—*

# Factory Costs and Profits

## A Tidewater Port

This Industrial District is about eighty miles west of Norfolk and twenty-three miles south of Richmond at the junction of the Appomattox and James rivers,—in reality part of Chesapeake Bay.

It is a railway centre with trunk-line connections to all points North, West and South. It is a tidewater port with steamer connections with trans Atlantic, South American and coastwise ports. Its shipping facilities compare favorably with those of the big port cities.

## Low Fuel Costs

The Pocahontas and New River coal fields, which produce the best steam coal in the world, lie within a short hauling distance and assure a constant supply of low-priced fuel.

## Raw Materials

Hopewell is in the centre of a region rich in natural resources. Iron, manganese and nickel ore mines are adjacent to the district. Close by lie important deposits of brick, tile and pottery clay, mica, soapstone, titanium, green sand, shell marls, moulding sand, mineral paint and Virginia limestone.

Within a radius of fifty miles are produced annually 555,000,000 feet of timber available for lumber or for pulp and paper making; 25,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 4,000,000 bushels of corn, 2,000,000 bushels of peanut and other crops valued at over $5,000,000. Each of these products offers opportunities to manufacturers

## No Labor Problem

Labor, both skilled and unskilled, male and female, can be recruited from the surrounding territory to supply all needs. Within the space of a few weeks, the Du Pont Company recruited 30,000 workers. Low living costs have kept and should continue to keep wages at a fair level. Strikes are unknown.

**NOTE**

As its name implies, the Du Pont Chemical Company is not a real estate concern. We have these factories, factory sites and other buildings—a limited number—which we offer for immediate sale *direct* to manufacturers, at attractive terms. We are employing the most powerful and the quickest means of disposing of our peace surplus and of acquainting the public with the opportunities Hopewell offers. It will be a matter of first come first served. Quick action is advisable. Write or wire today for data.

## Climate

Hopewell's climatic and general health conditions are unsurpassed. Mean summer temperature is 75° and the mean for the entire year, 58°. Annual rainfall, 46 in. Hopewell is never ice, snow or flood bound, being entirely free from extremes of weather that interfere with business

## Factories and Sites

Hopewell was designed for the production of gun cotton on a colossal scale. In less than a year it rose from a quiet little town to an industrial city of over 40,000 population.

Hopewell now presents opportunities to manufacturers unique in history—factory buildings easily adaptable to many kinds of manufacturing—1200 acres available for factory sites with ***railway sidings already built.***

## Great Power Plants

Hopewell has three gigantic and modern power plants; a total capacity of 60,000 h.p., ready to supply manufacturers with steam, electricity, heat, light and air pressure in any quantities at a surprisingly low cost.

## Pure Water Plentiful

Water of hygienic purity is drawn from filtration plants with a daily capacity of 50,000,000 gallons—more than enough to supply a city of 500,000.

## Best Fire Protection

Fire protection is the same as when the manufacture of gun cotton made extraordinary protection imperative. Maximum fire protection means low insurance.

## Homes for 12,000 Workers

Hopewell has cottages, bungalows, apartments and dormitories sufficient to accommodate 12,000 workers. In addition, it has clubs, hotels, churches, schools, commissary operating on a low cost-plus basis, stores, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and all the public utilities and civic improvements that constitute a modern city

Hopewell is a city without a "housing problem" a city where profiteering is unknown; a city where, compared with some cities, the workers' fifty cents buys a dollar's worth of goods; a city where living ceases to be a losing struggle. In brief, Hopewell is a city where the average man would like to live and rear his children

## Write or Wire Us!

Our experts—Technical, Industrial, Traffic—will gladly study your specific requirements, investigate your problems of raw materials, manufacturing processes, transportation, and give you an unbiased report as to the adaptability of Hopewell (plant sites, present available equipment, raw materials, etc.) to your special needs. This service is free. It may lead to the solution of your problems. Get in touch with us promptly.

# Du Pont Chemical Company

**Incorporated**

## Wilmington, Del.

**or the**

## Petersburg Chamber of Commerce, Petersburg, Va.

*A Deep Water Wharf ↓*

(Continued from Page 141)

to be a great detective in the sense that he could take a clew and build a case from it or take physical facts and build a clew from them. He was modest about his abilities in investigation and deduction, and there were others who surpassed him in the ability to name a crook from the crook's handiwork. But hand Ben Porterson a slip bearing the identity of a wanted man upon it and give him money and time enough and he would bag that wanted man unless death beat him. The man was doomed, because Porterson would go into his usual haunts, locate some faithless friend or some enemy, employ force, politics, pressure, blackmail or threat, find out his victim's whereabouts and shortly pounce upon him. With his prisoner shackled then Ben would conduct him back to the county seat where his presence in criminal proceedings was demanded and on the way chat reminiscently of the crook's past, of which it often chanced Ben could remember even more than he himself.

Porterson was strictly a specialist, with what might be termed nothing more than an occasional sphere of usefulness. Therefore the Pendleton Bureau—which not only thought highly of Ben but also believed in getting value received for even a good man's services—kept him busy when there was no fresh scent for him to follow as a sort of chief clerk in its correspondence department. There he was a figurehead, however. The brains of the department and the active official in discharging the work thereof was a slight, fair-haired, neat and swiftly moving young woman known as Lucia Galloway. Lucia knew the outside business of the Pendleton Bureau better than anyone in the whole staff, save perhaps old Jerome Pendleton, its head. Because of Lucia the place of chief clerk in this department was a sinecure. Ben Porterson employed his ample leisure therefore in playing practical jokes, sometimes spreading them over two or three continents, just for the sake of handing himself a laugh. Lucia did not approve of some of these jests—such of them as she could were oftentimes curtailed adroitly and their aim defeated, much to Detective Ben Porterson's mystification.

Lucia was beginning to believe that it was about time to assert her censorship again. Partly her feeling was due to the fact that the Big Bend bank robbery was keeping her busy and ought to have been keeping Ben Porterson busy, even though it was not; but mainly she was moved to interfere because she had conceived a warm feeling of interest in Porterson's latest butt. This was a man named Bodie Mallard—postmaster at a small and hitherto unheard-of desert point called the Two Buttes. This Mallard had written in weeks before asking modestly whether the Pendleton Bureau had place for a new man who desired to show what he could do in the finger-print department. Porterson, to whom that first letter had come, had roared with delight and had seized upon this opening for his favorite pursuit with avidity.

One morning when there was a particularly heavy mail and when replies were beginning to pour in from the four quarters of earth reporting no trace of information that would assist the Bureau in identifying or arresting the mysterious man who had robbed the Big Bend bank of $38,000 in currency, Ben Porterson leaned back in his chair, waving a sheet of paper he had just perused and breaking into a shout of glee.

"It's the humpbacked hick again, Lucia!" he cried delightedly. "The bird with the finger-print bug and the towering ambition! Listen to this!"

"Haven't time!" Lucia objected a little tartly, slipping a new sheet into her machine.

"Take it then! This is fat! You can't beat this bird! Hand him a line of chatter about how good he is in his favorite brand of nuttiness and he swells up like a cop after his first pinch. He says ——"

"I don't care what he says, Mr. Porterson. I think it's a crime the way you treat that man."

"Man? Listen, dearie! I can describe this Mallard duck to you so's you can see him without shutting your eyes. A freckle-faced kid, with a big mouth and plenty of use for it, that gets his ideas of detective work from the magazines and his hunch on crime from the movies. He's the kind that sits in the tenth row every time they put on a new show; and when he's off duty delivering the eight letters and two Fireside Friends that come in in the mail he goes out in front and tells the world how good he is. I'm giving this guy what's coming to him."

"I don't think you've got him right at all!" Lucia snapped, jerking her typewriter carriage over crossly. "I'll say he's a man—which is more than I could say about some people I know that aren't as far away as Two Buttes."

"Ouch, there! That's my wife's husband you're jabbing, I'll bet. But here!"

He spread the letter out and read above the clatter of Lucia's machine:

"*Gentlemen:* If you haven't time to put me on there right now it doesn't matter. But I have been thinking you might send me any news you get about criminals coming this way or some finger prints or descriptions of men you want to locate, because even if Two Buttes is off the map such things have happened as fugitives beating it into our country at times.

"I don't know as I wrote you before that I took a course in detective training. It was in the Royal and not much, I'll say, but even if it isn't in the same class as the Pendleton, I am a two-fisted guy and feel like I might do your business without having to yell for help. So send me anything you would like done, especially in the finger-print line, which I sort of specialize in. Hoping to hear from you,

"Your friend,

"BODIE MALLARD."

Ben Porterson waved the letter aloft.

"Whoops—and three whoops!" he cried. "Come on, Lucia, I'll lay him a line of chatter this time. Take a letter."

Lucia hesitated for just a moment. Then deciding that strategy would be better than defiance, she crossed with her notebook dutifully and pot-hooked Ben Porterson's message.

It began with acknowledgment of Mallard's generous offer of assistance and stated that the offer was accepted in the spirit in which it was offered. In proof thereof the bureau was inclosing circulars concerning criminals very much wanted by the authorities and also a few cards bearing reproductions of finger prints of men who were in particular demand for particularly heinous crimes. Mr. Mallard was urged to do what he could at once and report progress. Lucia sniffed and went back to her typewriter to transcribe. To be more exact, she went back to translate the message from Porterson Chicagoese into intelligible English—also to edit it warily. And meanwhile Porterson, kneeling over a dust-covered file, was exhuming a batch of ancient and worthless advertising matter, reward circulars and finger-print files.

"We've got the duck wabbling!" he cried, purple with his posture and his amusement. "Here's a lot of paper that's been dead almost as long as the men it's about—and here's some finger prints that must have been made when the angels were looking for Cain in the Garden of Eden. Believe me, when the hard-boiled duck of Two Buttes County gets these he'll pinch the village schoolma'am for complicity in the Haymarket riots and next thing we'll hear he'll be wiring that he's got the town constable in the jug for helping to blow up the Maine in '98. Whoops, my lamb! This is going to be good!"

Lucia Galloway was frowning.

"I don't see that this Mr. Mallard has done anything to you," she argued wrathfully. "Lay off him."

"Done anything to me, my dear! Say, hearken to me—he's got me scared for my job, that's what he's done! If the chief ever gets this Mallard in here out I go. Bodie Mallard, the boy terror of Two Buttes Gulch. Well, I should say yes! That's why I'm doing this—I'm jealous. Ho! ho! ho!"

"I believe that you're telling the truth for once."

"Sure I am! I admit it!"

"Mr. Mallard is probably twice the man you are. You make me sick—hanging it on him this way."

"Don't kid yourself, little one. He's a hick with a hump, this bird is. If I thought he was human I'd let him down light; but I know his breed. Come on through with the letter—we'll gaff him while he's breathing hard."

Lucia typed in a rage. Porterson returned to his desk, chuckling and dusting his hands. As he sat down an office boy came in with a special-delivery letter.

"It's from the chief in Big Bend," the boy volunteered, showing his excitement. "Maybe they've got something."

"Maybe your widowed mother will be walking to the graveyard behind your corpse if you don't clear out of here, young fellow," Porterson responded cheerfully. "Beat it now—I'll read my own mail."

The boy disappeared on wings. Ben Porterson slit the envelope. His interest was as keen as the errand boy's had been, however much he tried to conceal it. As a matter of fact, the whole Pendleton Bureau was on tiptoes. The Big Bend robbery had done it. And the reason lay here: Just when most of the dangerous safe crackers and burglars of the world had been catalogued, identified and safely placed and when it began to appear that nothing new under the sun could be worked out by that branch of the criminal element, along had come some person out of thin air who had robbed the State Trust and Banking Company of Big Bend, under the very noses of two policemen and a night watchman, without leaving a trace or a clew of any sort on which to operate in his pursuit and without dropping anything that could be construed or translated as a hint of his identity. This in itself was unusual but not astounding until the Pendleton Detective Bureau's biggest client took a sudden interest in the matter.

This client was the Federal Casualty and Liability Company. Its officers reasoned more deeply than did the police. The Federal carried most of the burglar protection insurance of the Western and Middle-Western banks of America—in round figures a staggering total of half a billion dollars of it, to be exact. The Big Bend robbery was baffling—apparently its contriver was dangerously and alarmingly clever and daring. If he could walk into Big Bend under the eyes of the authorities and walk out unscathed and apparently unhurried with $38,000, what was to prevent his repeating the performance in other banks, under the same circumstances, month after month indefinitely until the Federal Casualty and Liability Company would be compelled to get some insurance written for itself? The answer from the turmoil made over the matter appeared to be—"Nothing!" At any rate, the alarm of the Federal had communicated itself in terms of the most concentrated and widely organized activity to the Pendleton Detective Bureau. Big Bend had been visited in person by one representative of the firm after another, and finally when the subordinates could find nothing at all the superiors went. Now there were in Big Bend, as Ben Porterson had excellent reason for knowing, no less a party than one comprising Jerome Pendleton, chief of the bureau; E. B., his younger brother; Mortimer Bridge, former Scotland Yard man and the highest-salaried detective in America; and S. S. S. Nairn, the man whom the magazine writers glorified because—they said—he could deduce a complete crime from a spot of blood or describe the scenes of a bomb outrage by examining a piece of cloth torn from the body of one of its victims. These incomparables had been in Big Bend for two weeks without finding anything. They confessed as great confusion of mind as any who had gone before them. But now in the special-delivery letter Ben Porterson held ——

Ben momentarily forgot Bodie Mallard, the hick with the hump, and read:

"*B. L. P., Chicago Headquarters:* Bridge has found a cigarette butt in rooms across the street from the bank that may lead to something. We have a description of the man from the landlady, though a poor one. Inclosed you will find copies we have had made of cigarette-butt print—get on the job with them at once and wire if you can check them up with anything in our records.

"Don't waste time looking up petty-larceny thieves—this fish is a big one.

"Nairn and J. P. are leaving for Chicago in the morning and that will leave you free to get out on the case if you can connect up this print. Federal Company offers $5000 and we double it. If you net this crook one-half the reward is all yours. Hop to it.

"E. B. P."

Ben Porterson dropped the letter and reached for the finger-print copies. There were four of them, photographed on thin paper. He clutched at them, picking up only three. Shouting something unintelligible over his shoulder at Lucia, he dashed from the room and ran toward the bureau of identification. The stenographer concluded that he had directed her to mail his letters, so she crossed to pick them up, carrying the one just written to Bodie Mallard with her.

Under the two or three she rubber-stamped and sealed up Lucia came on the brief note from the younger Pendleton—the one that had sent Ben Porterson plunging from the room. With growing interest she read it through. Then she glanced down. On Porterson's desk were the dusty old documents he had been preparing to send to Bodie Mallard in pursuance of his stupendous practical joke. Lucia picked them up impatiently and threw them into the wastebasket. Then she saw a photographic copy—marked "Bridge—P. D. B.—Big Bend"—of a fingerprint. Lucia paused, frowning.

Then quite deliberately she took that photograph and put it into the envelope addressed to Bodie Mallard. On the bottom of his letter she wrote in her fine, precise hand:

"In place of finger prints referred to above we are inclosing print found on the scene of Big Bend bank robbery. The man wanted is a burglar and there is a ten-thousand-dollar reward for his arrest. Good luck, Mister Man on the Desert!"

And then, hesitating between the rubber-stamped name of Porterson and no signature at all, Lucia was suddenly seized with an irresistible impulse. She bent over the desk, initialed her postscript "L. G.," sealed up the letter and its impudent and unauthorized addendum and the inclosed Big Bend robbery finger print, ran into the hall before she could have time to think what she ought to do and mailed the letter. It shot by her in the dark mail chute and disappeared.

Lucia caught her breath.

And then, laughing defiantly, she went back to find Ben Porterson in an inner doorway bellowing:

"Got him! Said so all the time. The man that turned the Big Bend trick is Charley Adams, alias the Twister! Now watch my smoke!"

v

"TEN twos," the man at the window said laconically.

Bodie Mallard reached for the drawer.

"Nice day," he ventured sadly.

"Yes."

"Not so hot."

"No."

"Hot enough to make stamps sticky, though."

"I suppose."

"Put 'em in an envelope for you?"

"Go ahead."

Bodie fumbled under the shelf.

"Stranger here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Going through, or stopping?"

"Going through."

Bodie fumbled with the flap of the envelope into which he put the ten two-cent stamps and dropped it.

"Dog-gone it!" he complained lugubriously. He stooped to reach for the packet. "Get clumsier all the time, seems like."

He recovered the envelope and passed it over, holding the stranger with his eye.

"Like the country, do you?"

"No. Came on business."

"Going on into Gould Valley?"

"Don't know yet. Maybe."

Then the postmaster uttered an exclamation with an aggrieved note in it.

"Drat it! I've given you the wrong envelope. Here's your stamps. My mistake."

The other eyed him suspiciously for a moment. Then:

"Oh, all right!"

"Hope I'll see you round."

"You may."

"Anything I can do for you any time——"

"I'll let you know."

"So long."

The other man did not seem to hear, but walked out. Bodie chuckled.

"Got your finger print, though, neighbor," he commented half aloud.

He took with him the envelope he had handed out first and walked to his desk, where he dusted the surface of the container with lampblack.

A sharply delineated finger print jumped out at him.

"Dandy!" he ejaculated. "Jim dandy! Hm-m-m!"

He was bending over it, magnifying glass in hand, when George Munroe, proprietor of the Eagle House, came in. Munroe was always jocular.

(Continued on Page 148)

# How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

PRISCILLA DEAN
"I find Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo very beneficial to my hair. It is a fine shampoo."

ANITA STEWART
"I find Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and leaves my hair in wonderful condition."

PAULINE FREDERICK
"I find the Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo very desirable."

NORMA TALMADGE
"Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo"

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

## WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear pure, entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

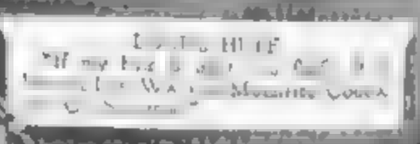
Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to arrange.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for Children*

**THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio**

"I find the Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo very desirable."



"Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo"



MABEL NORMAND
"I never use any shampoo but Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo."

GET THE GENUINE
LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE
R.L. Watkins
ON EVERY ORIGINAL BOTTLE

(Continued from Page 144)

"Well, old Hark-to-the-tombs," he opened up in his vigorous manner, "how's stamps to-day? Gone up any?"

"Not in wholesale lots," Bodie responded heavily.

"Not in—haw-haw-haw! I'll take ten cents' wuth then. Any news?"

"Not much. Stranger just in."

"Oh, Mr. Smith? Yes, saw him coming this way a while back. Quiet fellow, Smith—capitalist, they tell me. Looking at borax properties most likely. He don't have much to say round the ho-tel, but I got the idea he just happened through. Said something about missing a train at the junction—cussed, too, pretty neat. Wanted to know if you could make good connections on the narrow gauge southbound."

"Well, he can't."

"I told him so. But as I said to him—about the only way a fellow can see the world these days is between trains. My uncle Mort, now, was that way. Ever think of that, Bodie?"

"No, can't say I have."

"Wuth thinking about. Uncle Mort was seafaring. Maybe I've told you——"

"Yes, several times."

"Oh, I have, eh? Uh-huh! By the way Smith get any mail?"

"No."

"Send some off, maybe?"

"No."

"Peculiar fellow, Smith. Wouldn't wonder if he was quite a man in his line. But I don't aim to pry into guests' business at the ho-tel. Better be getting back there too. So long, Bodie."

The postmaster returned to his desk. He picked up his magnifying glass again and frowned over that finger print. It was almost the first time that he had had one belonging to a man he did not know. Occasionally commercial travelers or railroad officials or mining men passed through Two Buttes, but such were known almost as soon as they alighted from their trains. Now Bodie had a print belonging to a man of whom no one knew anything at all. And for once he had a chance to test his theory. If he could determine the man's profession from the configuration of that print and prove it——

The evening mail came in. Bodie rose with a sigh and with that finger print still fixed on his mind and dumped the contents of the bag onto his sorting table. Almost the first envelope that caught his eye was addressed to himself. It was from the Pendleton Bureau. But Bodie was postmaster first—dilettante in science afterward. Faithfully he distributed the mail; with long countenance he delivered it through his wicket. It was several minutes past six before the queue outside was dissipated and he could close his window and give himself up to this letter. He stretched himself before sitting down, picked up the letter deliberately, opened it slowly.

Three seconds later he was at his small safe in the rear of the room, the safe was opened, and he was frantically pawing out his revolver, his star and his handcuffs. He stuffed them all into his pockets and ran.. Breathless and perturbed he reached the Eagle House—bolted through the front door.

Proprietor Munroe gazed at him with round eyes.

"What the rinktum-diddle!" he cried. "You look like you'd seen a speerit! Don't know as I ever——"

His words were like a dash of cold water to Bodie Mallard. In his first emergency he had betrayed himself. He settled his collar nervously and drew his face down to its wonted melancholy.

"Oh, I'm all right, Munroe," he answered, trying to control his panting breath. "Just glad to get out and get a spell of air. Smith round?"

"Smith? What about him?"

"Nothing much. Thought I'd look him up."

"What for? Got something for him in the mail?"

"No. Seems to me I've known him somewheres."

"That's funny, Bodie. You didn't say anything about that at noon. Small world, ain't it, though?"

"Yes. I'm not sure, of course—about Smith."

"Well, maybe you have knowed him. My uncle Mort, now, was in Shanghai once—or maybe it was Hong-Kong—anyway, it was one of them Chinese towns and he looked up from his tea, or whatever it was, and ——"

"I remember. You told me that a couple of times, Munroe. How about Smith?"

"Oh, yes—Smith. What'd you want to know about him, Bodie?"

"Happen to know where he is now?"

"Well, right now"—George Munroe snapped his big watch open and studied its face thoughtfully—"right now I'd say he was somewheres between Warm Springs and Sandoval."

"He's what?"

Munroe straightened up with a jerk. Two or three loungers started and looked round, eying Bodie Mallard with gaping mouths. His electrified shout had stricken them dumb. Even the garrulous hotel owner was speechless. Bodie colored and grinned foolishly.

"Excuse me, Munroe," he said with a sepulchral laugh. "I thought Smith was here and you sort of surprised me. When'd he leave? Two o'clock narrow gauge?"

Munroe swallowed.

"Well, Bodie, you certainly did give me a su'prise! Never heard you yell out that way in six years, going on seven. Didn't know you could do it, you might say. Yes, Smith went down on the two o'clock. Got a telegram, I heard tell."

Bodie laughed again—that doleful laugh.

"Don't matter then," he said feebly. "See you to-morrow, like as not, Munroe."

He went out, Munroe and the others following him with their eyes.

"Somethin's wrong with Bodie," the proprietor said solemnly. "Knew that when he came in. Can't be the heat—he's used to that by this time. Wonder if he could have loaned that fellow Smith money. Just like him, that is. But if he had he wouldn't have come round yelling about it. Remember when he got roped in by that slick minister—with his yarn about his wife and children at Manitou Springs? Cleaned out of two hundred, I heard tell. But Bodie didn't yell. And this Smith, now—well, I'm dumbed!"

All Two Buttes was dumbed before the day was over, in a manner of speaking. Bodie Mallard engaged young Tom Heffner and an automobile and began careening through Two Buttes in defiance of all law and custom. In an hour he had enguged Miss Watson, Duke's sister, to take temporary charge of the post office, had paid up all his current bills and ordered his daily supply of milk stopped by the Nielsons until further notice, had waved Two Buttes a saddened farewell and had gone roaring off into the desert.

At Warm Springs he was almost peremptory toward the storekeeper—who was also station agent and lone citizen.

"Anybody get off here this afternoon on the down train, Stringer?" he demanded.

The old man cut himself a piece of black tobacco, inserted it into his mouth, rolled it reflectively, chewed for a moment, spat and then responded:

"Yep. Ladd Adams and his wife. What Ladd thinks he's a-goin' to do with that quarter section of his out by the red butte beats me. I wouldn't give him five dollars for the whole ——"

"Nobody else off here then, Stringer?"

"Nope." The Warm Springs autocrat stopped to expectorate, doing it lavishly. "Not to-day. Yesterday there was a couple ——"

"All set, Tommy?" Bodie interrupted. His driver nodded.

Stringer rose.

"You ain't goin' through to the junction, air you, Bodie? Well, I declare to David! What's the excitement?"

"Just looking for a friend. So long! Go ahead, Tommy!"

They went off in a cloud of alkali dust, leaving Stringer alone and disgusted. Into Sandoval Junction at midnight Bodie went straight to the station. Milt Ferris, the agent, was pulling on his shoes preparatory to making smooth the progress of the one o'clock overland Number Twenty-two. He stared at Bodie, standing long framed and sepulchral in the door frame, with open amazement.

"Well, Bodie, what you doing here?"

"Business," Bodie answered as melancholy as ever. "Had a deal on with a man in Two Buttes and he got away before it was finished up. Got to reach him. Anybody get off here to-day—stranger, I mean?"

"From the down train? Two. Drummer from Omaha and a little quiet guy. The little guy went on out."

"West?"

"West. On Number Sixteen."

"When did she leave?"

"Seven-ten."

"That was my man, all right. Fellow named Smith. Forgetful cuss."

The station agent crossed to his door and lighted a lantern. Bodie spoke again.

"He bought a ticket, I suppose."

"Yep. San Berdoo."

"Dog-gone it! Guess I'll have to go on there."

"Must be important, Bodie."

"Is, sort of."

"Big deal?"

"Round ten thousand."

"Gee krikes! I didn't know you were in the land business—or is it a mine?"

"Don't know what you would call it exactly, Milt." Bodie sighed heavily. "Kind of more like renting apartments, I guess—for a long term."

"You old son of a gun! I always heard you had an income somehows. Folks said you had plenty to squander on fool enterprises, anyhow. Apartments, eh? East?"

Bodie scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Not exactly," he said. "And they're not my apartments." The idea tickled his fancy and he grinned slightly. A grin always looked surprising on Bodie's gaunt face. "I'm just arranging the deal, you might say. Another party has the empty apartment—I'm going to talk Smith into taking it. That's all."

Milt Ferris, puzzling profoundly, moved over to his telegraph key and opened a call for the end of the division. Over his shoulder, while the key clicked loudly in the shadowy room, he said:

"Well, you're certainly the old mum effigy, Bodie. Hope you make a million—that's me. Want me to get you a berth?"

"You might," Bodie said after pondering. "I expect I'll need sleep next few days—better get it while I can."

Tommy Heffner was dismissed presently with orders to return to Two Buttes and say nothing—and with a silver dollar as token of esteem. Presently Number Twenty-two came in, thundering. Bodie Mallard boarded the third car and presently she went westward, roaring. Bodie doubled up his long legs and arms and crowded himself gingerly into his berth, guided by an ungracious and sleepy porter. When he had switched on his berth light and kicked off his boots, Mallard drew a quilt over his long frame and lay back contemplating this unwonted activity of his. Not until then did he have time to remember that letter from Chicago. Something about it had caught his eye at his hurried first reading. He tried to remember what it was. Finally he drew the missive from an inner coat pocket, unfolded it and read:

"In place of finger prints referred to above we are inclosing print found on scene of Big Bend bank robbery. The man wanted is a burglar and there is a ten-thousand-dollar reward for his arrest. Good luck, Mister Man on the Desert! L. G."

Bodie frowned. Who was L. G.? And wasn't that a strikingly unprofessional twist at the end thereof? And wasn't it all in a woman's handwriting? Indubitably. L. G.—Laura, Lizzie, Leila, Lindy—no, not good enough! "Good luck, Mister Man on the Desert!" Why?

Bodie felt his ears burning curiously. His heart beat faster by at least three pulsations to the minute. He closed his eyes, holding the sheet of paper carefully beside him. Here was a new mystery mystery for a detective. He smiled, and as his mouth relaxed and the smile spread his face lost momentarily its wonted cast of melancholy. Drowsily Mallard tried to bring his mind back to the pursuit of the stranger whose finger print tallied with the one the Pendletons had sent him. He was the man who had robbed the Big Bend bank, was he? That quiet little guy? Where was he now? Whither would this chase lead? And at its end would there be any explanation of the postscript from the Pendleton office? L. G. L. G.

Ten thousand dollars reward! Too much money. And yet with ten thousand dollars a man could buy a little place, build a little home, make it comfortable for a woman—a woman like L. G. perhaps.

Bodie Mallard slept—with a childlike smile on his big homely face.

VI

FRANK E. SMITH, alias Charley Adams, alias F. B. Forbes, alias many other names, but most familiarly known as the Twister, was almost fanatically confident of the infallibility of his plans. They had operated with precision and smoothness at Big Bend; they operated perfectly for a fortnight of leisurely progress after his departure therefrom. Even when the incident occurred that momentarily interrupted the calculated plot of his venture he was not disturbed. Now that he had made his getaway from the scene of his burglary and that without leaving a trace of clew for the most vigilant of pursuers—delays were of no consequence. So he changed his itinerary without qualms.

What happened was that at a certain New Mexican railroad junction the Twister's roaming glance from his car window suddenly lighted on the familiar face and form of a detective he had known—and not very favorably—in Philadelphia; man named Bowden. Bowden was climbing onto the Twister's train with a heavy suitcase in his hand. The burglar was not superstitious, but he did believe that it was bad luck to travel in the same train with a detective whom he knew and who on sight would know him. The Twister gathered his belongings together and quietly left the car—for good.

But five minutes later he found himself in a regular hornets' nest of officers. A train robber, whose activities had annoyed several Western lines for months, had been traced to this locality and the clans were gathering. The Twister sought a ticket office, made a few careless inquiries, found he could get a narrow gauge out into almost uninhabited desert country in ten minutes or such a matter and bought a ticket via the Gould Valley and Eastern on the spot. He was told that by lying over a day in the town of Two Buttes he could get another train northward connecting with San Francisco lines or that he could come back as far as Sandoval Junction and resume his southwestern trip. The Twister chose Two Buttes as a very likely place in which to rest and commune with his soul—also to communicate with his friend and brother-in-law, Nat Dorgan, on important matters. Thus he became the guest of George Munroe and the Eagle House and thus he flashed across the ken of Bodie Mallard.

Meantime, however, he had sent a wire to Dorgan which had brought him on his arrival at Two Buttes the following cryptic telegram:

*"Frank Smith, Two Buttes:* Your goods located by company. Better postpone shipments until present flurry passes. Cigarettes poor buy. Money forwarded desired destination eleventh. DORGAN."

The Twister frowned as he read this message. The police had picked up his trail at Big Bend. They had their nets out. The cigarette sentence was a puzzler, but it had something to do with the clew that had tripped him. His bank account had been sent to the Los Angeles bank previously agreed upon. But in the meantime caution was necessary. He wired Dorgan instructing him to report any new developments immediately.

Two Buttes knew him—sketchily, as may be judged from Proprietor Munroe's statements in the matter—for three days; then there came a telegram from Dorgan which read:

"Porterson of P. D. B. Company trying to compete in your market, but seems to be having small success. Safe to ship now on original plan. N. D."

The Twister laughed quietly.

"That big stiff, Ben Porterson, has got as much chance as a dollar in a crap game," he mused. "He'll grab off some stoolies and yeggs and razz 'em and between them they'll turn up all the old roosts and make everybody sore—and get nothing. Porterson hasn't got any imagination. Me on the desert? It wouldn't penetrate with him in a lifetime and a half. I can move now."

As a matter of fact the burglar sketched Detective Porterson's method accurately. The big man's success depended on the tale-bearing of other criminals and those despised characters known as stool pigeons—inhabitants and familiars of the underworld who, for a few doses of their habitual drug, for a bottle of strong drink or for a hundred dollars will tell anything they know or can find out. If they can find out nothing—as the Twister well knew—they will concoct plausible theories as facts. In this case their activity would result in Porterson's chasing will-o'-the-wisps of information in the purlieus of the big cities

(Continued on Page 149)

# 290 inches of CHLOROX

*Send Ten Cents for a Two Weeks' Trial Tube*

## The *Smooth* Tooth Paste

CLEAN teeth for three months—healthy gums for ninety days—a pleasant taste every morning and all night by using CHLOROX twice daily; for in one tube of CHLOROX is 290 inches of creamy cleanser.

CHLOROX is different because the chemicals compounded into it clean where no brush can reach and also stimulate the flow of those natural fluids which keep clean mouths healthy. These chemicals are compounded in the smooth CHLOROX paste—milled to assure perfect smoothness—which polishes the teeth and protects delicate tooth enamel; CHLOROX does prevent decay.

The key empties the tube—nearly 300 brushfuls of CHLOROX for fifty cents. And the last bit of CHLOROX from the tube is as fresh, creamy and cleansing as the first.

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# How I Sent Around the World to Find a Nut

## *Listen, People!*

I GOT back from France—I brought home the real French way to make chocolate.

I made some bars. They tasted pretty good, but—I said to myself:

"Duane, this almond bar business is all chipped up among people who are making 'good enough' bars.

"If you want a *real business*, you've got to make a *real* almond bar.

"You've got the *best* chocolate. Now get the *best* almonds.

"With your automatic chocolate mixer, thermo, moulder and cooler, all-in-one, you can put at least 50% more almonds into Touraine Bars than the-fellow-who-counts-every-almond-he-drops-into-his."

Finding the best almonds is not so simple as you might think.

I sent to every country in the world where almonds grow!

I found the finest in *Italy* and *Spain*.

Well, sir, as soon as I found those almonds, I felt pretty sure I had it at last.

Chocolate made the real French way—chock-full of big, sweet, mellow almonds from Italy and Spain!

I gave *those* bars to friends and strangers to taste.

One of my friends said: "Duane, if that bar doesn't give you the biggest slice of the almond bar business, it's because the American public are not particular about their almond bars."

Perhaps it isn't quite fair to put it as strongly up to you as that, but "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Touraine Bars are in Yellow Packages, not "chocolate-colored" ones.

HARRY B. DUANE, *President*
THE TOURAINE COMPANY
New York Boston Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland

(Continued from Page 146.

where the Twister had been accustomed to hide out. The infallible plan, built so painstakingly in those four years of penitentiary experience, had taken this very fact into account—therefore the Twister in the wilds of the Southwestern deserts.

To tell the truth, however, Dorgan's warnings worried the burglar. If he had been going back to his old life of crime he would have been less careful; would have depended more on the luck of the reckless man. Now everything in the world was at stake, because he was determined to go straight and he wanted to do it peaceably and quietly and without having to cover any tracks. Dorgan had access to police information that aforetime had proved accurate. Unquestionably some slip had occurred—the Twister racked his brains to determine wherein the impeccable plan had fallen short. He decided finally that one of his cigarette butts had fallen into the hands of the astute dicks of the Pendleton service. They might be able to identify him—probably they had done so. After that finding him was another matter. And the Twister had a certain respect for Ben Porterson.

"If he's hep," he communed sourly, "it's me for a hide out. Damn the cheesy luck! And me turning straight too!"

He left Two Buttes at once, determined to make connections at Los Angeles with the letter Dorgan would have waiting for him there containing all the news. Out of Sandoval Junction, roaring westward, he began to reconstruct his pet plan. One idea grew on him. He had never been through the desert before—had avoided it on his rare Western trips, as a matter of fact. But now he began to be fascinated by it. A man could lose himself here. With his eye he searched the country as they skittered through its baking wastes, looking for possible refuge. He got into conversation with a brown and taciturn mining man in his car and from him extracted a good deal of information about water holes far from civilization and visited only by occasional silent, incurious desert men, always content to mind their own business. His acquaintance then discoursed on some possibilities there were in this country for reclamation in a small way; described isolated spots he knew of where a man who did not mind loneliness could make himself a garden in the waste.

The Twister turned this over and over in his mind. It was what he wanted—a garden in the midst of this desolation where he could loaf and read a little—as he had always wanted to do—and live, and where he would not have always to be watching for pursuers—watching and dodging. Strange, he thought, that this idea had never occurred to him before. And he showed such interest that the desert man made him a rough sketch map, locating one spot particularly adapted to this project. When the Twister reached Los Angeles he found Dorgan's news the very worst possible. Ben Porterson was headed westward with another of the Pendleton sleuths. Temporarily the stuff was off. The best course lay in hiding out.

Five days later, outfitted for two months or more and guided by a grim, scowling, silent old man answering to the name of Dummy Joe, the Twister was in the midst of the desert north of Barstow, bending a course toward the oasis the man on the train had described and which Dummy Joe said with a snort of scorn that he could find easy. As Joe understood it, this tenderfoot wanted to prospect for land with a spring on it. Joe himself wanted nothing better than such a patron. After months in cities, vainly searching for a stake, he was once more punching it behind heavily packed burros in his own country and with his future secured. The partnership was mutually satisfactory. And the silence between the two silent men was as heavy as the hand of heat that lay on the land they traveled.

At the end of a week they had penetrated the wilderness to its deepest part. They were far to the northwest of their point of entry—Dummy Joe waved a lean claw westward and indicated that they were almost equally distant from another line in that direction where lay scattered outposts of men. When the burglar saw the place toward which his glum guide had been leading him he laughed quietly. It was what he had dreamed of finding. A squat line of hills on either hand of a wide desert cañon—scarcely a valley—narrowed down to where a transverse outcropping of rock formed a hidden reservoir for winter waters. These waters bubbled and boiled in a clear spring round which lush grass grew, and two or three green though wind-bent trees. Northward the fastnesses of desert mountains, forbidding and deadly, rose as a barrier to travel—southward was the desert over which a man could look until his eyes wearied and still not see the outermost rim. Dummy Joe made camp; drew a crude map of their location and its distant supply points on those two far-away railroad lines. The Twister folded the scrap of paper, put it inside his shirt and then said abruptly:

"I've got what I need now, Joe. Guess you'll be traveling."

The old desert rat started—stared.

"How's that?"

"We're through. You can have one burro and plenty of food to get you back. Then you'll be drifting."

"Hell I will!"

"The hell you will! I don't need you. How much do you want for your work?"

Dummy Joe tried to argue. His castles were falling about his ears. But he found the city man self-reliant, cold, ready with a black automatic gun that seemed hair-triggered. In the end, naming his price and receiving generous payment promptly, he repacked a burro and left—glowering but helpless—over the track they had come.

There began then for the fugitive burglar a life filled with a vast stillness such as he had never imagined—a life of soothing calm and monotony and yet of absorbing interest and occupation. In his clumsy, unlearned way he started to make a clearing round the water hole, to plant some seeds he had brought, to move rocks and form a sort of shelter—half cave, half tent. He gloried in his strength and resourcefulness. He was king of a domain so wide that his eyes ached to contemplate it. He was competent to care for himself, was independent of all mankind, was free from all necessity for watchfulness. It made him laugh aloud to think of the weary round the authorities were going, wherever men of his stripe usually secreted themselves, searching for him—endlessly searching and finding no trace. At times the desert awed him—frightened him a little. But he controlled himself, reasoning that this very awfulness and frightfulness of desolation and magnitude were his salvation—earnests of his permanent security. And so he outfaced fear. When the sun came up in the early morning, leaping out of the horizon and hurling its heat and white light against chill and velvety darkness, this city criminal would stand up naked, with arms outstretched, and feel new strength and a glory of freedom roused and sent pounding through his veins. In a week he was drunk with the desert.

A thin, straight ribbon of smoke, gray against a turquoise sky, brought the fugitive upstanding one morning. He watched it intently, all his senses acute. But when it had disappeared, melting in the fierce sunlight, he laughed at his own surprise and consternation. Nevertheless, he was conscious of it all day and when evening came he began looking off in the expectation of seeing it again. Instead he discovered at last a sort of film of dust—a smudge against the tawny color of the sand. It did not seem either to move or to rise—rather it flattened out and was presently lost. No smoke column rose in its place. After darkness fell he looked in vain for the vivid spark of a fire in the distance. Exhausted by a day of hard work at his water hole that he was gradually enlarging and lining with stones, he ate his hearty simple meal, tidied up and fell at once into a sound sleep, dreamless.

A glare of light wakened him. At first he could not remember where he was—seemed to feel four stone walls crowding in round him once more. Then he sat bolt upright, his hand clutching the stock of his gun.

"Who's there?" he demanded harshly.

A slow voice—quiet and almost sorrowful—answered him:

"It's all right, neighbor. Just bedding down."

The fugitive leaned forward from the shelter above his head and then he saw his visitor. The latter had stirred up the fire and was bending over a roll of blankets to spread them out. A tall, gaunt horse was beyond—unsaddled and nosing greedily into grain thrown down on a sack. The city man became suddenly angry—with an unreasonable anger not unmixed with fear.

"What's the idea of horning in here, you?" he demanded. "I don't need company."

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"No, I supposed not," the newcomer answered in his sad voice. "Kind of guessed that. But I'm here."

"Well, you won't stay."

"No? Think I will. I won't need to keep you up."

The fugitive leaped to his feet, cold with rage.

"You're going on—and you're going on now!" he cried.

The other merely glanced at him without turning. The firelight fell dimly on a big homely countenance that seemed inexpressibly sorrowful.

"That's no way to act, man. You see, it kind of gives you away."

The burglar shifted the heavy gun at his side.

"I count five," he said distinctly, "and if you're still here then I plug you. Now can you understand that?"

"Yes, but that wouldn't help you any. So many people know I came this way and what I came for. I'm not going on—and you don't want to get tangled up for murder too."

There was no question in all this—it was a statement of fact. And what made it almost threatening was its melancholy. This stranger was like the voice of the land. The city man's rage ebbed.

As though against his will he blurted: "What did you come for?"

"For you."

"For me? But I don't know you. What's the game?"

"Oh, you'll know, all right! You see, Smith—if that's your name—the desert is big, but there aren't many people in it. It's just like you wore your right name on your face—out here."

There was something in this declaration that was as cold as the law. The fugitive looked round him—shivered slightly. Then seeing the utter indifference with which he—and his weapon—were accepted, he laughed sourly.

"You act as if you could get me—as if you thought you could."

The newcomer turned from his blankets.

"Why, I've got you! You can see that."

"I can't, though. Here." He stepped forward. "Let's have a look at your map!"

"My map?"

"Your ugly face. What's bothering you, anyhow—you're as sad as a funeral—why, it's the postmaster!"

"Yes. Mallard's my name. Two Buttes."

This time the burglar's laugh was amused—relieved.

"Oh, you're that bird! Seems kind of pitiful for you to get out here—up against me this way. Because you ain't going back, you know."

Bodie Mallard sighed, but there was a heavy smile on his face. He said nothing—went on with his bed-making.

Quick as legerdemain the burglar ran his hands over the narrow hips of the stooping man; continuing his search he embraced Mallard's waist lightly, then his chest. Mallard stood quietly.

"I don't carry them on me," he explained as though answering a question. "Never did carry a gun. It's in my pack with the other things."

"What other things?"

"Handcuffs and my star."

"Oh, you've got a star, have you?"

"Sort of one. Royal Detective Agency. Don't know as you ever heard of it. Kind of a fake outfit, I guess."

The fugitive burglar stepped back, completely nonplused. The child in this big visitor of his amused him, but back of the gawkiness and ineptness and innocence of this great boy there seemed something lurking—menacing. It was like the menace the Twister had felt once or twice from the desert. The desert, too, was ample, generous, unthreatening—and yet intangibly powerful, omniscient and implacable. He felt no fear for himself—knew that he could snuff out the life in that great frame in any instant—but he did feel a mysterious and indefinable nervousness and apprehension. It was quite evident that he was going to have to kill this blundering postmaster. The killing itself was nothing. But killing this overgrown child, who with gun packed in his outfit, with a tin star was playing at being a detective, seemed small game somehow—petty and—and really useless. That is, if it could be avoided. The Twister was baffled.

Bodie Mallard sat down on his spread blankets and began tugging at his shoe laces.

"I'll be turning in, I guess," he remarked as though in apology.

"All right," the burglar said helplessly. "You're tired out, eh?"

"Some. Been on your trail three weeks now. Kept me going pretty lively."

"What started you on my trail, as you call it?" the burglar inquired abruptly. "Some city bull, or something?"

"No. Sort of specialty of mine. Finger prints."

"Oh!"

"You left a cigarette at Big Bend and the Pendleton detectives found a finger print on it. I've got a picture of it in my things. And then the one I got from you on that wrong envelope—the day you bought stamps—ten twos. Maybe you don't remember."

"I don't know what you're talking about, of course."

"All right. It isn't worth arguing. You don't happen to know anybody in the Pendleton Chicago office, do you? A woman, I mean."

"What the devil are you driving at now?"

"Nothing. You wouldn't understand." Mallard went back to his shoe laces with a sigh. Then he asked unexpectedly: "What was it you did in Big Bend? I mean, what kind of a burglary was it?"

The Twister laughed.

"You seem to have that part of it settled—that I'm a burglar. If I was, wouldn't I be a bright guy to cough up? You're a queer fish!"

"I suppose so. But I'm going on the finger prints, remember. They are the same as a confession and a name and all that. And out here—on the desert—bluffing don't get you much. Ever think of that?"

"You're a queer fish, all right. We'll make a deal of some kind in the morning."

"We'll start back in the morning," Bodie Mallard answered calmly.

And he hitched about and was covered to his ears against the sharp bite of the desert air with a lugubrious "Good night."

The Twister did not sleep. He faced a problem new to him—in a country that suddenly oppressed him with its illimitable resources, its inscrutable wisdom of men, its transcendent mystery and its power over them and their affairs and their lives. He could kill the postmaster, or he could surrender to that solemn man and let himself be taken back—fettered with those toy handcuffs. But there was no other alternative. The thought that he had harbored for a moment, to buy off this melancholy Mallard, at once dissolved itself in its own essential absurdity. As well try to bribe the desert. The situation swept the burglar with hot rage and then cold fear. All his training and experience, all his desperation and his low valuation on human life were discounted here. The big child breathing deeply and regularly there in those blankets beyond the fire was not dangerous in himself but for what he represented. He was the force of the desert country—the strength, the patience, the implacability, the serene confidence. In such hands a mere armed man was pitiful—helpless. Suppose he killed the postmaster what then? Flight or the erection of a barricade for defense here in this wilderness, with a two months' supply of food and a handful of cartridges! Because it was true—what Mallard had said. Many knew that the postmaster had come out here seeking a fugitive. He started with a sudden angry thought. Doubtless Dummy Joe had pointed the road. If Mallard did not go back soon there would be a search. And if Mallard had found him so easily—and there was Dummy Joe to guide others! That was where he had made his mistake—in thinking that in the desert a man would be safe! The place for the city criminal was in the city.

It dawned on him. And a plan began to form slowly in his mind.

In the morning, almost without words, the two started back toward Barstow, driving the pack burros before them, and—on Mallard's insistence—taking turns at riding the tall, gaunt, slow-footed horse.

### VII

TO USE her own expression, Lucia Galloway was a very busy young thing. The Pendleton offices had been topsy-turvy for a month and things were getting worse. It all came of the mysterious disappearance, apparently off the very face of the earth, of a little rat of a burglar known to the police as the Twister. Not only was the concentration on this search making loads of work—especially for the correspondence department—but the irascibility of old Jerome Pendleton, the chief, over the bureau's complete failure had communicated itself down the line until nerves were fray-edged. For Lucia there had been a momentary relief that morning when Ben Porterson, the infallible, came in fresh from the Pacific Coast, reporting all scents wrong and all trails lost. Ben was in the chief's office now—in there for a very bad half hour, Lucia concluded. Her type piled, smudging the page, and Lucia snapped at herself, pulling a lock of hair angrily out of her eyes. But that hurt. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror tucked in her desk top and laughed with a grimace.

"I thought I didn't have any nerves!" she exclaimed, putting herself into temporary good humor. And a messenger boy entered. She signed for his telegram and slit the envelope. Then read:

"*Pendleton Detective Bureau, Chicago:* Arrive Sante Fé two o'clock with man that robbed Big Bend bank. I may have to hurt this guy if he tries any more foolishness. Caught him sending telegrams. Tired of trying not to muss him up before you see him, so please meet train and take care of him. BODIE MALLARD."

Lucia Galloway leaped out of her chair, overturning it and squealing so shrilly that two inner doors opened simultaneously. From one issued the chief and a red-faced detective named Ben Porterson; from another came S. S. S. Nairn, with his gray hair much tousled and his eyes bloodshot.

"What the—what the ——" Pendleton spluttered angrily.

Ben Porterson guffawed, glad of an excuse for mirth.

"A mouse!" he cried with delight. "Climb on a chair, Lucia!"

"Mouse!" There was infinite scorn for Porterson in Lucia's voice. "You'll say so! Look at this! The Twister! Bodie Mallard! Two o'clock on the Santa Fé! I said so! I knew it! Oh, you big boob!"

She had passed the telegram to Jerome Pendleton and was now teetering up and down in front of Porterson, her hands on her hips and her pumps shuffling lightly on the floor.

"He wrote me from San Bernardino that he was on the trail. That was ten days ago. And I didn't say anything. But you thought he was a humpbacked hick! You thought so! You—you ——"

Jerome Pendleton's eyes widened and he extended the message toward Nairn. Porterson crowded in and read over the other's shoulder. The chief of the bureau was slack-jawed with amazement.

"Well, I'm damned!" he said slowly.

"Do you suppose it's correct?" Nairn asked.

Porterson snorted.

"Correct? Crazy! A chalk-headed country postmaster—this Mallard! Stringing us! That rube!"

"You're just jealous!" Lucia Galloway cried, wheeling on him angrily. "It is true—I know it is! I've been telling you for a year that Mallard ——"

"Wait a minute!" Jerome Pendleton interrupted. "Who is this man Mallard? What's this chatter all about? I never heard of him before."

"No, you haven't, chief," Lucia retorted. "He wrote in here asking for a job. He was postmaster in a little town called Two Buttes. It's on the desert. I—I looked it up on a map. It's way out at the jumping-off place."

"I don't care about that," Pendleton snapped. "Where does he get in on this Big Bend case?"

Ben Porterson answered lamely: "He wrote in—said he was a correspondence-school detective—and asked for information about crooks that might come his way. I took him for a rube. He is a rube. That's all I know about him."

"No, it isn't, Ben Porterson!" Lucia cried. "You thought you were funny and you strung him along. What you wanted to do was to send him a lot of circulars about criminals that had been dead or in the penitentiary for years, but I threw them in the wastebasket. I don't care, either."

"Somebody will be fired in about another minute," Jerome Pendleton roared. "How does this lad get in on the Twister's case? That's what I want to know."

Lucia colored, but came up bravely.

"I kept out a copy of that finger print you found in Big Bend and I sent it to Mallard."

"Oh, so that's where the lost copy went. Hum-m-m! Go on, Lucia."

*(Concluded on Page 153)*

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View of field at Gettysburg during Lincoln's Address Nov. 19, 1863

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"Where Southern Valor Lies"

(Concluded from Page 150)

"That's all—only look what's happened!"

"I'm looking." Pendleton studied the telegram, smiling. "I guess you'd better get down there at two, Nairn—and you might take Porterson with you. If he can't find a crook he may be able to protect him when some humpbacked hick brings him in. 'I may have to hurt this guy if he tries any more foolishness,' the boy says. Probably Lucia's gentleman from the jumping-off place has had his hands full with the Twister. But if he's got that burglar Mr. B. Mallard can have anything in the shop! That's all there is to that!"

Nairn went out, followed by Porterson, openly scoffing. Pendleton himself was about to close his door. Lucia raised her voice.

"Mind if I go to the depot with them, chief?" she asked, coloring.

"Good Lord, no, child!" the big detective chief shouted. "It's your case. Go on and clean up on it. Go anywhere you please."

And he closed his door.

At a minute or two before two o'clock a powerful automobile drew up to the curb on a side street which the baggage rooms of the big station faced and three young men in caps alighted. A fourth remained in the machine, keeping his engine purring. The three went into the station by way of Dearborn Street and mingled with the waiting crowds. Almost at once they saw Ben Porterson and S. S. S. Nairn, whom it was their business to know even though they themselves were unknown to the detectives.

"Who's the skirt with 'em, Slick?" one of the youths asked another under his breath.

"Don't know. She won't bother none. If them damn dicks wasn't here ——"

"You notice they are here. We got to move faster—that's all. The Twister's luck always breaks good, Dorgan says. We'll see. Shut your yap now!"

"Yes, and move on up!" the third put in. "Here's the rattler!"

It was the train for a fact. The three edged forward. One left them and disappeared in the direction of the baggage rooms. The two who remained worked up until they were pressing in on either side of the two detectives. Dorgan would be on the train. His part was to create confusion outside the gates—when the moment arrived. They were ready.

Lucia Galloway was tiptoeing as the train stopped—straining to see. A word from Porterson to Nairn conveyed to her the fact that the party of two, which they were awaiting, had left the car. She followed their eyes—saw a tall, stooping, plain-faced man with a set of melancholy marking him. He was speaking to some shorter man by his side, but Lucia could not see his companion in the crowd. They moved slowly down toward the exit. Through a momentary gap then she caught sight of the prisoner—a small, tired-looking man in a rather worn suit of rough clothes and with a cheap cloth cap on the back of his head. Even as she looked the little man suddenly whirled about and raised his hands. He was handcuffed, but from some source he had procured a short heavy bar, and this he clutched desperately. That bar came up, flashed down—struck the tall man heavily and caused him to falter in his stride. Lucia screamed out.

Instantly there was commotion—shouts, confusion, commands, running. The two detectives just before her started forward, but they stumbled and fell against each other, pressed in and down by two excited young men in caps who plunged up to see. One of the detectives recovered and struck out with an oath, and someone fell back. But in the second thus gained one youth was through the gates, shouting vociferously and drawing part of the incoming crowd toward himself. At the same time a passenger beyond there caught at the tall sunburned man who had been hit and pinioned his arms, yelling something unintelligible. Meantime the handcuffed man had broken asunder the links that held the two steel bracelets together and was running through the crowd round the end of the train and toward the baggage rooms, where a side door was being slowly opened from within. Lucia watched that door, fascinated. When it swung wider she could see another open door beyond—and through that the street and a big automobile. Lucia started that way.

The whole scene was confused to her. She knew that something had gone wrong; that the Twister was escaping. But the thing had happened so suddenly! She cried "Stop him! Stop thief!" without knowing what she was doing.

Then she saw the big man who had been hit with the bar fling out his arms, send spinning the man who checked him and run with great strides toward that side door. The Twister dodged through before him and an effort was made to close the barrier. But the tall man hit it with his shoulder and it went crashing back with a splintering noise. He plunged through. As he did so a revolver barked—once. Lucia gasped. In a breath she had reached an inner side door and was leaping over trunks and baggage—was out on the street.

The little man with his broken-linked handcuffs was leaping for the running board of the automobile with a companion steadying him. The machine started with a violent jerk. But the man in the wide hat who had been struck in the train shed went catapulting after them. He flung himself on them as they tumbled into the tonneau. He was like an avalanche. He smothered them.

One of the fleeing pair fell off into the gutter. Another shot came—very loud and sudden. But the pursuing giant only shook his head. He leaped back from the machine, dangling in his arms a fighting little prisoner from whose wrists broken handcuffs depended. Policemen appeared suddenly—then Nairn and Porterson. Porterson was dragging a white-lipped youth with a low-pulled cap. Nairn ran to the curb and jerked straight the boy who had fallen there and who lay as if stunned. Two officers were on the running board of that fleeing machine—it was being forced in toward an opposite curb.

Lucia ran toward the big man and his armful of prisoner. The former was gazing down, with a slow smile on his homely face, at those broken handcuffs and chuckling a little. She heard him say: "Tin, most likely. Well ——"

Then she caught his arm.

"You're hurt, Mr. Mallard. You're all blood!"

He looked down at her, his homely face, melancholy and solemn, changing ever so slightly and his smile spreading.

"Who are you?" he demanded slowly.

"Look—you're all blood!" Lucia repeated. She wanted to shake him.

But he did not notice.

"It's nothing," he said. "Scratched—that's all. I guess I know you, don't I? You're L. G., aren't you? I don't know what makes me think so—but you are!"

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# FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 25)

from personal experience and observation. It had been my good fortune shortly after having completed my studies at the Imperial Law School to be sent to the Caucasus as an attaché to the chief of the civil administration of Transcaucasia, where I spent half a year and had ample opportunity of gaining a reasoned insight into the condition of things in that outlying dominion of the empire.

Under the wise and enlightened rule of the viceroy, the Grand Duke Michael, youngest brother of the Emperor Alexander II, the country had attained the heyday of its prosperity. The hill tribes in the mountain region had all been subdued and pacified, and everywhere in this beautiful land, blessed by Nature with a fine climate, a fertile soil and inexhaustible mineral wealth, reigned law and order; and the perennially warring races—Georgians, Armenians and Tartars—were dwelling side by side in peace and amity, all of them proud of calling themselves Russians.

The viceroy, himself a liberal-minded prince, brought up like his brother, the emperor, under the tuition of one of the most distinguished writers who graced the golden age of our literature, had as a ruler the invaluable assistance of the chief of his civil administration, the Baron Nicolay, descendant of a family of the Alsatian nobility, a branch of which is still flourishing in France, who was in every respect a real statesman in the European sense. Both their names will be forever identified with the memory of the golden age of the Caucasus, now vanished, never to return, engulfed in the awful catastrophe of the Russian Empire, to the bringing about of which the deluded revolutionary sons of the Caucasus have contributed more than their share.

I wonder whether they realize now the whole meaning of the crime they have committed against their own country and people in helping to destroy the only power under whose shelter they had found and could ever hope to find prosperity and security from internecine war and such a fate, too awful to contemplate, as seems to be in store for the pitiable remnants of the unhappy Armenian people, abandoned by all the world to the tender mercies of their hereditary enemies and oppressors.

What I have said above about the benefits conferred on Transcaucasia by the expansion of Russia in that direction applies with equal force to our expansion in Central Asia and the gradual absorption of the various khanates whose populations undoubtedly fared better under the sway of the Russian bureaucracy, whatever its defects and shortcomings, than they ever did under the tyranny of their native rulers. Furthermore, the expansion of the Russian Empire to the east by the gradual absorption of the whole north of the Asiatic continent meant simply the creation of a civilized state in what had been a gigantic waste serving merely as hunting ground to roving hordes of savage aborigines.

It could not be gainsaid, I should think, that the only criterion of the justifiableness of expansion as has been practiced sometimes by powerful states at the expense of weaker neighbors must necessarily be the degree of the benefit conferred on the absorbed territories and their populations. As to the ways and means employed in the achievement of such expansion, all one can say is that in this respect all expanding nations are living in glass houses in the neighborhood of which indignant stone throwing is a practice hardly to be commended.

If now we come to examine from the point of view of international morality the attempt on our part of expansion in the direction of Manchuria under the guise of pacific penetration by railroads, banks, and so on, as contemplated by Witte, we must admit that—this expansion never having been carried through to the end and therefore not having shown results which could have served as a criterion for the determination of the justifiableness of these attempts—no impartial verdict can be found in this case and an *a priori* condemnation would be manifestly unjust.

There was, however, another and much more important point of view from which the whole matter had to be examined, and that was the point of view of the vital interests of Russia herself, independently of

(Continued on Page 157)

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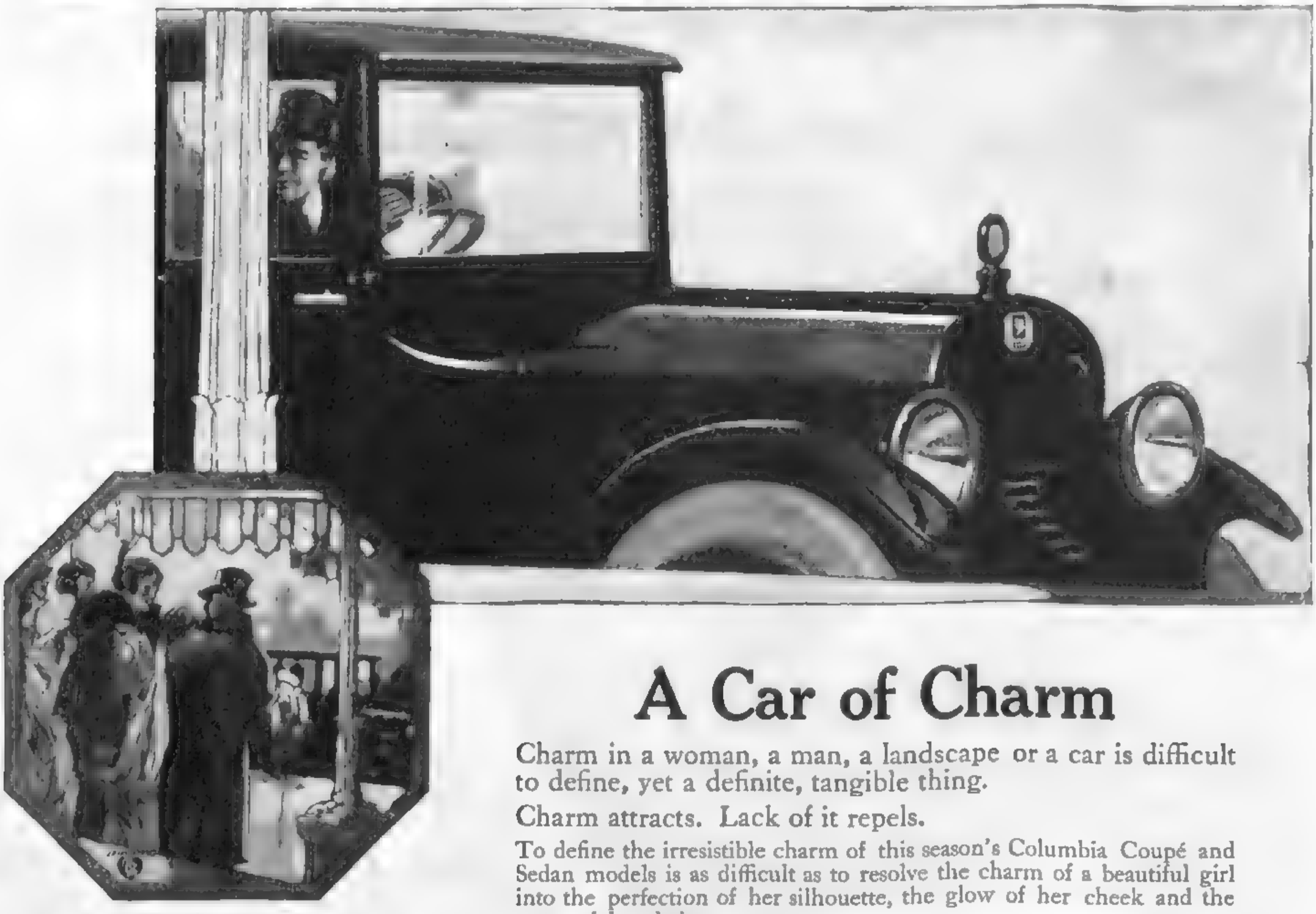

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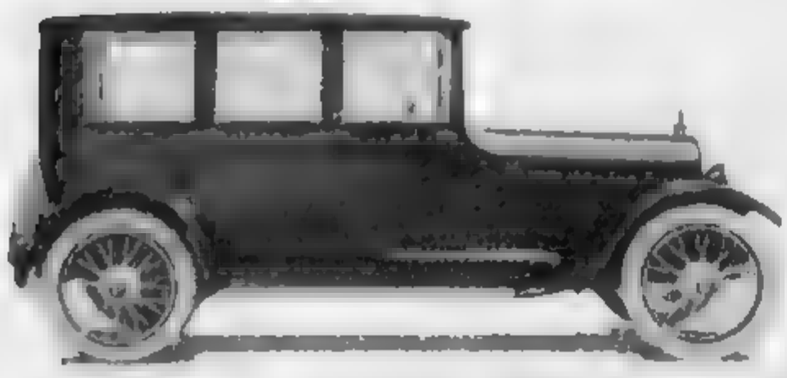

*The Gem of the Highway*

COLUMBIA SIX

(Continued from Page 154)

the light in which her contemplated expansion might have been regarded by the outside world. In this respect several questions necessarily presented themselves. First, could territorial expansion in the Far East serve any real interest of Russia and respond to any pressing need of the state? Second, could the colossal expenditure incurred in the prosecution of our plan of expansion in Manchuria be justified in the presence of infinitely more pressing needs remaining unsatisfied in Russia proper? Third, could the plan adopted—industrial and commercial penetration by means of railroads, banks, and so on—really secure the ultimate aim of such a policy; that is to say, the pacific conquest of Manchuria? Fourth, whether we would be justified in accepting even the risk of war in the defence against all comers of the vast interests we had acquired and created in Manchuria; or fifth, whether we would be justified in sacrificing them for the sake of avoiding an armed conflict with Japan.

The first of these questions I had treated exhaustively in the memorandum I submitted to the government in 1897 and answered categorically in the negative. Since then, however, events had taken a turn which renders it necessary before approaching the examination of the remaining four questions to revert to the origin of all our plans in regard to Manchuria, which date back to the negotiations with Li Hung Chang at the time of the coronation festivities in Moscow.

One of the concessions obtained from China on that occasion had been, as mentioned in a preceding chapter, the permission to use in case of an emergency the port of Kiao-Chau as a naval base for our fleet in Far Eastern waters. No one seemed to have attached any particular importance to this arrangement, nor does it seem to have been kept secret. At any rate the Emperor William was aware of it, and having conceived the plan of acquiring Kiao-Chau himself as a naval station for his fleet and as compensation for the murder of some German missionaries in the interior of China is said to have asked in a casual way the Emperor Nicholas, with whom he had an interview in Russian waters in the summer of 1897, whether he would be willing to forego in his favor his priority of the right to the use of that port and suggested that he might acquire instead the use of Port Arthur, the latter port being in every way situated more favorably than Kiao-Chau, within easy reach by land from Russian possessions.

The Emperor Nicholas appears to have given his unreserved consent to this arrangement, and the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Mouravieff, seeing his chance for consolidating his position by a brilliant diplomatic coup, undertook to settle the matter with China. In this he was entirely successful, the result being the appearance at Port Arthur of our Pacific squadron under the command of Admiral Doubassoff for the purpose of wintering there with the consent of the Chinese Government. Then followed the conclusion at Peking of a convention by which China leased to Russia for a period of twenty-five years Port Arthur as a naval port and Talien-wan as a port to be open to the commerce of the world, with the adjacent territory on the Peninsula of Liao-tong.

All this did not come about without some little friction with the British Government on the subject of the future status of Talien-wan, leading to *pourparlers* in the course of which Count Mouravieff had occasion to display his ignorance of the difference between an open port in the sense attributed to this expression in the Far East and a free port, or porto franco, in the sense of freedom from customs duties, whereby he brought down upon himself the quite unmerited reproach of intentional double-dealing.

In this matter of the projected acquisition of Port Arthur the emperor had seen fit to call together and to consult some of the ministers, who, however, proved all opposed to it, and among them principally the Minister of Finance, Witte, and the Minister of the Navy, Admiral Tirtoff, the general impression being that it was an adventurous undertaking which could only lead to serious complications with Japan. The reader will remember that in a preceding chapter I have shown, basing my assertion on documentary evidence which was then in the possession of our foreign department, that the Japanese Government itself had seized this very opportunity of our acquisition of Port Arthur to show us how such dreaded complications could have been avoided, provided, of course, we had been willing to accept its perfectly fair and reasonable proposal.

However, the general opposition which the plan of the acquisition of Port Arthur had encountered on the part of all the heads of the most important departments of the government did not lay down their arms, as true patriotism would have demanded in the presence of the sovereign's decision and of the fact that this decision had actually been carried out. It took the form of a very lukewarm support of the policy, which by the exercise of the will of the sovereign, to whom alone in an absolute monarchy rightfully belonged the decision in such matters, had become the policy of the state and the nation and therefore could lay an indisputable claim to the unreserved support of those who approved it as well as of those who did not, this being the essential condition of its possible success.

The attitude of the dissenting ministers, aggravated later on by serious dissensions among themselves, sometimes leading to proceedings or abstentions bordering on underhand sabotage, not only constituted a grave embarrassment in the prosecution of the policy determined upon by the sovereign but also was the cause of the emperor's losing faith in his legitimate advisers and the regular organs of the government and ending by placing his trust in irresponsible outsiders whose backstairs influence and interference in the gravest affairs of state was bound to lead to the most disastrous consequences. For one thing, this deplorable state of affairs was perfectly well known and discounted by the Japanese Government and therefore rendered an entirely hopeless task the conduct of negotiations such as I was subsequently intrusted with.

One of the effects of the absence of unity of policy in the activity of our government departments, which made itself felt as soon as we had taken possession of Port Arthur, was the neglect of the naval department to provide at once for the urgently needed deepening of the western basin, in which there would have been ample space for the largest fleet, and for the cutting through of another channel, which would have prevented the bottling up of our fleet in a harbor with a unique and extremely narrow outlet to the open sea. The urgent necessity of such precautionary measures being taken was so self-evident that—as I was told on arrival in Japan—a Dutch firm of contractors and hydraulic engineers had at once come forward with an offer to undertake the needed works on very reasonable conditions of time and cost. Their proposal, however, had not been accepted and nothing further had been heard of the matter.

The explanation of this inactivity may have been that the naval authorities were reluctant to sanction any considerable expenditure for the improvement of a port the choice of which had not met with their approval, and that they were still clinging to the hope of some day being able to secure, after all, Masan-pho as a base for our fleet in Far Eastern waters. The result, however, of their inactivity proved to be one of the contributory causes of our defeat in the war with Japan.

I do not wish to comment adversely on their failure to have transferred our Baltic fleet to the Pacific before it was too late—a measure which if taken at the proper time might have prevented the outbreak of the war, as without the absolute command of the sea military operations on the continent could not have been attempted by Japan. Considerations of our general policy in connection with the state of affairs in Europe and with perhaps obligations undertaken by us in our treaty of alliance with France, of the contents of which I am ignorant, may have been standing in the way and rendered such transfer of the fleet possible only in case of extremity.

In approaching now the subject of the part Witte had played in the conception and direction of our policy in Manchuria, I am bound to say that though subsequently during the Portsmouth conferences we spent several weeks in daily intimate intercourse that particular subject was never discussed between us and that all I shall have to relate here is based merely on facts of common knowledge and such deductions as may logically be drawn therefrom.

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It stands to reason that his opposition to the projected acquisition of Port Arthur was inspired mainly by the purest motives of patriotic apprehension that this adventurous enterprise might lead to an armed conflict with Japan, which—he rightly thought—it was the prime duty of our policy to avoid by any means compatible with Russia's honor and dignity.

His was a constructive and creative mind. By his fostering care and powerful support he had succeeded in creating and developing industries which he intended should raise Russia from the condition of a merely agricultural state to a higher plane of economic development. He had succeeded in placing our monetary system and circulation on a solid gold basis. He had conceived and set in operation a grandiose plan of a pacific conquest of Manchuria by means of industrial and commercial penetration—railroads, banks, and so on—and he knew that the permanence of the success of his life work depended on the maintenance of peace.

What could have been more natural than that he should have looked askance at an enterprise which not only threatened most serious complications in our relations with a powerful neighboring state but also meant the intrusion of an extraneous element into a sphere he had theretofore monopolized as exclusively his own special sphere of interest and activity, where he reigned supreme with the aid of his railroad, his strongly financed Russo-Chinese bank—a hybrid politico-financial institution, which in reality was but a slightly disguised branch of the Russian treasury—and even his own army in the shape of so-called frontier guards, of which he was the commander in chief, in occupation, for its protection, of the strip of land leased to the Eastern Chinese Railroad?

The appearance on the stage of a naval commander in chief at Port Arthur invested with extensive powers and necessarily foreshadowing the advent of more or less considerable military forces required for the defense of the newly acquired, though formally only leased, territory—in other words, the advent of a rival power in a sphere theretofore exclusively his own—could hardly have been welcomed by the still apparently all-powerful Minister of Finance. Nevertheless, determined evidently to make the best of the newly created situation, he applied all his wonted energy to hastening the construction of the branch line from Harbin to Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, to the construction of extensive harbor works at the latter port—intended to be made one of the leading commercial ports of the Far East—to the erection of a very large number of model buildings of variegated architecture in the newly laid out, extensively planned town of Ta-lien-wan, or Port Dalny—which means far-away port—as it was renamed. In the midst of all this feverish activity events occurred that brought about a radical change in the situation, which could not but be most unwelcome to Witte, whose plans for the pacific conquest of Manchuria they rudely disturbed.

The so-called Boxer rising in China, the siege of the foreign legations in Peking, the sudden attack on Blagovestchensk on the Amur by Chinese regulars, who bombarded the town from the other side of the river, the massacre of several thousand Chinese inhabitants of that town, who by order of the panic-stricken commander of the small garrison were driven into the river, the subsequent invasion of Northern Manchuria by the troops of General Grodekoff, the governor general of the Amur Province, the further dispatch of large bodies of troops which overran Manchuria and practically achieved by force of arms the conquest of the whole vast region known by that name—all these events created a situation as embarrassing from the point of view of our international relations as it was threatening to the supremacy of Witte in Manchurian affairs, a supremacy which was henceforth bound to be gradually superseded by that of the military element represented on one side by the Minister of War in St. Petersburg, General Kuropatkin, and on the other side by Admiral Alexeieff, commander in chief of the naval as well as of the land forces in the Liaotung Peninsula and of the expeditionary

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

*Fusan Harbor*

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*The Entrance to Port Arthur*

troops sent to Peking to assist in the raising of the siege of the legations.

In this way it came about that Witte found himself engaged in a kind of triangular duel with his rivals in which he had to contend sometimes against one, sometimes against the other, and occasionally against both of them. At the same time, though he had in the person of the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorff, a perfectly willing and devoted instrument, he was very far from being in a position to direct our foreign policy, as his substitute, Count Lamsdorff, possessed neither the ability nor the personal weight which could have enabled him to influence the decisions of the sovereign in the direction of his patron's wishes.

It might not be improper to introduce here a few remarks in defense of the memory of the late Admiral Alexeieff, who when I left Japan in 1900 was praised in the Far Eastern press as the "empire builder," later was dubbed the "notorious Alexeieff," accused of having brought on the war with Japan, made the scapegoat for all the disaster that overtook us in consequence, and who died in the beginning of 1917, if I am not mistaken, in one of the first weeks of the revolution, at Kislovodskaia in the Caucasus, where he had gone for a cure.

Contrary to the generally accepted belief, he was an entirely self-made man, born in the Crimea in a moderately well-to-do family of the local gentry and, I believe, of Armenian extraction. Having no relations or protectors whatever in the great world of St. Petersburg, he owed his promotion exclusively to his own merit and early acquired reputation as one of the ablest and most promising officers in our navy. As such I had known him in Japan in the early eighties, when he was in command of one of the vessels of our squadron on the Far Eastern station, and had ever since kept up friendly relations with him. He was a man of great intelligence, very liberal and well-balanced mind, and clear insight and sound judgment in political affairs.

As far as I could judge, the praise at first bestowed upon him as an "empire builder" was not unmerited, or rather would have been fully merited by him if his career as viceroy had not been cut short by the war. What I can vouch for is that he had never been and in fact never could have had occasion to be mixed up in court intrigues of any kind, least of all with that notorious clique of lumber-concession adventurers whose nefarious proceedings on the Yalu River played such a conspicuous part in the development of events leading up to the outbreak of the war.

In the Council of the Empire, of which he was a life member, he had earned the general sympathy and high esteem of his fellow members by the reserved dignity of his bearing. He remained to the end faithfully loyal to the sovereign who had trusted him, and though made the victim of every kind of calumnious obloquy and having in his possession documentary evidence which entirely exonerated him from all blame he never wrote or spoke a single word in his own defense.

The great number of troops we had thrown into Manchuria during the year of the Boxer rising—190,000 men, according to what I was told later on, when in Japan, by our military agent—and who had overrun the country down to the sea, the occupation of Niu-chuang, rumors of the intended conclusion of a treaty by which China was to concede to us the management of all custom houses in Manchuria, and so forth, did not fail to attract the attention of those powers who were apprehensive of our intention of ultimately annexing the whole country and replacing the open door by Russian custom houses and the application of the Russian highly protective and almost prohibitive tariff to the exclusion of foreign trade.

Whether it was from a desire to avoid diplomatic complications, or because Witte was anxious to have as great a part as possible of our regular army of occupation removed from a country which he considered as his own special sphere of influence, or because the War Department preferred not to leave too large a number of troops under the command of Admiral Alexeieff, I am unable to say. As a matter of fact, however, the greater number of these troops were quietly withdrawn—partly, I was told, even by sea—so that before the war broke out there were—according to the information that reached me in Tokio—no more than about 40,000 men of our regular army, not counting the garrison of

(Continued on Page 161)

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

*Primitive Postal Van in Manchuria*

*Improper lubrication—the cause of scored pistons like this one—may stop your car*

# That engine noise you can't explain

## *Is this the first sign of a big repair bill to come?*

*Ordinary oil after use* *Veedol after use*

*Sediment formed after 500 miles of running*

CAR running smoothly, every cylinder giving full power—then comes that engine noise you can't explain.

What does it mean?

You know that strange engine noises are the forerunners of trouble nine times out of ten. They mean friction, wear, waste of power. They tell of parts which have not been properly lubricated.

### *Friction and wear—caused by sediment in your oil*

Improper lubrication is the cause of 90% of engine trouble. Burned out bearings, excess carbon, overheating, worn and pitted valves, piston leakage—all these common causes of engine noises are usually due to ordinary "worn out" oil.

Inferior oil breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000°F. Great quantities—often more than fifty per cent—turn into *black sediment that has no lubricating power.* Damage results that cannot be repaired—only costly replacements such as new bearings and moving parts will bring back the smooth, quiet power of your engine.

### *How the sediment problem was solved*

To produce an oil that reduces sediment to a minimum, engineers experimented on the road and in the laboratory for years. They evolved the famous Faulkner Process, used exclusively for the production of Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat.

Veedol reduces the amount of sediment formed in the engine by 86%. This is graphically shown by the two bottles in the sediment test at the left. It reduces evaporation loss from 30% to 70%—giving long mileage per gallon of oil. It maintains the piston seal, preventing piston leakage and contamination of oil in the crankcase.

### *Make this simple test —buy Veedol today*

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine, refill with *one quart* Veedol Turn engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of oil and kerosene, and refill to the proper level with the correct grade of Veedol.

A run on familiar roads will show you that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of both oil and gasoline.

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The new 100-page Veedol book on scientific lubrication will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

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# KANE DECLARES HE IS POWERLESS TO CHECK GOUGERS

**Handicapped by Cooke's Refusal to Reorganize Wartime Fair-Price Board, He Says**

## ATTORNEY'S DUTY TO STOP PROFITEERING, SAYS HEINZ

**Prosecutor Has No Time to Answer Questions Concerning Action in Other Cities**

With the housewives of this city clamoring for direct, vigorous action against the food gougers, whom they hold responsible for the undernourishment of their children, Francis Fisher Kane, United States district attorney, declared yesterday he was powerless to check profiteering.

Mr. Kane complained he was terribly handicaped by the refusal of Jay Cooke, formerly food administrator for Philadelphia, to reorganize the wartime fair-price board, by means of which to take care of the profiteers.

But Howard Heinz, food administrator for Pennsylvania, disagrees with Mr. Kane on that point. In an interview with the PUBLIC LEDGER in Pittsburgh last night Mr. Heinz said that, although he was thinking very often of the [illegible] profiteering.

The district attorney said, however, that the [illegible] food-control act might be effective in cases [illegible] from profiteering. He [illegible] it would be extremely difficult to secure violations. Mr. Kane [illegible] are inordinately high. Ignoring the price of meats, regarding which Robert M. Saunders, agent of the State Food

"I have no time to answer you. I am in a great hurry!" replied the district attorney.

"Why is it not possible to accept the

## *Great Quantities of Food Seize[d] by Federal Agents in Bi[g]*

Washing[ton]

INDICATIONS of the real punch behind the government's [fight] the high cost of living were given today in unmistaka[ble] cities.

While Attorney General Palmer was telling [the] committee that he intended to prosecute every deal[er] higher prices than those listed by the fair price eo[m] word came from Chicago, St. Louis and Birming[ham] quantities of foodstuffs by federal offic[ials] who proceed under the food control act to

In Chicago 1282 tubs of butter 284,180 pounds of coffee and in Birmingham 10[,]

## FOOD-PRICE URG[E]

Wartime but Enfor[ce] tive, Sa[ys]

WHEAT

Increas[e] Will Says

Doctor Taylor said that in every country in Europe where control of foodstuffs had been relaxed the distributing trades ran riot and had to be returned to government control

## REGULATORY FOOD [LAW] IS NEEDED

[HOW]ARD HEINZ Will

PALMER

[Refu]ses Refusal [to] Food

[Cooke] Over, Says Cooke

[Mr. Cooke] said Mr. Cooke, [I] should come [back] of food administrator. [The] office during the [present] situation may be an [asset] the war, but I can't see [why I] get mixed up in it. If [I] should return and ask me [to] work that would be a

farmers in the olden days, the days before the great war, shipped their products by freight, today the farmer must use motortrucks.

ministration's licensing system, which was a check on price boosting, is no longer in effect and there is no money with which to operate a system of in-

Who Said H.C.L.?

LAST season's suit still holds together and we can half-sole our shoes. And you can still buy a big generous tin of the jolliest old pipe tobacco that ever came down the pike, without mortgaging the old homestead. Hooray!

Good old Kentucky is still growing Velvet's honest fragrant leaf. We're still ageing Velvet in the wood. Velvet's just as smooth and mellow and mild as it ever was. The quality's there and the quantity's there just the same.

Take the "cost" out of the "high cost of living" and what do you get? Why, "high living" of course. Well, sir, that's what Velvet does.

It's like Velvet Joe says:

"Anybody can tell you how much Velvet costs. But only yo' old pipe can tell you how much Velvet is *worth*."

There's goodness knows how many pipe loads in every tin of Velvet.

15c

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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(Continued from Page 158)

Port Arthur, besides Witte's frontier guards, actually present in Manchuria, scattered over an immense territory about double the size of France. Nevertheless and evidently as a result of some insistence by China, backed by the powers to whom she had pledged herself to provide for the opening to foreign trade of three places in Manchuria—one of them being Mukden in the very heart of the country—we concluded a convention with the Peking Government by which we undertook to withdraw all our troops from Manchuria in three installments, each step of evacuation to be accomplished by a fixed date.

Whether or not this convention was concluded with the knowledge—or rather connivance—of the Minister of War I cannot say. It stands to reason, however, that no more fatal step could possibly have been taken, unless we intended to scuttle. And even in that case it would have been most imprudent to have done so before having come to a definite arrangement with Japan, safeguarding at least some of the vast interests we had acquired and created in Manchuria

Such was the situation as I found it when I arrived in St. Petersburg. It was perfectly plain to me that the Japanese Government—encouraged by the visible vacillations of our government, by our voluntarily weakened military position, disclosing a wavering disposition as regards the defense of our interests, and by the vigorous support with which the United States and Great Britain had joined them in backing up China in her endeavor to regain her lost ground in Manchuria—would not fail to attempt by an energetically conducted diplomatic campaign to oust us not only from Korea but from Manchuria as well.

As a matter of fact, we had already been approached by the Japanese Government with a tentative proposal foreshadowing their ultimate intention in this respect, as I was to learn later when the question of my reappointment as Minister to Japan had been definitely settled. In short, our position had become one of extreme embarrassment due to the fact that we had plunged into a far-reaching forward policy in the Far East, totally oblivious of the necessary corollary of either a very large display of force needed in order to sustain it against all comers or else of a friendly understanding with either Great Britain or Japan.

At this point it will be proper to turn to the examination of the remaining four out of the five questions outlined above. The reader will remember that the first of these questions had already been answered by me categorically in the negative as far back as in 1897. Subsequent events, however, had shifted this question from the ground of theoretical justifiableness to that of practical desirability in view of altered circumstances brought about mainly through our own activities in Manchuria. It was consequently from this point of view that I had to regard the second question—namely, the question whether the colossal expenditure incurred in the prosecution of our plan of expansion in Manchuria could be justified to the neglect of infinitely more pressing needs which remained unsatisfied in Russia proper. For instance, we had been spending hundreds of millions of our treasury funds in providing a foreign country with railroads, whilst the most crying unsatisfied need of our own country was precisely the glaring insufficiency of our railroad mileage, not to mention the almost total absence of good country roads, a deficiency which was most seriously hampering the economic development of our rural population—that is to say, of about eighty per cent of the Russian people. It stands to reason that such a waste of the people's treasure on helping to build up the prosperity of a foreign country would be unpardonable, unless indeed it had been intended as a means to pave the way for that country's ultimate annexation.

And that leads us directly to the consideration of the third question, whether the plan adopted—industrial and commercial penetration by means of railroads, banks, and so on—could really secure the ultimate aim of such a policy; that is to say, the pacific conquest—to use this convenient and popular slogan as a euphemistic circumlocution for annexation—of Manchuria. To this question only one answer could evidently be returned, and that a negative one. We had, as a matter of fact, achieved already the conquest of Manchuria, not indeed by pacific penetration but by the old reliable method of force of arms. It came about in this way: Chinese regular troops had attacked the open town of Blagovestchensk with artillery fire from the other side of the River Amur.

We might have claimed this to have been an unprovoked act of war on the part of China and replied to it by a formal declaration of war, or we might have sought satisfaction by means of diplomacy in the usual way. We did neither. Instead, General Grodekoff, the governor general of the Amur Province, invaded with his troops part of Northern Manchuria and proclaimed its annexation to Russia, so to speak, on his own hook. Further, we poured large numbers of troops into Manchuria, fighting the Chinese regulars wherever we met them, at the same time maintaining the fiction that we were hurrying to the friendly assistance of the Chinese Government in their struggle against the Boxers, and having overrun victoriously the whole country down to the sea we halted at Niu-chuang.

Thus was completed the military conquest of Manchuria. Now we might either have claimed its annexation by right of conquest, or have negotiated with the Chinese Government some such arrangement as that by which Great Britain secured and to this hour maintains her hold on Egypt—to the unquestionable benefit of that country and its people, be it said.

This time again we did neither the one nor the other. Instead, we concluded the above-mentioned convention for the evacuation of Manchuria in three installments at fixed dates, thereby disclosing a weakness and vacillation which could not but be extremely encouraging to our adversaries. At the same time we had thus contracted an obligation which in view of the threatening attitude of Japan and the exposed position of Port Arthur it was plainly impossible to fulfill, as indeed it actually never was, thereby gratuitously earning us the additional reproach of faithlessness and deceit. Still, a way had to be found to extricate us from the embarrassing muddle in which absence of a well-defined policy, dissensions among our leading bureaucrats and consequent vacillations in our political action had landed us.

This led naturally to the examination of the remaining two questions: Whether we would be justified in accepting even the risk of war in the defense against all comers of our newly acquired and created vast interests in Manchuria, or whether we would be justified in sacrificing them for the sake of avoiding an armed conflict with Japan. Neither alternative appeared to me to be acceptable, for the following reasons:

To begin with there could not possibly be any doubt in the mind of even the most superficial observer of Russian conditions that war with Japan would be not only most unpopular but would appear incomprehensible to the overwhelming majority of the masses of the people—that is to say, of the peasantry—for the simple reason that the very existence of such a country and its people could hardly have been known to them except in the vaguest way from mere hearsay. Nor could they be expected to understand why they should be called upon to fight an unknown enemy. The importance of this circumstance could not possibly be overrated, considering the influence it would necessarily have on the morale of the troops in a war with Japan.

I must observe, however, that what I have said here does not apply to the population of Siberia, which being geographically so much nearer to Japan could have an instinctive comprehension of the possible necessity of fighting a neighbor who might have made himself in some way troublesome. I would add in parenthesis that the Siberian troops in the ensuing war actually did show a morale distinctly superior to that of the reserve troops from Russia proper, with whom mainly the war was fought and lost.

Likewise the educated classes—the intelligentzia—were undoubtedly opposed to the idea of a war in the Far East; even the extreme jingoistic press organs, such as the Novoe Vremia, in all their bellicose bluster were probably thinking more of bluffing the Japanese than of preparing public opinion for actual warfare, not realizing all the while that with their pair of deuces they were up against an expert player discreetly smiling behind a full hand of aces.

As for our military authorities, they seemed to be exclusively preoccupied with the idea of the coming war with our western neighbors and were obviously not making any preparations whatever for a possible war with Japan, having even withdrawn the greater part of the troops we had thrown into Manchuria in the year of the Boxer rising and having apparently consented to the conclusion of the convention with China regarding the total evacuation of Manchuria. The naval department had indeed as far back as the year 1897 prepared a program of naval construction to match the program of the Japanese increase of naval armaments, the completion of which latter was scheduled for the beginning of the year 1904, but had not been able to secure from the Ministry of Finance the required appropriation of funds in full, it having been spread over a number of years considerably beyond the term fixed for the completion of the Japanese armaments, evidently in the expectation that the Tokio Government would prove unable financially to fulfill their program as originally laid out.

In this calculation, strangely enough, the fact seems to have been lost sight of that by guaranteeing the interest on the Chinese loan, the proceeds of which were to have been paid over to Japan as compensation for the retrocession of the Liao-tung Peninsula, we had ourselves facilitated the acquisition by the Japanese Government of the funds needed for the completion of their program. Moreover, another and most

Niu-chuang, Manchuria

serious consideration does not seem to have been taken into account at all—namely, the supreme importance of the presence on the spot and in time of a naval force of sufficient strength so as to render the transfer of a Japanese army to the Asiatic continent an enterprise too risky to be contemplated; in other words, so as to serve as the best preventive of a war between Russia and Japan.

That a great statesman such as Witte should have neglected—as he seemingly had—this most important consideration can only be explained by supposing that he was too strongly convinced of the possibility of preventing an outbreak of war with Japan by timely far-reaching concessions to have for a moment even admitted the probability of such an armed conflict and consequently the urgent necessity of military and naval preparations. Besides, we are not a seafaring nation, and a Russian statesman, remembering the fate of our fleets in the Crimean War, when our Black Sea fleet was sunk by ourselves in the roads of Sebastopol and our Baltic fleet never ventured out to sea beyond the shelter of the fortress of Kronstadt, may well be pardoned for not having very clear ideas as to the value of sea power and the way to use it.

Under these conditions I felt sure that for us to face the risk of war would mean to court disaster. Nor could I contemplate with equanimity the remaining alternative—the sacrifice of our vast interests in Manchuria so recently at such enormous cost and such great risk acquired and created by us, for that would have been the ultimate outcome of an eventual surrender to Japanese exigencies, which would be sure to include the evacuation of Manchuria by our troops; in other words and among other things, the abandonment of Port Arthur in an exposed and utterly defenseless position. Moreover, an unconditional knocking under to Japanese pretensions would have dealt a fatal blow to our prestige; that is to say, to the only—albeit very unsubstantial and precarious—mainstay of our position in the Far East.

It was necessary therefore to find a compromise which would enable us to, so to speak, save our face and at the same time to safeguard at least our most important interests in Manchuria—the possession of Port Arthur and of the railroad we had built at such great cost to the Russian people. In order to reach such a compromise the necessity imposed itself to resign ourselves to certain sacrifices, which after all would be but the not-undeserved penalty we would have to pay for a policy pursued with such reckless want of foresight and such fateful inconsistency.

The task confronting us was the conciliation of both parties—that is to say, of Japan as well of the powers whose support emboldened the Tokio Government to take up an attitude decidedly adverse to us in the Manchurian question.

In regard to Japan we would have to satisfy unreservedly and to the fullest extent her pretensions to exclusive domination in Korea, which could be done by reverting to the offer the Japanese Government itself had made to us in March 1898, on the condition, of course, of that government's agreeing to leave us an equally unreservedly free hand in Manchuria. The conciliation of the other two powers who were giving Japan their support in the Manchurian question would necessarily demand of us the renunciation of the plan of the pacific conquest of Manchuria in the sense of making of that vast country a domain reserved for exclusive exploitation by our own commerce and industry, and the unreserved opening not only of three places, as provided by their convention with China, but of the whole country, conditioned only upon the establishment of fixed and entirely moderate customs duties—more moderate even than those levied in the open ports of China under international treaties. The interests of these powers being mainly—though, of course, not exclusively—commercial, these concessions, accompanied by a frank and open readiness to agree to any reasonable settlement of the vexed question of jurisdiction, might satisfy them and cause them to desist from giving their support to Japanese pretensions, a support of which, besides, the Japanese Government would no longer stand in need if we had succeeded in reaching a friendly understanding with them as outlined above.

Such were the views I entertained then and expressed succinctly in a short memorandum presented to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorff, at his request, after my reappointment as Minister to Japan had taken place. This reappointment had been facilitated by the fact that Mr. Iswolsky had requested for family reasons to be transferred to some post in Europe, and it had been possible to grant his request by appointing him to the much-coveted post of Copenhagen, which had become vacant through the transfer of Count Benckendorff to London as Ambassador, vice M. de Staal, who had resigned on account of his great age.

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*Perfected the basic recipes used in Van Camp's Soups*

**Culinary Experts**
*In the Van Camp kitchens then compare countless blends and methods*

It is true that men created and perfected Van Camp's Soups.

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The Van Camp methods have resulted in these new-type Soups. They result from infinite cost and care. Yet they cost no more than ordinary soups

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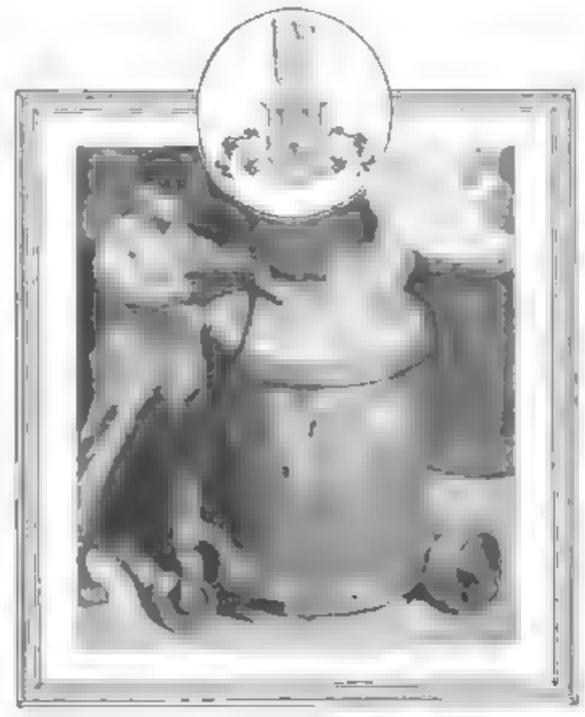

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# Korry-Krome

Genuine Leather

—the Toughest Sole

## *Stands the Gaff of Tests Like This*

OLD SOLDIER BARNES, the nationally known pedestrian, walked from Pittsburgh to Camp Lee, Va., on a wager. Incidentally he put Korry-Krome to a most rigid test. One shoe he wore was soled with standard Oak Leather. *Three* times it was resoled with like material at different points on the journey. Affidavits and other exhibits in proof of this test are open to public view.

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In the heavier weights Korry-Krome gives extreme comfort as well as resistance to roughest wear. It is responsive to the movements of the foot. It yields comfort and encourages walking.

Korry-Krome is a genuine mineral tanned leather, not dependent on thickness or stiffness for its strength. Its endurance comes from its fine quality plus the Howard secret process of Chrome tanning.

To those who walk the road to health Korry-Krome has a special appeal. In many tests Korry-Krome has given twice the mileage of other soles.

This remarkable leather keeps your feet snug and safe from dampness. It is permanently waterproof. Unlike ordinary chrome tanned leather, it is absolutely non-skid on the wet pavements.

Good automobile tires are known by their trade-marked tread. Korry-Krome likewise has a repetition of its protected name lightly embossed on its surface so that you cannot mistake the genuine.

Korry-Krome, staunchest sole for the walker, is likewise made in medium and light weights, assuring all of the speed and freedom desired in a lighter shoe for adults or for children.

In each of its several weights it is the favored shoe sole. The professional pedestrian prizes Korry-Krome because it keeps his feet fit until he makes the goal. So too the business man and his helpmate appreciate that Korry-Krome soles keep their feet trim for the every-day walks of business or for society.

It is easy to get Korry-Krome. Reliable repairmen resole with it. They can get Korry-Krome in various weights and all sizes for men, women and children. It finishes handsomely on shoes of any color. Ask your repairman to put Korry-Krome on your shoes next time. The little extra cost is more than repaid by Korry-Krome double-wear. Do not forget that Korry-Krome is best for the shoes of romping children.

*If you cannot locate a Korry-Krome repairman send us $1.25 with your name, address and size of your shoes. We will mail you a set of half-soles (or two sets children's sizes) which any repairman can attach. Full soles and heels $1.75.*

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IS READY, WRITE FOR IT TODAY

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*Established 1867*

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**REPAIRMEN:** *Get Korry-Krome bends and strips from your jobber. If he hasn't them we will see that you are supplied. Make new customers with Korry-Krome—the long-wearing sole.*

You know
Korry-Krome
*by the name on the Sole*

# MYSTERIES OF MAKE-UP

(Continued from Page 16

I saw the sketch of my costume and was disappointed to find that it was not the least suggestive of comedy, being of dull greenish-gray cashmere with a gray and purple short loose jacket, a white nondescript head covering and a white kerchief tied under the chin in the fashion of early times. Of this latter I was very glad, as it would help me in disguising my youthful throat, a difficult problem for a woman, of which more anon.

During rehearsals I had found that the old creature I was to portray was avaricious and stupid. The part consisted mostly of holes, with not much to sing, but they were good holes and I anticipated a thoroughly good time when once in costume. So I thought out just what I would do at rehearsals, in the bath-tub—always a good thinking environment—and in bed at night. When I got to my dressing room the morning of my first dress rehearsal I had only to carry out my mental picture.

I enter my dressing room in the cold gray light of morning, allowing at least an hour and a half for a first tryout of a character make-up. My dresser has laid everything ready on my table; in front of me is a big mirror surrounded by electric bulbs.

In Germany I used to hang sheets round the walls of my dressing room so that I always had a sharply defined silhouette on every side of me. At the Metropolitan somehow I do not feel as frilly as I used to in Europe and the dirty green walls of the room I usually dress in absorb one's reflection in an unpleasant way.

### *Fashioning a False Nose*

Well, I sit me down, dressed in a loose gown, one of several I have of varying weights. First I brush out my hair and braid it in two braids, which I then twist flatly round my head, or I just swirl it closely round with no bumps and pin it down. The idea is to keep the size of the head as nearly normal as possible and to distribute the increased bulk evenly. Then I bind a strip of coarse muslin on the line where the hair grows—this to keep all short hairs away from the face and to make a foundation to pin to.

I take up my nongreasy cream and rub my face with it. Over my knees lies a soft Turkish towel on which I wipe my fingers when I want to. Another soft towel rubs off my face. I use a nongreasy cream, because I am wont to get warmed up in my work and a greasy cream induces perspiration. This is also induced by grease paints, so it is well to encourage it as little as possible.

Now is the time for my false nose tip. My own nose is short and I regard it merely as a convenient foundation left there by a kindly Providence. A peering old woman would have a peering nose. So I make an inquisitive sharp point, standing well out and a little up in the air, for this is broad comedy and I need not be too squeamish about my effects. I knead the putty first between my fingers, shaping it a little into a broad flat diamond with most of the weight at the bottom. Then I see that every bit of grease is off my nose, if necessary warming the inside of the nose putty to make it stick, and then clap it in place. I press it well on, a somewhat painful operation; then I begin to shape it, dipping my fingers in cold cream so that it shall not stick to them. I elongate the point, watching it carefully in the glass—with an eye to the distance the spectator will be from me. When it is awful enough I smooth it down with a tiny smear of cold cream, making a perfect surface, and blend it into the skin on all sides. I must leave the nostrils absolutely free, for we singers depend on breath, and that must never be hampered as the actor might hamper his.

Now I'm ready for my foundation. I take a thick stick of sallow yellow and mark on my cheeks, chin and forehead enough paint to cover the face. This I then rub well in and over the new nose, into the lips—everywhere. A pale, hideous person now looks out at me from the mirror, which is as it should be.

Then I take my gray stick and rub an artist's paper stump on it. With this I make a bag, or V-shaped line, under each eye, and outline this in turn farther down the cheek. I edge this with white on the upper side. Now follow forehead wrinkles and the usual crow's feet; also I rub a little gray well into the cheek below the cheek bone in a triangular shape to make the cheek appear sunken. A line from the inside corner of the eyes, where our black rings start when we are tired, I pull down almost to the corner of the mouth in an outward sweep. This I shade and blend with the finger tips until it is a shadow, not a line. I make gray beard marks on chin and lower cheeks; then I take up my scarlet with a flash of exultation, for it is to do deadly execution. I make the bags under the eyes scarlet, so that they look like the eyes of an old hound. The nose tip is also scarlet, gradually lessening up its length, and a little red smear under the nose looks like a perpetual cold. Now a huge, floppy red mouth. I use my wettest red for this and exaggerate it, as the stage is to be full of comedians, all with brilliant make-ups, and this red mouth will be my most deadly weapon in the things I have to do. Now the last touches—high-pointed, inquisitive eyebrows and white eyelashes. I bead them as I would with black, only I use melted white instead, for that gives an old peerie look of blinking imbecility.

This is all powdered with sallow yellow-white just before the eyelashes and red mouth are put on. I mark out several front teeth with black paint and my face is ready. My neck is covered so I don't have to make that into an old hag's, but I make one ear very red and pull it out from the straggling gray wig I wear.

The hands are then done with a little brush and some black stuff, or brown, that comes in a cake and has to be wet. I smear this between the fingers and down the backs of the hands to make them long and pointed; and dirty up the wrists a bit, and the knuckles.

A horrid-looking creature I certainly am, but quite simple and effective on the whole.

Often an actor will forget to paint behind his ears when wearing a short wig, and I know of nothing more disillusioning than that bit of unmatching pink. I always admire the two-a-day people who get into a full make-up twice a day with unflagging interest. It must be drudgery.

Rouge is vitally important of course, but nothing is more abused. So many chorus beauties take a dark raw-liver-colored red and make themselves impossible hard mouths with it, all pursed up in the middle. A lighter scarlet is much more vivid.

### *When Youth Is Middle Age*

The greatest dancers of the Russian ballet used a greenish pallor with not a suspicion of red cheeks in some of their rôles, and cut a vivid scarlet flash of a mouth across it, covering the lips with red well into the corners, creating at once an exotic and fascinating effect. Red on the upper eyelid sometimes adds great brilliancy to the eye, and the ear should be rouged delightfully—pale ears are so unattractive and old. For age it is best to use no rouge. I once attempted an apple-cheeked old peasant woman, but the stage manager mistook my effort for an attempt to be young and beautiful; I had to powder them out. Pale old lips are most important. In fact I always think pallor more naturally old than a mass of wrinkles. They at best are only gray or red-brown lines, but look at any old face—the outstanding feature of it is almost always its pallor

Almost the most difficult make-up for a young woman to achieve is that of a woman of forty-five or forty-eight, before she is a mass of wrinkles. Just think how subtle and indefinable are the encroachments of age! How are you going to depict them? You must achieve a matron, perhaps handsome, with no haglike accents, comparatively easy to add, but still a possible mother of a girl of eighteen or twenty. Of course gray hair and mature dressing will aid you, but the face itself requires great skill. The nose may be made a trifle sharper by adding a white line down its length and slightly shading the sides; hollows between the eye socket and nose bridge may be made with gray, the curve of the cheek made to appear concave with a rightly placed shadow, and the throat a bit sunken in places. All these things help

Never use black for your wrinkles. They are rarely if ever black. Just look at them in the next old face you meet. Some people turn the inside of the nostril into a fiery-red cavern. I could never see the sense of

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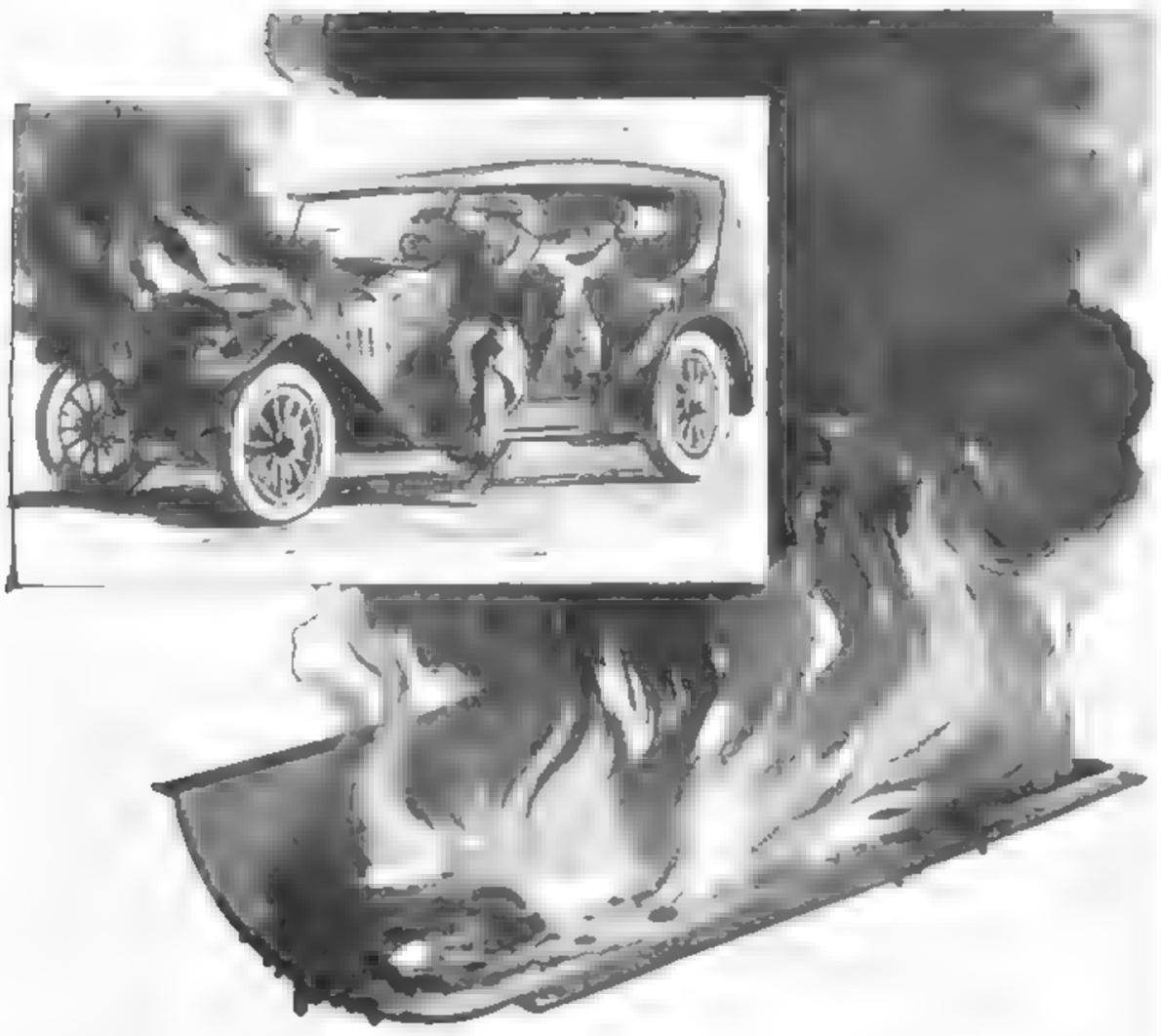

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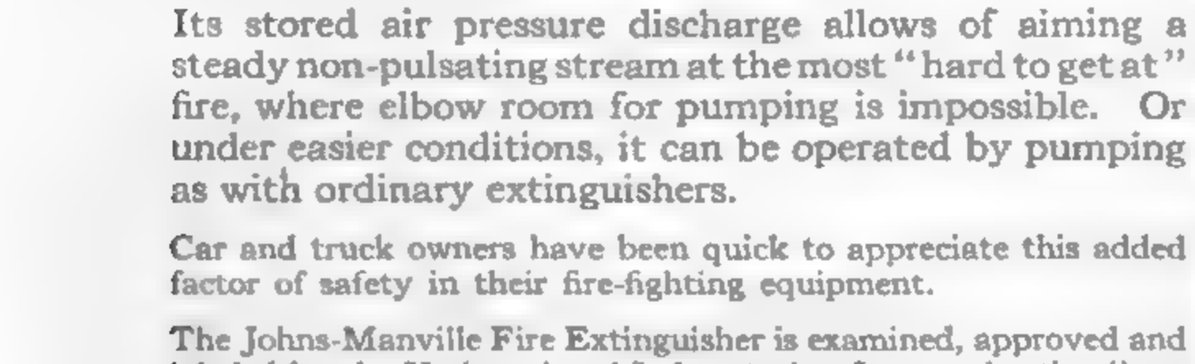


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this. It is supposed to give an effect of transparency, I believe, and to lessen the effect of two black shoe buttons, but to me it always looks like a snorting horse.

The scarlet dab at the eye's point is also often overdone into a gob of paint. But it does give fire to the glance when well applied.

How I love the judicious use of blue for the eyelids! Dark for the brunette, light for the blonde, and almost turquoise for the redhead. Infinitely suggestive, languorous or naughty they may be, seductive and fascinating. Someone has said, "If you have only a half hour for make-up spend it on your eyes," and he comes very near being right, especially for the dramatic stage.

I wish we might do what the movie people do, and paint our double chins red, meaning a shadow, or fill up our wrinkles with yellow ocher and look blandly youthful as they do till the dreadful fourteen-foot stare comes.

The Germans had a deadly way of putting red straight across the nose, uniting the cheeks as it were. I fought against this for years, they always assuring me that it added untold beauties of expression.

I once had to take the place of a singer at short notice. She had always worn a false tip to her nose to make it retroussé. I was rather nervous and did not wish any hampering make up, as I was doing the part wholly without rehearsal. So I replaced the false tip with a gray line drawn sharply across the nose just above the top of the nostrils and reddened the nose tip. The effect from the front was just what the first singer's false nose had made.

Men have a great advantage over the more deadly sex, because they have all sorts of queer hideous arrangements of hair that they may appear to let grow on different humps and hollows of their faces. Personally I have never thought the face just the right place for hair, but apparently others think differently, for "just look at the damned thing."

The range of beards and mustaches is infinite and all-disguising as to color, shape of the tufts, and length. You may turn a mild bleating weakling into a fierce brutal Cossack with no more trouble than cutting off some tightly braided crêpe, fuzzing it out and applying it with spirit gum.

If you are lean and would be fat for the perfect Falstaff you bring your plantation well round under the ears and spread it out as it would be spread if rolls of bulging fat lurked beneath it. From there on up to the eyes you may let your fancy run riot, and a pair of shaggy bunches over the eyes will complete the effect.

### *A Wandering Chin*

Shakspere's bumpkin exclaims immediately—what beard shall he play his character in? He wants to hide behind something—it takes away self-consciousness. We've all seen it in daily life—sternly effective statesmen and monarchs who would probably look like ex-waiters if they were sheared.

It is almost impossible for a woman to disguise her throat. When I first went on the operatic stage my whole appearance was very youthful and I had to play the usual line of elderly women that falls to the possessor of a contralto voice. It was most difficult to overcome the young lines of my throat. My face and hair could be easily aged, but I had to invent a series of neckcloths, kerchiefs, shawls and coifs to make my head sink into my shoulders in the manner in which an elderly woman's usually does, particularly if she is of lowly origin, as most operatic elderlies are.

I've seen comedians who glued big silk chins on, who pasted pink cotton in fluffy mounds on their cheeks, smoothing the surface with some liquid preparation, none of these being particularly successful.

A tragedian in the first theater where I was engaged once played a somber rôle in a heavy putty false chin. Halfway through the chin began to melt off from sheer weight. Agony of mind on the part of the actor, vain turnings of his back to the audience and pressings of the false chin in place. Back to face his audience with one hand nonchalantly pressed to the tip of his chin while he recited his thundering lines. More wabbling of chin, one corner altogether loose, then a crack in the middle. Hasty disappearance of actor and miserable sneaky reappearance—chinless and in his right mind. I suspect he was cured and used more brains and less make-up in after life to get his effects.

I've heard tell of noses tied down with a thread of silk, which is carried round the head, noses tilted up with silken threads tied to the wig in front—all things no singer might indulge in. One good blast of powerful lungs and pop would go the all-important connecting link.

A past master in the art of changing apparently the very build of his frame was Richard Mansfield. He could give the appearance of robust hearty youth, as he did in Prince Carl, as easily as shriveled old age, as in his decrepit Baron Chevral. Even his arms seemed to have shrunk under his sleeves, his legs became stringy, and in his Ivan the Terrible he looked an emaciated bag of bones. This is art in a very high form and I don't pretend to know what subtle details went to make up the perfect picture.

We all use these means in a greater or less degree, but here again the actor has more at his command to aid him than has the actress. He may and—whisper—often does have false calves to his legs, and sometimes—whispering does no good now—they slip, right in meeting, and muscles start from their bony surroundings at serious and alarming angles. Otherwise perfect footmen may go very queer in the legs before the evening is over.

In one German theater where I was engaged we had a comedian with inordinately long legs. He seemed to be bifurcated at least a foot farther up than the ordinary male. The effect was wonderful in its possibilities, and he used to twist his thin body round from the knees up without moving his feet, in a solemn, inquisitive manner that was really funny. But alas! When it came to charm those toothpicks could not be disguised in all their length, and he told me he never hoped to be loved—no woman could love a man with such comic legs.

### *Make-Up of the Aborigines*

I have a large fat stuffing that I wear when I feel I ought to look comfortably upholstered, and mighty hot it makes me. This and several odd bits, such as humps, frontal balconies and tummies, I can adjust as I will, but that embraces almost the entire range of a woman's aids in this respect.

It is all a fascinating game. Even the savages love it, and the aborigines have untold shades of meaning in their ceremonial war paints. Indians do fearful things to their faces and bodies with vivid colorings, and savages of all kinds are more or less given to this practice. Gorgeous arrangements they achieve, startling and bizarre, and all very solemn and full of meaning to the initiated.

I know of nothing more amusing than to think up a new costume and make-up and work it all out. Too much attention cannot be given the head. Even if your rôle is a small one and you feel sure it will be swamped in the general line of the performance, you can make your bit stand out by creating an original, historically accurate head silhouette. Your headdress will be seen from all angles and will undoubtedly be the most noticed part of your costume, if you spend time and thought on it. The variety is infinite. One otherwise unsurpassed actress of our time makes the great mistake of almost never wearing a wig in her Shaksperean characters. She wears her own delightful hair, more or less accurately dressed, but one misses the sharply accentuated line of head carriage given by the different typical historical hair dressings. The variety is great and they all may be made becoming. Through the adept use of wigs the contour of the forehead may be changed and many traits of character and much psychology suggested. For instance, as Ortrud I wear my red flaming wig pushed high on the forehead, leaving a broad white surface exposed. Ortrud was a woman of brains, a student of magic arts, and though unsuccessful was no frivolous lowbrow.

When one is creating a new character anything theatrical and stereotyped is to be avoided. Typical ideas are better discarded if you have the wit to find something more subtle, and never forget that the stage lighting may dwarf your most interesting effects.

The stageful of purple-visaged smugglers that greets me in the third act of Carmen, when the scene begins with a dull-blue light from the footlights, is only less horrible than the flattened staring faces that are thrown into relief by the all-red lighting, which is such a great favorite of stage managers for scenes of seduction and oriental orgies.

But whatever they do to you, make-up is endlessly fascinating and one of the most absorbing branches of theatrical study.

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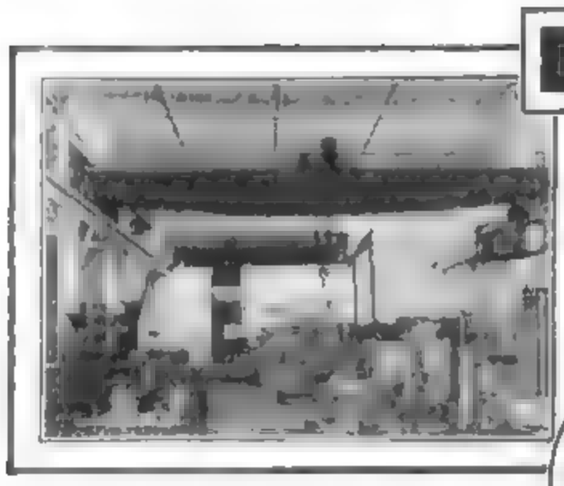

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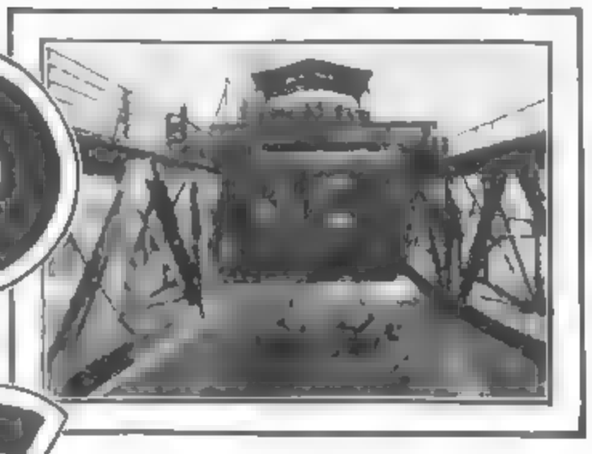

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# "YOU NEVER CAN TELL—"

(Continued from Page 43)

"'Only the one in black and the girl in red'—which wasn't Rowena; she almost jumped. 'I only came,' he went on, 'because friends of mine whom I'm visiting insisted on it. I kept her away, however, as long as I could,' he laughs. Her! Then he adds in a serious kind of voice: 'I'm glad, very glad that I didn't miss coming entirely!' His eyes were fixed passionately on Rowena, and gee, she felt fluttery! 'Are you staying in town?' he goes on. 'I don't believe we've met.'

"And all at once it dawned on her that he's taken her for somebody—for a society girl of the same class as his own! Say, she nearly does a flop right then and there at the thought of it, until she recollected what good would it do her if he had, because he'd only find her out afterward; and then—good night! But oh, how handsome he was—slim and blue eyes and tall! Class? Charles Vaughn wasn't in it with him. He looked like a king. Well, he murmurs something about sitting down, and she went with him in a kind of funeral joy and sat down on a tapestried sofa in a little alcove behind a pillar.

"'Have we?' he asks when the music stopped playing.

"'Have we what?' she said, looking at him with that gone feeling like when you've gone without a meal, only there was something delicious about it too.

"'Met?' he answered. 'I—if not I think it should be remedied.'

"A society girl! Well, Rowena thought she might as well play it out, for one night anyway, like the fairy story you read where they're changed into princes and queens for an hour or so. Only the waking up would be kind of bad. She tried not to think of that.

"'I must, I fear, remain a woman of mystery, shrouded in the shadows of romance, living only in the hearts of my people,' she says to him, quoting the speech of Queen Sophia when she bade farewell to the young American who asked her to leave throne and country and fly with him.

"He looked kinda surprised. 'But—are you stopping in town?' he insists.

"'Oh, yes,' she returns nonchalantly; 'I am—stopping.'

"'Then isn't there somebody here who can introduce us?' He starts up but she grabbed him. There was nobody but the wardrobe mistress; and she wouldn't do.

"'I came alone,' she answers in a low but truthful tone. 'There is no one. I desire to remain incognito. Even my servants I forbade to come with me. My father refuses to allow me to go beyond the portals of the palace gates. If he knew now he would kill me.'

"He looks kinda funny at her, then smiles that grand smile and says chummily: 'You're a darling! But how long are you here?' he asks.

"'Fifteen minutes,' answers Rowena without thinking.

"He looks astonished.

"'I mean, I have an engagement that is very important,' she adds hastily, 'in fifteen minutes.'

"'But to-morrow—you must let me see you again?' he pleads thrillingly.

"It was an awful struggle. But she thought of Charles Vaughn and what would inevitably follow when this rich man found out she was nothing but a cigar-counter girl.

"'I am going away to-morrow,' she returns haughtily, trying to think of some good place.

"'Where?' he asks quickly.

"'Turkey,' returns Rowena, remembering the place where the most popular tobacco came from. 'I mean—Jersey,' she corrects drowningly.

"'Jersey!' he exclaims eagerly. 'Then I can drive you over in my car!'

"Rowena put her hand to her throat. Oh, if only he wasn't rich or if she were rich too, how beautiful life would be! She couldn't tell him the truth. She thought of Charles Vaughn Allenton, Vincent's uncle, and the tall one, his wife—and shuddered. She might as well play the thing out; she would never see him again.

"'I am taking a trip to-morrow to some of my estates on the island,' he was saying. 'I can drive you ——'

"'I'm so sorry,' she says firmly, 'but I shall take the train. It's of course a special train,' she adds elegantly. Train sounded too common.

"'A special?' he repeats, astonished. 'What for?'

"'Why, I am taking over—a party that I've adopted from a poor family—and they're going to Jersey—for the air. They have trouble with their lungs,' she hurried on. 'So I engaged a special train in order that they wouldn't be too long on the road.'

"'How far are you going?' he asks.

"'Hoboken,' answers Rowena, being the only place she could think of with him looking at her.

"He smiles as though he couldn't help it, and she at him, then they both laugh at each other—and for a moment there were no crowds nor noise nor chattering women nor orchestras playing jazz; nothing but those two, him with his black hair and her red one, gazing at each other as though they'd found a gold mine that was going to clear up the national debt.

"And then, right over their heads, the chime of a clock penetrates into Rowena's ears and brought her out of her daze with a sickening thud.

"Eleven! She gave a jump. It had been ten-thirty when she'd left the dressing room. She was fifteen minutes late! She sprang up, her face white. Any minute a detective might come darting round the pillar hunting for her and the dress she'd borrowed, and it would be a terrible moment, to say the least. He has jumped up too, and asks her what on earth is the matter? She tells him to cover up, that she just remembered her engagement; and held out her hand, darting scary glances all the time for a cop.

"'Do tell me what's the matter,' he says tenderly, holding her hand longer than he'd ought to.

"'My duenna,' answers Rowena. 'She's after me.'

"'Your what?' he repeats, kinda puzzled. 'But I thought your servants did not ——'

"'I'll have to go,' interrupted Rowena, trying to get her hand away. 'It's eleven o'clock.'

"'But what does that matter?' he returns. 'Cinderella didn't leave until the clock struck twelve. That's who I believe you are.'

"'And you're the prince!' she exclaims, then gets red, remembering that the prince married the girl. He just smiles kind of heavenly and starts to speak. 'I must go,' she says hurriedly. 'Good-by!' and moves away from him.

"'You forgot to drop your slipper,' he says, coming after her. 'Please tell me where you are stopping!'

"'The Giltmore,' she gasps, meaning to say the Ritz. 'The Ritz,' she corrects quickly, feeling as bad at leaving him as though she was assisting in the funeral of her entire family.

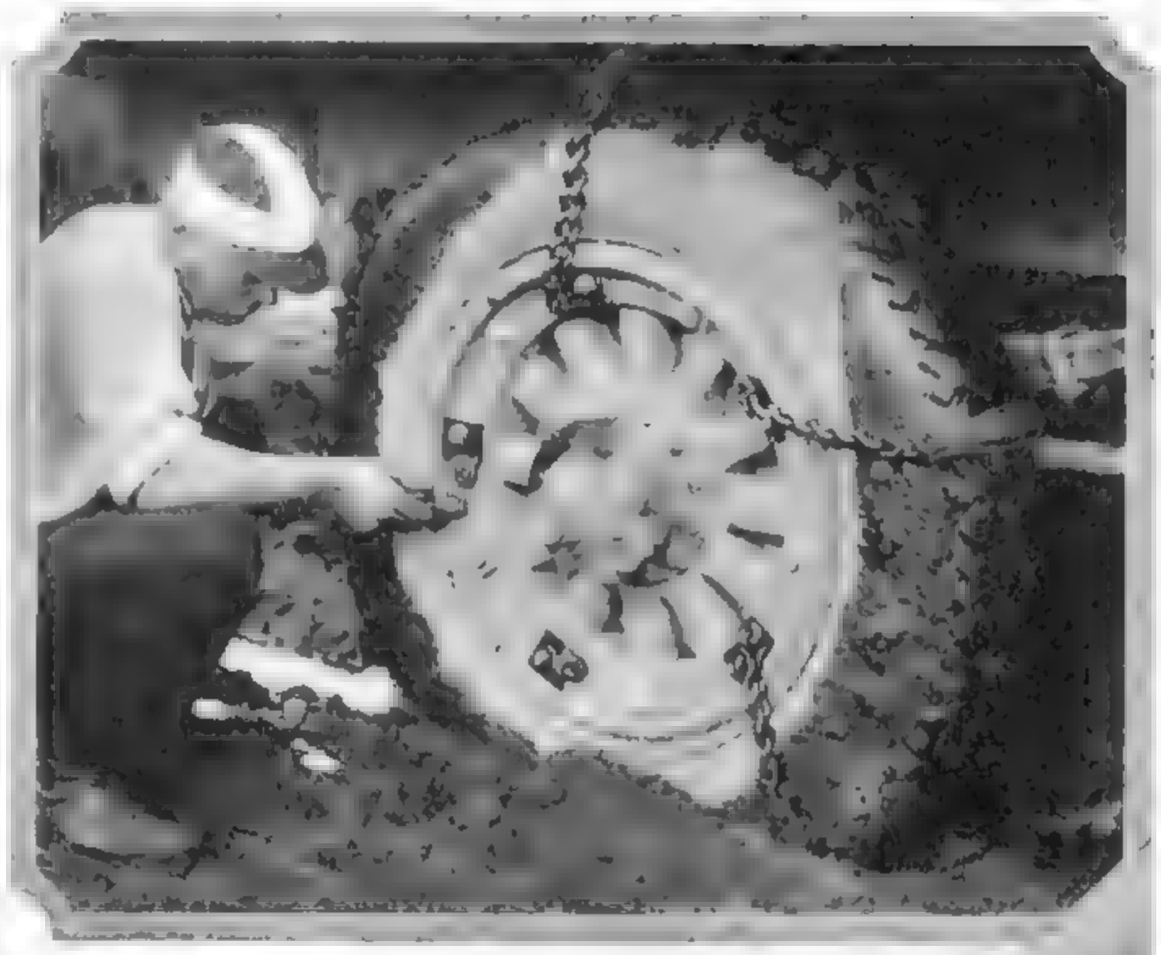
"'I'll find you,' he says in a low tone, that she heard, however, above the moan of an orchestra that was just starting up Kiss Me Again.

"She runs round a corner out of sight and hurries for dear life down the corridor in the direction of the dressing room.

"'He'll find me in the kitchen where I'm going back to,' she thinks as she's apologizing to the old lady, who'd been having an awful stew. 'Cinderella!' she almost sobs. And then she remembers she told him about the Giltmore; but he'd never look for her at the cigar counter, that was certain. And she'd read plenty how criminals can hide right in New York and nobody be able to find them, so she feels better and thinks maybe she'll get away with it after all. Womanlike, however, she gets to feeling terrible at the thought of never seeing him again, and between the two she gets into her old duds and starts home with the sensations that king had when they told him to be up early because he was going to have his head cut off the following morning.

"Of all the luck, to fall in love with somebody she couldn't have! Why couldn't it 'a' been George Jennings, who was as steady as old Dobbin even if a little nearsighted and inclined to squint? If only he wasn't rich—but he was, there was no doubt of it. Once bitten, twice shy, as the saying goes, so Rowena trips into her house with a beautiful feeling of renunciation, and gets up the following morning a little white but perfectly resigned to the cruel exigencies of class and class.

"Busily engaged in polishing the glass cases of her counter and thinking how sad life is about ten o'clock that morning, she

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*The "Velux Dot" Fastener*
*The "Anzo Dot" Fastener*
*The "Segma Dot" Fastener*
*The Common Sense Fastener*

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, Boston, Mass.


glances without interest in man or beast toward the elevator at a fairly good-looking man dressed in those English tweeds who alights leisurely, followed by a young man in automobile outfit, and Rowena thinks idly that a chauffeur's uniform certainly does look good on a fellow with a figure—when she nearly falls through the glass. It was the prince of the night before! He was a chauffeur.

"Well, she stares at him with her mouth open as he trails along after Tweeds, as handsome as ever, and you can imagine the world went round! All his talk of the night before about driving her in his car and his estates was phony. His friends he was talking about must 'a' been the tweeds—his car was the boss'—his evening clothes he'd borrowed perhaps, just like she had. Of all the ——" And then a wave of joy floods over her as she realizes she's got her wish—he wasn't rich after all!

"The tweeds and him stop a little way across from her and Tweeds says: 'Better stock up the car with smokes,' and waves him over to the cigar counter; and with that he turns and starts straight for Rowena.

"He looks at her, and she begins to laugh, and then as he sees who it is he stands staring at her with his mouth open, and the funniest expression comes over his face.

"'Cinderella,' he says with a kind of gasp, as though he was talking to himself.

"'Prince,' she answers with a gurgle. 'Discovered! Ain't it the limit?' Somehow it was an awful relief not to have to put on, and be able to talk good old United States. She leans over the counter and puts her hand right over his and squeezes it and says, laughing: 'And I thought you was a millionaire!' He laughs, kinda sheepish. 'Honest, I think you look a lot nicer in those clothes than in the soup-and-fish last night,' she goes on chummily, to show him she don't care about him not being what he tried to pretend. 'Who you working for?'

"'A dub of a rich family stopping here,' he says slowly, still gazing at her.

"'You were fooling too,' she giggles. 'Wasn't it a scream?'

"'I thought you were a society girl,' he answers. Rowena laughs; then he begins to laugh too. 'You did talk rather flowery, but I—I've been looking all over the register for you.'

"'Gee, I'm glad you're not a society man,' says Rowena.

"'And I'm glad you're not too,' he says, terrible earnest. 'I'm—glad!'

"'What? A society man?' she answers, feeling heavenly. Then he smiles—and gee, ain't he handsome! All at once Rowena thinks how terrible it would have been if Charles Vaughn's proposal had been on the level.

"'But that gown you wore?' he asks, leaning over the counter. 'It was beautiful.'

"'I was one of the models, silly,' answers Rowena, who couldn't keep from giggling. 'It was loaned to me for fifteen minutes. Where did you cabbage on to that dress suit?'

"'It was loaned to me,' he grins. 'My boss.' Then they both stand, smiling.

"'The Bible says it's harder for a rich man to get into heaven than a camel to pass through a noodle,' says Rowena solemnly as a tall gray-haired man and his wife walked by, attended by bags and bowing attachés.

"He laughs, still keeping his eyes on Rowena.

"'They're blue,' he says forcibly.

"'What? Camels?' queries Rowena, knowing full well what he meant.

"'Your eyes. They're—wonderful!'

"'I don't like rich men,' continues Rowena.

"'Lots of them are regular fellows,' he answers. 'My boss is.'

"'I was thinking of Charles Vaughn Allenton,' explains Rowena. 'He's Vincent Armour's uncle.'

"'Yes. I've heard though that they don't get along very well. What about Allenton?' he asks kinda stifflike, letting go her hand.

"'Nothing,' she replies quickly, so he won't get jealous. 'Only I know where he's going when he dies, and if his nephew's anything like him, well ——'

"And then somehow she felt she had to go on and tell him all about her fool attempt and everything, though she didn't exactly know why, unless love made her feel kind of ashamed about it.

"'I went to dinner with him,' she explains. 'You see things are pretty bad with the folks—you've no idea how hard boys are on shoes—and I'm the only one big enough to help,' she goes on, finding it easier when he was holding her hand so sympathetic. 'So I thought I'd have to marry a rich man to save the family.' He breaks out laughing. 'But I guess I won't bother,' she finishes. 'It's an awful wear on the disposition.'

"'Princess,' he murmurs tenderly, 'where are we going to have our dinner?'

"'When can you get off?' she returns happily.

"'The boss is going out of town. I've the evening to myself.'

"'All right. Five-thirty—out in front!' she whispers, and he hurries out after Tweeds, who Rowena sees is sitting in a yellow racing car at the curb. He gets in and drives off.

"That evening sitting in one of the gorgeous jazz palaces that line Broadway they have a grand meal, him in his everyday clothes, that look like a million dollars. Then they see a show from the balcony and then home via the street car and Rowena is perfectly and deliriously happy.

"The next day he's round a lot, though he keeps away from the counter so's not to be conspicuous, and Rowena takes him home that night and introduces him to the family. And say—Rowena's mother, who always stood up for George Jennings, takes a liking to him right off and says he's got nicer manners than any rich man because he's sincere and he'll make a far better husband than any millionaire, and Rowena gets red and he laughs. His own mother and father being dead he takes right off to her ma, who is a swell woman or she wouldn't 'a' been brought up the way she had. And right then he proposes and begs Rowena to marry him right off 'cause his boss is leaving for Palm Beach and he wants to take Rowena along. Of course that takes the family's breath away, but Rowena consents—you couldn't stop her—and they has a quiet wedding at home, and he sure looks swell in a classy new suit his boss give him for the occasion.

"And off they started on their honeymoon."

Pansy Imogene paused and toyed absentmindedly with the crumbs of the now vanished éclairs. The restaurant crowd was thinning out. At her plate lay her check, punched at the figure 25. Her friend sat impatiently waiting.

"Is that all?" she asked as Pansy Imogene did not continue. Pansy Imogene nodded. "Gee whiz!" exclaimed her friend scornfully. "Anybody can marry a chauffeur! If she'd got a rich man and helped her family, that would 'a' been something to it—but a chauffeur!"

"He wasn't," replied Pansy Imogene with a smile. "Only she didn't know it till after the wedding and they'd started in a private car for their honeymoon. She'd married Vincent Armour!"

# A Shaving Cream Made Antiseptic

YOU are probably familiar with the use of Lysol Disinfectant in the home. Perhaps your home is one of the thousands that are safeguarded by Lysol Disinfectant against disease germs—ask your wife. *Never* can Lysol Disinfectant and disease germs *both* be present—germ-life simply can't exist where Lysol Disinfectant is applied.

A solution of Lysol Disinfectant sprinkled in all places where disease germs are likely to lurk or breed is ample precaution in the home against the danger of serious contagious illness. Lysol Disinfectant exterminates germs at the moment of application, and prevents the creation and spread of germ-life.

And now a tiny proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant added to an excellent shaving-cream formula has produced a needed, antiseptic shaving cream.

Lysol
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Antiseptic SHAVING CREAM

You will like this shaving cream, whether or not you think it *possible* to receive infection through shaving. Lysol Shaving Cream does *all* that a good shaving cream should do—lathers freely, softens the beard readily, and prepares the skin for a clean, smooth shave.

And, in addition, you have the assurance of protection from any germ-life that *may* be present on the razor blade, the strop, the brush, or on the hands that rub the lather in. Germs exist, lurk and spread everywhere—in bathrooms as well as elsewhere. We can't *see* them—that makes the menace doubly dangerous.

The small cuts that so frequently occur during a quick shave are rendered aseptic immediately by this wonderful shaving cream.

As we think it over, there does not occur to us any reason why you should not use Lysol Shaving Cream. How easily you can now eliminate and forget all about danger of infection from shaving!

From every standpoint of satisfaction, health, hygiene and logic, doesn't it seem the *obvious* shaving cream to use? Merely common-sense precaution.

Lysol Shaving Cream, as well as the other Lysol products, are sold by all druggists.

**Lysol Disinfectant**
*Three sizes, 25c, 50c, $1.00*

## SAMPLES FREE

A sample of Lysol Shaving Cream will be sent free on request. We believe that you will be as delighted with its value as a shaving cream as you will be with its assured antiseptic quality. Sample of Lysol Toilet Soap will also be included. Simply fill out coupon, clip and mail, or merely send your request on a post card.

**Lysol Shaving Cream**
*In tubes*

Not just another shaving cream, but one unlike any other because of its antiseptic quality.

**Lysol Disinfectant**
*In bottles, 25c, 50c, and $1.00*

A 25c bottle added to five gallons of water makes five gallons of powerful disinfectant.

**Lysol Toilet Soap**
*25c a cake*

Does all that a good soap should do, and in addition is antiseptic and healing.

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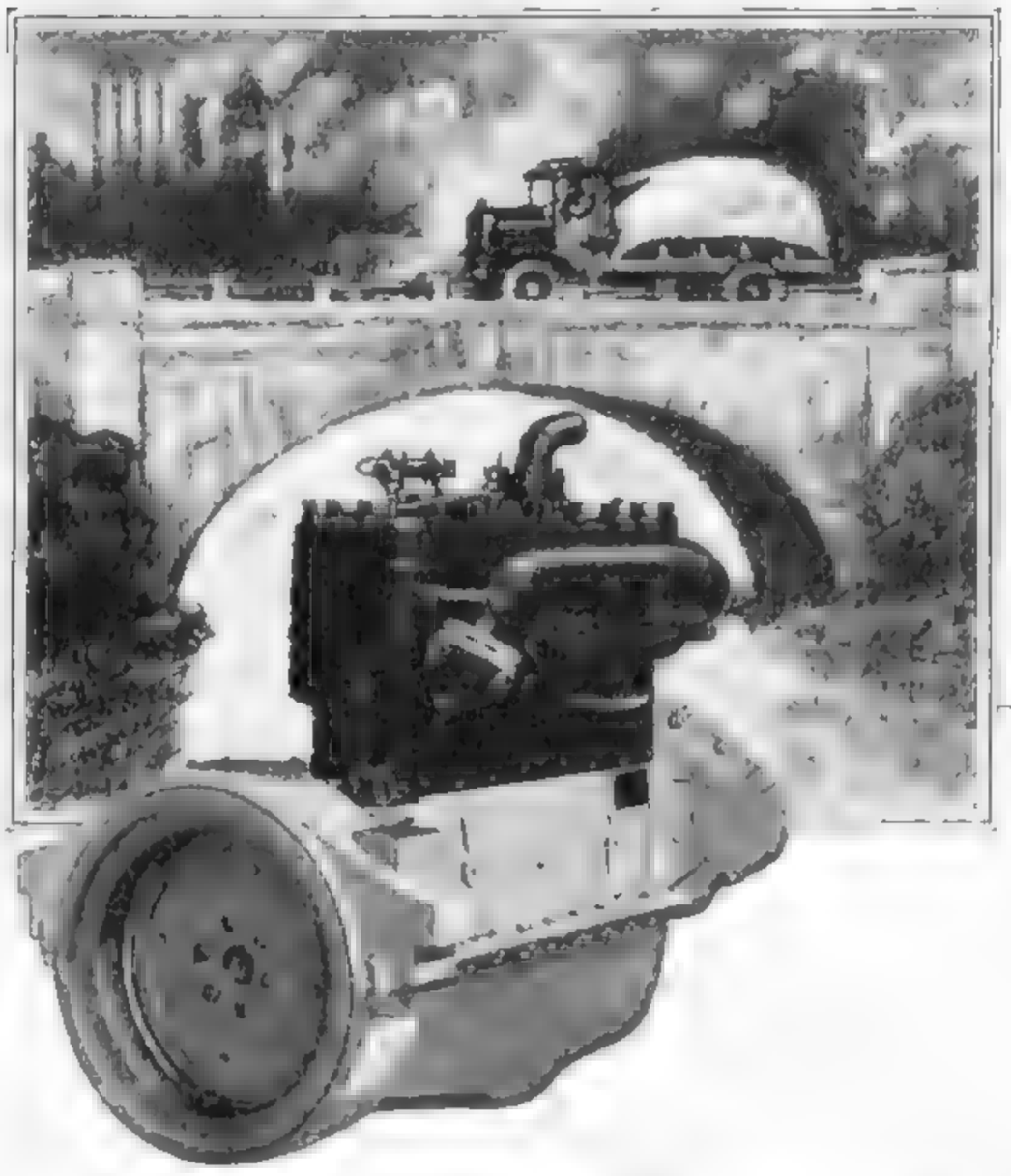

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THE BUDA COMPANY, *Harvey* (CHICAGO SUBURB), *Ill.*

ESTABLISHED 1861

BUDA
The
ENGINE

# THE PROWLING PRODIGAL

(Continued from Page 11)

which once had been the court-martial charge sheets of the Wildcat and Cinnamon covering the crime of being publicly discovered shootin' craps. She drank lightly of crimson wine from an ink-well and found it not pleasing to her taste.

"Bla-a-a!"

"Lily, you debbil, come off dat desk!" The Wildcat returning to the office accumulated the mascot. "Wuz cyclones hawns and hair, you is six. Ah'll 'bla-a' you wid a chair in a minnit!" The Wildcat straightened out the remaining disordered documents and dragged Lily to an area back of the captain's quarters. "Roam heah an' see kin yo' eat ground." He tied the mascot securely and began looking over the captain's socks.

"See kin I find ol' socks big enough to fit me. Sho'. needs me some socks foh tomorr', when I gits cap'n's clo's in Cam'raux f'm 'at tailor man."

An urgent demand for gasoline for the Motor Transport Corps in the Zone of Advance sang along the midnight wires.

"We have five cargoes of gasoline but have no containers," wrote the general. He rang for his adjutant.

"Send this wire, rush to G. H. Q.: No containers for gasoline." The adjutant, a colonel not all bone above his collar ornaments, read the message which the general handed him.

"Why not ship some gas in those steel drums that the damned liquid soap came in?" he suggested. "The carpenter force at Mauvais could build a wood tank overnight big enough to hold two or three shiploads of that soap and we could move the fuel forward in the empty drums."

"Great work! Excellent idea!" the general approved. "Issue orders at once. That's what I call efficiency. Won't forget that. Rush it."

An order issued twenty minutes later over the telephone to Mauvais to construct a wood reservoir five hundred feet long, two hundred feet wide and ten feet deep, and to empty the drums of liquid soap into this reservoir. "Ship empty drums to gasoline reserve depot, Savoir Docks. Rush."

At midnight six thousand men were at work on the huge wood tank, and by nine o'clock the next day it was half filled with the liquid soap.

The spur tracks leading to the great tank near the river were filled with carloads of empty drums bound for the gasoline reserve depot.

"Compliment you on the expedient," wired G. H. Q. to the general. The general forgot that the idea originated with his adjutant.

Meanwhile the ponderous tank of soap grew warm in the afternoon sun and cooled in the frost of evening.

At evening the captain of the Fust Service Battalion came to his quarters. The Wildcat was teaching the goat Lily not to eat shoes.

"Boy, build me a fire and build it quick." The captain was cold.

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat began tying a complicated twist in Lily's picket rope, which he hoped might endure until his return. The captain began opening his mail. In the first envelope was a bill from a Cameraux tailor. In the second was a request from a brother officer in Paris for the loan of twelve hundred francs. In the third was a notification from Washington stating that the captain had been overpaid seventy-three dollars on his last pay voucher, and that refund must be made at once

All this finance bounced back and hit the Wildcat. "Are you going to build that fire before I kill you or afterward?" The captain moved easily toward the Wildcat.

Lily and the confining knot were suddenly abandoned. "Cap'n, they ain't no chunk wood heah; nothing 'ceptin' kin-'lin's. Ise gwine fo' some right now."

The Wildcat trotted out of the door, one eye open for fire wood and the other looking into the dismal future that promised to be his unless the cap'n's mood changed mighty sudden. Under a carwheel over on the spur track leading to the tank of liquid soap the Wildcat saw a nice piece of two by four.

"Dry wood. Sho' burn noble."

He kicked the two by four from where it was wedged under the car wheel. A car length ahead he saw another similar block, which he retrieved. Three car lengths ahead he saw a third noble-looking block between a car wheel and its supporting rail.

"Th'ee is plenty fo' a start." He kicked the third block loose and started toward the office with it. He had gone only a little way when a noise behind him attracted his attention. He turned and discovered that the string of cars from under which he had removed the blocks was in motion.

"Sho' kin roll easy downhill."

He looked about him. "Mebbe dese heah blocks wuz all de brakes ol' cars had. Mebbe Ise instigated a ruckus. Hope nobody seed me an' tells cap'n."

The Wildcat's second mebbe suffered a rapid transition into reality. Folks had seen him. Hornet railroaders began pouring toward the racing train. Each man ran a little way and then stood fixed, gazing breathlessly at the rattling tornado headed for the soap tank a mile downhill.

The chill rain of evening began to fall as the Wildcat lighted the captain's fire. In the captain's fourth envelope was an invitation from the artillery gang at Sougé to sit the following night in a five-card enterprise wherein a gentleman bets that something he doesn't hold outranks the hand some other gentleman is inflicted with.

"Soon as you get that fire built head for Cameraux on the six-twenty and get my new uniform from Mesuret's tailor shop on Rue Augustine. Here's your pass."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat breathed heavy. Here delivered into his hands was a quick evasion of the heavy swinging club with which Lady Luck was about to caress him. From the distance there came a terrific crash. For five seconds there followed a heavy sustained roar. The captain suddenly abandoned his correspondence.

"What the hell broke loose?"

"'Spec' ol' sergeant's blowed up some stumps, mebbe, cap'n, suh. Mebbe ol' thundeh sto'm bust. Mebbe ——"

The captain had joined in the race toward the site of the soap tank, where twelve heavy freight cars had plowed through a shrieking fabric of splintering timber. When he arrived near the scene the sloping terrain from the tank site to the river was ten feet deep in a dancing foam created by the impact of myriad raindrops mingling with the liquid soap. On the choppy surface of the Rivende there presently rose enough soapsuds to last a million Mondays.

An hour later the Wildcat leading the goat Lily entered Cameraux via the stone bridge that spans the Rivende. The smothery soapsuds blanket was rolling up the river and spreading into the city streets.

An automobile ran into a great bank of foam and died. The driver and his passenger raced on foot from out of the menace of the translucent mass of bubbles.

The Wildcat observing the bubble phenomenon headed for the tailor shop, pausing only to absorb a few slugs of cognac. The goat Lily, which he led beside him, gave a plaintive bleat.

"Is you a mascot you'd betteh begin workin' at it heavy, Lily. Us needs to ketch up now wif Lady Luck—else wese gwine neveh to see 'at woman again."

The Wildcat noticed that the twinkling lights that lined the Intendence revealed a stream of humanity headed in one direction only—away from the river.

At the door of the tailor shop an M. P. hailed the Wildcat. "Boy, halt! What are you doing in town this time of night?"

The Wildcat's heart got up on a trapeze and tried a tail spin. Here then was the hand of the law, closely followed by the law's foot, clad in the new and heavy marching shoe.

"Me? Nuthin'. I never knowed dat ol' railroad train'd run away 'count of a li'l stick o' wood bein' ——"

The M. P. decided the Wildcat had missed his train. "Old bunk! Lemme see your pass"

The Wildcat explored his raiment and finally produced the slip of paper which spelled temporary freedom.

"Ise gwine back—me an' Lily—soon as I 'cumulates cap'n's unifohm f'm ol' tailor man in de sto' right heah."

"Beat it—and lay off the coonyak." The M. P. read the pass and gave the Wildcat a little parting advice.

The Wildcat entered the tailor shop five minutes before closing time. A barelipped

1. Here is the ordinary braided cable covering. Note the open and porous construction, ea ily cut, stretched or unraveled. Compare it with Duracord
This is Duracord Thick, heavy strands, woven like a piece of fire hose, not braided. Picture shows outside covering only with impregnating compound removed.
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DON'T believe that Duracord is the best portable electric cord made until you prove it to yourself. Send for samples of Duracord and the ordinary braided cord. Test them any way you please. Show them to your electrician or superintendent. You will readily see the superiority of Duracord.
For any portable electric cord that is subjected to hard service and abuse, mechanical strength is absolutely essential. You get this strength in Duracord—because it has a special covering of fine quality cotton *woven* like fire hose—*not braided.* This weave gives the covering a wear resisting quality without which the best of copper and insulation are wasted.
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Fig Pudding

Heinz Fig Pudding, one of the newest members of the 57 family, became famous almost over night. The demand has grown so rapidly that it is difficult to keep apace with it.

Especially appropriate to this time of year, it is pudding that is seasonable always.

Light, wholesome and easy to digest, it has the delicious taste of figs which makes it a most delectable dessert.

Don't fail to use with it the special sauce—recipe for which comes on every can—as it was originated particularly for Heinz Fig Pudding.

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It is real plum pudding made of the best ingredients and prepared in the Heinz kitchens. An older member of the 57—tried and true—its quality never varies.

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young clerk struggling with a .22-caliber English vocabulary discovered the motive of the Wildcat's visit and returned presently with a bundle in which an officer's uniform was neatly folded.

"Ett is charged, M'sieur Nagur. *Voild! 'Revoir.*"

The Wildcat plus the goat Lily entered the night.

"Tell us 'Wallah in de riveh'! Never seed white boys sassy like dese heah French guys is."

The Wildcat started toward the river on his journey home. And there quite suddenly he and Lily reversed the line of march and headed up the street. Approaching them in gentle jumps of a hundred feet was a wall of soap bubbles fifty feet high.

"Neveh seed such heavy drams o' coonyak. Us sho' is had plenty, an' then some! Lily, you mascot, see kin yo' laigs rattle a gallop. Git out o' town. Le's go!"

At the distant crescent avenue that lay about the city the Wildcat paused long enough to take on four more slugs of cognac. The paper covering the uniform, soggy in the rain, burst when it lay between the Wildcat's feet. He picked it up and started out with it. Through the opening in the package the brilliant scarlet of French cavalry breeches assaulted the Wildcat's eyes.

"Lily, us travels! Ise stahted seein' red! Sho' is a bad sign!"

In the obscurity of the great trees that lined the boulevard the Wildcat completed his investigation of the package.

"Eyes tol' me true. Ol' pants sho' is red. Dese is clo's like French cap'ns weahs."

From down the street there came the measured beat of the nine-o'clock guard relief.

"Cap'n kill me sho', does I go back. Ol' M. P. jail me does he ketch me in Cam'raux. Me—I fades out."

The Wildcat emerged from the total eclipse of a wide-spreading tree five minutes later wearing the French uniform, but instead of the bars of a captain's rank there shone the polished stars of a general of the line. On the Wildcat's head was a cap encircled by two wreaths of golden leaves.

"Lily, you follow me. I sho' aims not to lead you—me totin' all dis rank."

In the rays of a street lamp the Wildcat strutted past his first M. P. That young soldier focused his eyes carefully on the glittering insignia and then rendered a strenuous salute.

"First nigger general I ever saw. These Frenchies sure beat hell."

The next M. P. the Wildcat passed came from another part of the United States. He did the best he could to express his sentiments in profane language, neither appropriate nor available for present use, and then swung his club in the darkness at an imaginary adversary.

Meanwhile the Rivende River, the Wildcat's captain and the general were each and severally foaming at the mouth.

General Bore, a party to a session of refined military poker, played his game wisely during the early part of the evening, and then fully alcoholized played not too well. At midnight the members of the party one by one departed through the rain in their respective official conveyances. The general lingered for a final drink at the urgent invitation of his host.

Meanwhile the general's car was lying abandoned in a bank of soap bubbles beside a residence near the river in which the general's chaffeur had discovered a practically flawless feminine pearl.

"No carburetor on earth can mix soapsuds and gas so it'll explode, *mon chérie*. T'ell with th' old bird. Leave him walk home—or fly if his boots is too tight. Drag out another one of them vang blinks whilst I tells you about life in Niagara Falls."

An hour after midnight the general sailed grandly down the street through the rain. Over the shoal places in the sidewalk he backed and filled to steerage way, came about smartly, luffed from the menace of a tree and tacked to the smooth residential cliffs that lined his channel. Softly at times he sang: "Shine on, you dog-gone silv'ry—hic! G'wan, baby. Shine some f'r the love of—hic! Never saw a darker night. Rain on, gentle rainlets. How dry I yam—how driyam—likell I yam. I should—hic!—worry!"

A soldier of the A. E. F. approached. The general stiffened during the second of proximity and snapped a return to the M. P.'s salute.

"Not a globe busted and the dynamo goin' a million—lit up like a dimun' palace."

The M. P., who had laid off of wine for duration, did some heavy thinking as he walked his post.

Pulsing through the night toward a secret base for subs the wireless from Berlin hissed an order to the Herr Lieutenant von Stutz. "To the Rivende approaches from America a convoy of twelve food ships, six ammunition cargoes, four with troops. Protection six sub chasers. Sink the food ships first."

Eight minutes after the radio had reached the commander's hands four undersea boats were driving through a choppy sea toward the mouth of the Rivende. At five o'clock in the morning the four submarines lay, decks awash, off the mouth of the Rivende. Steaming toward their certain fate the ten-knot hulls of the great convoy slushed through the phosphorescent sea.

Meanwhile the Wildcat in his French general's uniform, closely convoyed by Lily the goat, prowled through the mysterious darkness of Cameraux. Approaching him over a heavy rolling sea, carrying a capacity cargo, sailed the general.

And the enlarging blanket of soap bubbles fifty feet deep bulged from its inexhaustible source in gentle but incessant hundred-foot leaps.

Looming out of the night the general saw the Wildcat. First the red breeches became visible, then the coat with its heavy insignia. In the wake of the figure General Bore saw a ghostly goat. The Wildcat's face blended so perfectly with the shadows that he appeared to be headless

General Bore fearing for an instant that he was beginning to see things was reassured by the gleaming whites of the Wildcat's eyes.

The Wildcat saw the bedraggled general and laughed. His mouth opening in a wide crescent gave him the look of a man whose throat had been cut considerably more than the technic of throat-cutting demands. General Bore still doubting his own reason saluted the French uniform.

"Bon sore, mon général."

"So is mine," the Wildcat replied pleasantly. "Mah bones sho' is sore—dis rain likely. Mah feet is wuss though."

General Bore looked puzzled. "Vooparley English?" he asked. He kicked sideways at the goat Lily, to assure himself of the mascot's reality. His booted foot landed heavily on Lily's ribs.

"Lay off dat goat, man! Lily ain't done nuthin' to you."

Lily, however, made a sudden resolution. She backed off twenty feet and accumulated a few million slugs of momentum. She landed on General Bore south of his equatorial Sam Browne belt. General Bore landed somewhere in France. The Wildcat grabbed the rope which trailed from the mascot's collar and together they galloped into the gulf of night.

The general assembled himself and got to his feet, posing for a moment like an advertisement for a rheumatism cure. And then he too raced from the scene. Coming toward him was a great black wall which slithered as it moved. The wall glistened in spots like polished flint.

"Whisky since I was twelve," he thought, "but never another drop if I regain my reason!"

The surging wall of bubbles engulfed him. He began a wild peal of laughter, which gurgled to silence in the blanket of bubbles. The general's eyes began to smart. Round him was absolute darkness. He stumbled over the curb and fell down heavily. He had his boots on when he fell.

"Never mind the guard," he muttered. "As you were! At—rest!"

He fanned at the breaking bubbles once or twice like a seal wiggling its flippers, and fell asleep.

At daybreak came the morning breezes, and in half an hour the blanket of bubbles which lay over the land and sea was no more.

The rain clouds retreated before the driving sunshine. In the early light the general sat up on the curb. He got to his feet and started steadily for his residence. He recalled fragments of the nightmare.

"That last drink sure raised hell—I'm getting old. Nigger with his throat cut—and a goat—and the Johnstown flood. I've got to cut it out."

The Wildcat walked boldly to a clothes line near a bathhouse at Cantatrice Camp and appropriated therefrom an O. D. uniform.

(Continued on Page 177)

# Toy Hours Build Patriotism

THAT is, if the kiddies have American-Made Toys to play with.
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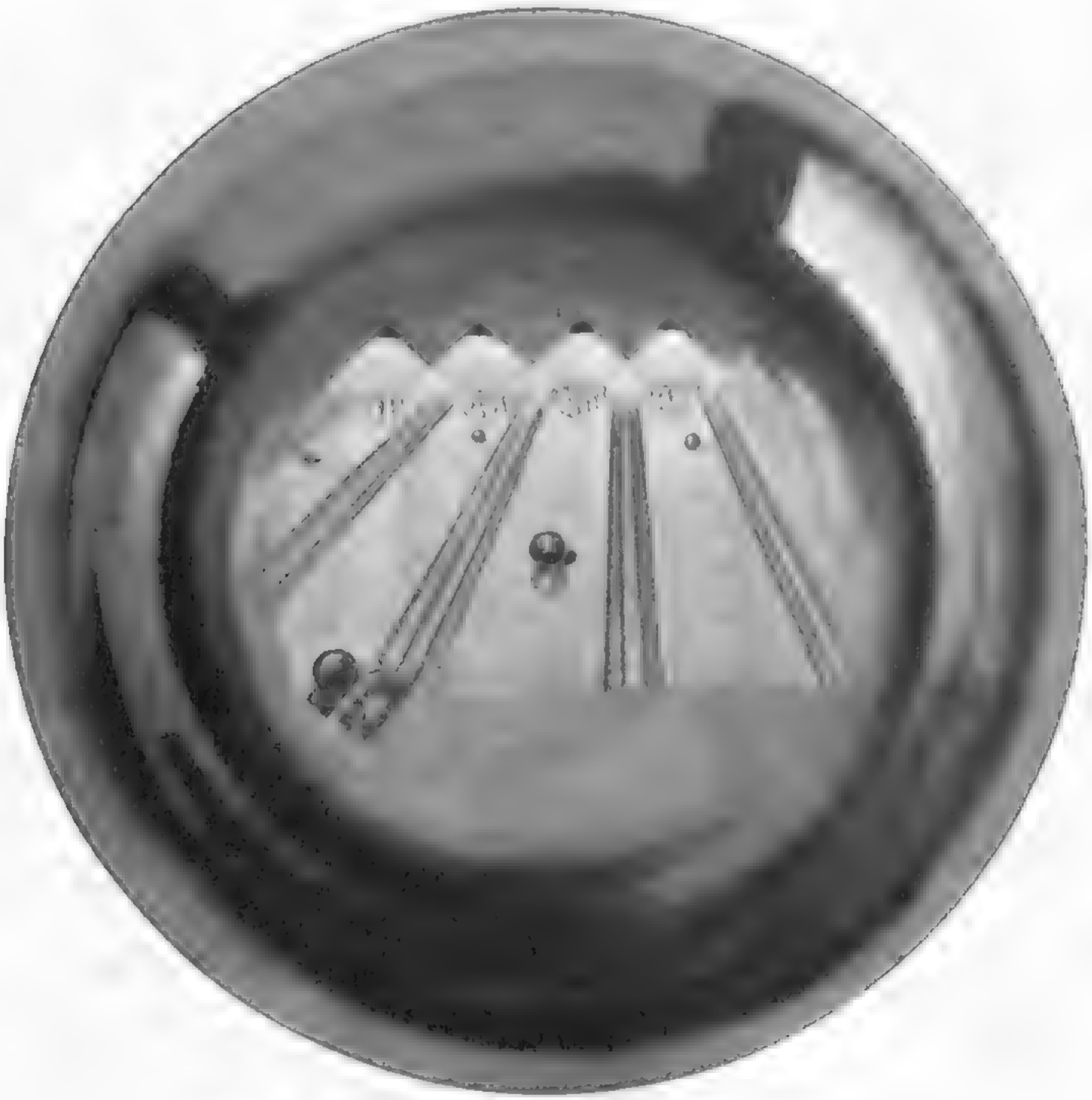

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MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

# Ball Bearings

(Continued from Page 174)

"Us looks too noble in dese heah red pants; 'tracts folks too much. Lily, us fades sudden. Le's go!"

"Under protection of a screen of bubbles formed by a new gas now being analyzed by our chemist the American ships eluded us and safely entered the Rivende." The Herr Lieutenant von Stutz dictated a radiogram to Berlin and ordered the return of his defeated submarine flotilla.

On the desk of the general lay two letters. One, from G. H. Q., recited at length various valid reasons why the general should see fit to accept the Distinguished Service Medal. "For the expedient which enabled our Armies to maintain their motor-transport service when no containers for gasoline were available, and most especially for the opportune invention of the bubble screen which undoubtedly saved many ships of our last convoy, the Distinguished Service Medal is awarded you. You will please name a date convenient to yourself on which troops may be paraded at a ceremony during which medal and honors will be conferred."

The second letter contained a check on a New York bank. It was from Commander Tubby, U. S. N.:

"Our agents intercepted radiogram from sub flotilla to enemy headquarters indicating attack upon convoy of food ships which recently entered Rivende safely under cover of bubble screen generated at Mauvais Storage Depot. The inclosure is from the officers and crews of twelve ships concerned, and will be awarded, at your discretion, to the individual directly responsible for creation of screen."

The general fixed the date for formally accepting the Distinguished Service Medal and wired his reply to the letter from G. H. Q. covering that subject.

He summoned his adjutant and issued an order for an investigation to discover the individual responsible for the creation of the soap-bubble phenomenon.

He sat back in his chair and lighted the cork end of a cigarette. "That's that. Sure glad that flood wasn't a D. T. party. Sure had me guessing for a while—never can tell about these French drinks and the rotten whisky you get over here."

As far as Lily was concerned, she was thriving a million on a gypsy's career, but on the fourth day of his wandering the Wildcat was ambitious for arrest and a fixed future which included rations and a warm place to sleep.

"Bein' wild an' free is all right mebbe—but Ah likes mah rations reg'lah. Dis ramblin' business suits me 'bout like a bustin' headache suits a woodpeckeh. Us needs rations. When does us eat?"

A keen-eyed M. P. solved the Wildcat's problem: "Lemme see your pass."

"Ain't got none. Mean' dis mascot ——"

"What outfit do you belong to?"

"Fust Service Battalion—dey's at Mauvais."

"C'me on. Casino f'r yours."

At the Casino de Cuivre the Wildcat, penned up with a hundred other prisoners, ate heavily for the first time since he had left Mauvais.

"Rations sho' is noble!" he grunted. "How come I crazy enough to leave ol' Cinnamon an' de kitchen stove. Kain't no mo'n kill a boy nohow, an' 'at beats stahvin'."

"Keep him," the Wildcat's captain telephoned in reply to advices concerning his prodigal's capture. "Kill him—if you will oblige me that much. I'll send the charge sheets in by mail this afternoon. A. W. O. L. is only part of it. That nigger's good for a million years if he serves time for everything against him."

The charge sheets missed the afternoon mail on account of a strenuous poker game into whose vortex the Wildcat's captain was drawn immediately after lunch. Thereafter from one day to another the Wildcat gradually faded from the captain's mind—except when the captain was just on the point of falling asleep at night.

Then came a great day, upon which hostilities ceased with the signing of a scrap of paper. When the news of the Armistice reached the ears of the Wildcat's captain that gentleman did some heavy work via the cables to Washington. As a result his name was on the first list of the fortunate ones designated for immediate return to the United States. An order issued relieving the Wildcat's captain from field duty. It directed him to report to the embarkation officer at Grubert for assignment to the first available steamer sailing for New York.

Deloused, if any, and delighted, the captain languished for long days in the embarkation camp.

"What the hell does 'available steamer' mean?" he demanded one day.

A disappointed and overworked field clerk in the transport office voiced an insubordinate but perfectly accurate reply: "It means that West Point has the right of way. You'll leave here about two months from now. You're a reserve officer, aren't you?"

It was then that the Wildcat's captain began to feel alone and to miss the faithful black hands of his Wildcat servant.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of a perfectly hot day six regiments of the A. E. F. stood at rigid attention while General Bore and a dozen other officers inspected them. Facing the troops and a hundred feet distant from their front ranks there stood massed on the parade ground at Cantatrice a disorganized mob of soldiers and spectators. Prominent in this mob was a group of brunet prisoners from the Casino de Cuivre detailed that morning for the duty of policing the parade ground previous to the inspection and the subsequent ceremony.

The Wildcat standing well in the center of the group of fellow offenders held tightly to the collar of Lily the mascot.

"Turn Lily loose, Wil'cat, and see kin he graze hisself some grass."

"You-all want some grass, Lily?"

The Wildcat released the mascot. For a little while Lily stood still, nibbling delicately at the turf, and then she essayed a short march to the right and left.

An order barked suddenly from the center of the troop formation across the parade ground. Marching importantly down the line followed by a group of perspiring officers came General Bore and three other officers of equal rank. The group halted in the center of the line of troops.

Another series of orders exploded in the heated air and the soldiers did various things with their rifles.

"Attention!"

Some general was speaking. General Bore protruded his chest to receive the medal that testified to his distinguished services.

Everybody stood still when General Bore began to speak.

"I am not unaware," he began—"I am not unaware of the fact that the great honor conferred upon me is but a compliment to every man in my command."

Everybody stood still. Everybody, that is, except Lily. In the mascot's brain there suddenly awakened memories of a midnight kick! Oh, hated voice!

"You have served well and nobly through the long days of this great struggle, and every man of you from the quartermaster corps to the engineers can be proud of the fact. May I not ——"

"Bla-a," Lily interrupted.

"May I not then, as one of the ——"

Lily shifting to the high covered the hundred feet in three seconds. She aimed at the speaker. She followed through and kept her head down, and she made a par.

General Bore absorbed the shock of the mascot's weight, but the point of impact was low—too low to add luster to an overpolished military dignity. The general in revolving touched lightly on the back of his neck. His spurs described concentric silver arcs in the sunlight. The somersault accomplished, he landed heavily on his feet like a Swiss Sweater in the second act. His pose was that of a giraffe gazing deeply into a desert spring.

Presently all except the younger soldiers regained enough self-control to come back to an approximate attention.

Lily escaping cleverly into the crowd became the center of a mob of admiring protectors.

"Rally roun' Lily! Screen dat goat! Save 'at mascot! Rally roun' 'at fo'-legged TNT!"

An elaborate investigation covering the origin of the bubble screen fixed the responsibility upon Vitus Marsden, colored, Fust Service Battalion, A. E. F.

Attached to the original report of the Department of Criminal Investigation was a memorandum from which General Bore discovered that the hero languished for the


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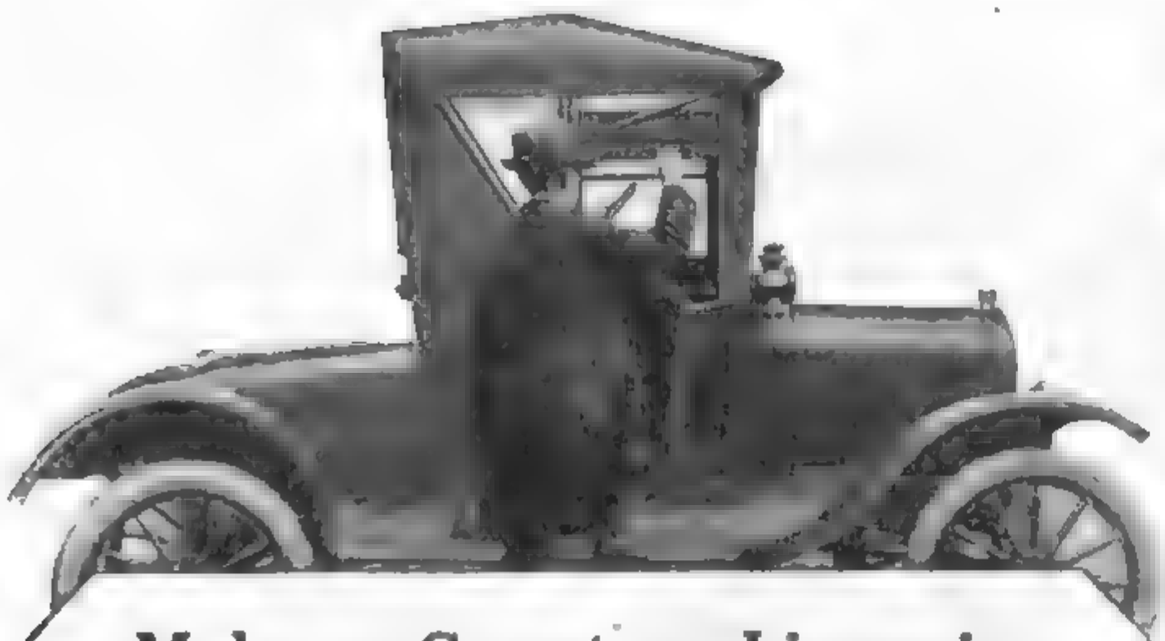

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moment in confinement, paying an indeterminate penalty of servitude for an undiscovered offense.

The general summoned his adjutant.

"Have this man brought in here—Vitus Marsden, private, colored, First Service Battalion. They've got him at the Casino."

The Wildcat left Lily in charge of his fellow prisoners and made his way under guard to the general's headquarters, via the automobile patrol driven by a speed king by the name of Roberts. "'At boy sho' kin ramble!"

"Delivering a prisoner under personal orders of the general," the guard explained to the orderly in the outer office. "Vitus Marsden, the Military Wildcat, they call him."

Presently, alone with the commanding general of the base, the Wildcat began his story:

"'Ceptin' foh galloping a couple o' risk cubes wheneveh Ah craves action Ah's neveh busted no reg'lations fah as Ah knows." The Wildcat could look honest, by straining himself.

"Crapshooter—that's it, is it?"

"Gin'ral, some calls it that."

"Do you ever lose?"

"Gin'ral, hahdly eveh! Boy in Memphis showed me once neveh to ace, dooce o' twelve; ginally Ah 'cumulates strong."

The general gazed out of his window over the roof of a vegetable market for a minute. Then suddenly he gave the Wildcat a match.

"I sentence you to a hundred years in jail," the general said. "Each one of these five cigarettes is ten years—and each one of these ten matches is five years. Your stake is one five-year match. Shoot out your sentence."

"Gin'ral, yessuh. Is you'all got de bones?"

The general, it appeared, had no dice in his personal equipment. That fact established the Wildcat felt free in the emergency to fish his pet gallopers out of his left shoe.

"They neveh talks 'less they's on a blanket. Neveh talks on wood."

The general moved back from the center of the rug spread on the floor of his office. "Go to it."

"Whuf! Shoots five yeahs! Fade me, white boy—lemme see, dast you!"

The general kneeling opposite the Wildcat threw a match upon the rug. "Shoot," he said.

"Cubeb babies, whang! Seven, saw de bars! Shoots ten yeahs!"

"Roll 'em." The general threw a cigarette beside the two matches on the rug.

"Jail breakers, speak to me. Ah, nines. Slow death! Five an' fo' Ah craves. Ramble, you rattlin' risks! Whuf! Dey reads six-tray—'at's nine. Ah lets it lay. Shoots twenty yeahs; Mil'tary Wil'cat neveh lost yit. Fade me, white boy, is you crazy?"

"I'm crazy," the general announced. "Let 'm ramble." He threw two cigarettes upon the rug.

"Bam! An' Ah th'ows a six-ace clean th'oo de ol' jail do'! Shoots it all."

"Forty years," the general said. He covered the bet. "Shoot 'em."

"Fo'ty yeahs!"

The Wildcat hesitated. He picked up the dice and rolled them gently between his perspiring palms.

"Gen'ral, whah at is dis yeah jail?"

"We'll pick a good jail—roll 'em."

"Lady Luck, at yo' feet. Lily—stan' by me! Li'l' jail bustehs, ramble! Wham! An' Ah reads six-five; 'leven, fr'm de Lawd. Gin'ral, how much does Ah owe you yit?"

"Twenty years."

"Shoots twenty yeahs—whuf! An' Ah th'ows five. Ace an a fo' opens de do'. Whah at, ace-fo', is you? Th'ee an' two—Lady Luck. Wham! An' Ah fives!" The Wildcat got to his feet. "Gin'ral, suh, kin Ah go now?"

The general sat back in his chair and regarded the Wildcat without answering. He rang for his adjutant.

"Discharge and immediate transportation to point of enlistment for this man. He has it coming to him."

The general reached into the top drawer of his desk and brought out a thick package of bank notes.

"This is a navy prize awarded you for saving a convoy with that soap-bubble screen. Good work—good-by—good luck."

Twenty minutes later en route to an embarkation camp from the Casino de Cuivre the Wildcat, his arm about the neck of Lily, the mascot, began to realize the first few details of the good luck which had suddenly hit him.

"Lily, how come?"

Three days later the Wildcat leaned against the rail of a steamship about to sail for the U. S. A. Beside him chewing heartily on an expensive cigar stood Lily. The Wildcat's vacant eyes ceased dreaming suddenly and focused upon a familiar figure ascending the stage plank.

"Cap'n, suh," he called, "how come you ketched dis boat?"

The Wildcat's former captain looked at him.

"Boy, what in hell are you doin' here?"

"Cap'n, Ah's headed home. Lemme have yo' coat an' 'at valise. Ah's a casual."

"So am I," the captain said. Memories of long weeks of waiting in the embarkation camp suddenly settled upon him. He turned to the Wildcat.

"Come down here and fix up my stateroom."

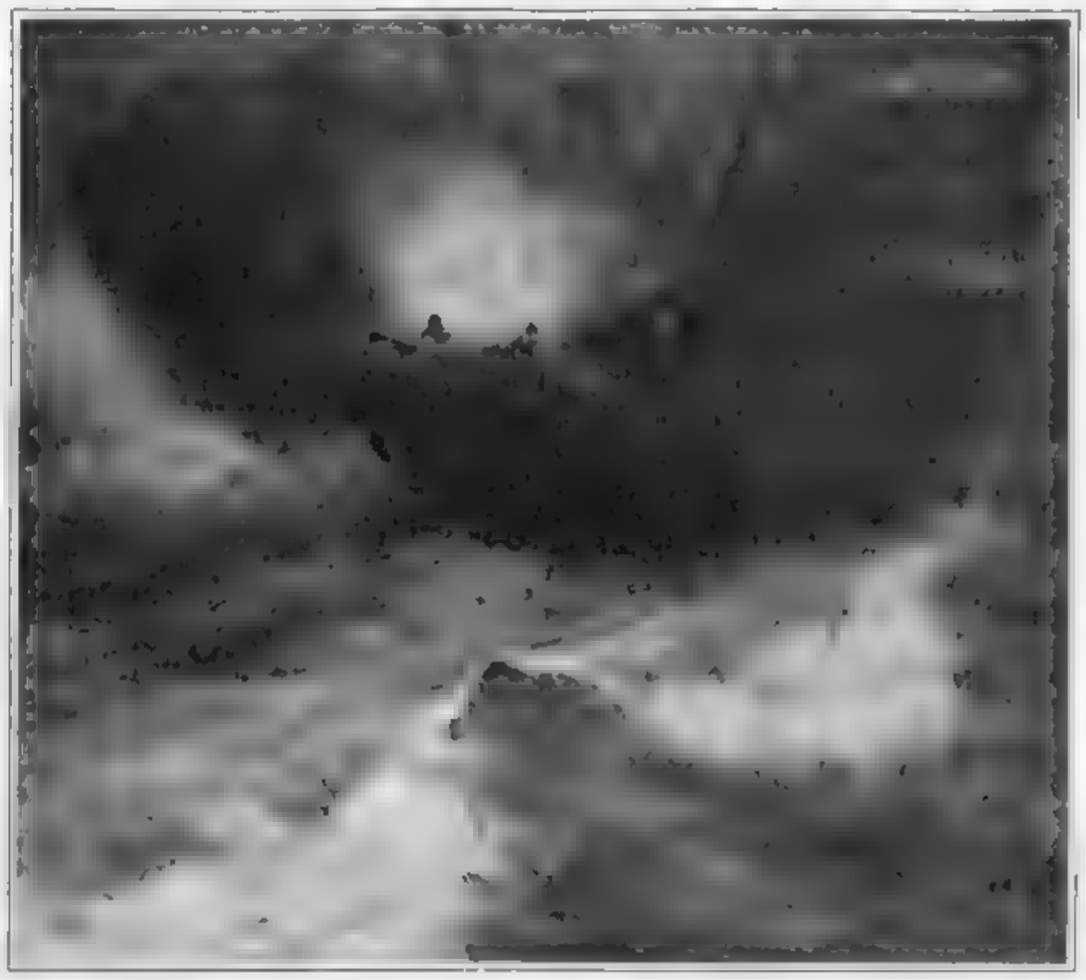
"Cap'n, suh—kin I take keer you goin' home?"

"If you don't," the captain said—"if you don't I aim to kill you whenever I get time."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat explained it all to Lily, the mascot:

"Me an' Lady Luck plays de same game. 'At's how come us headed home."

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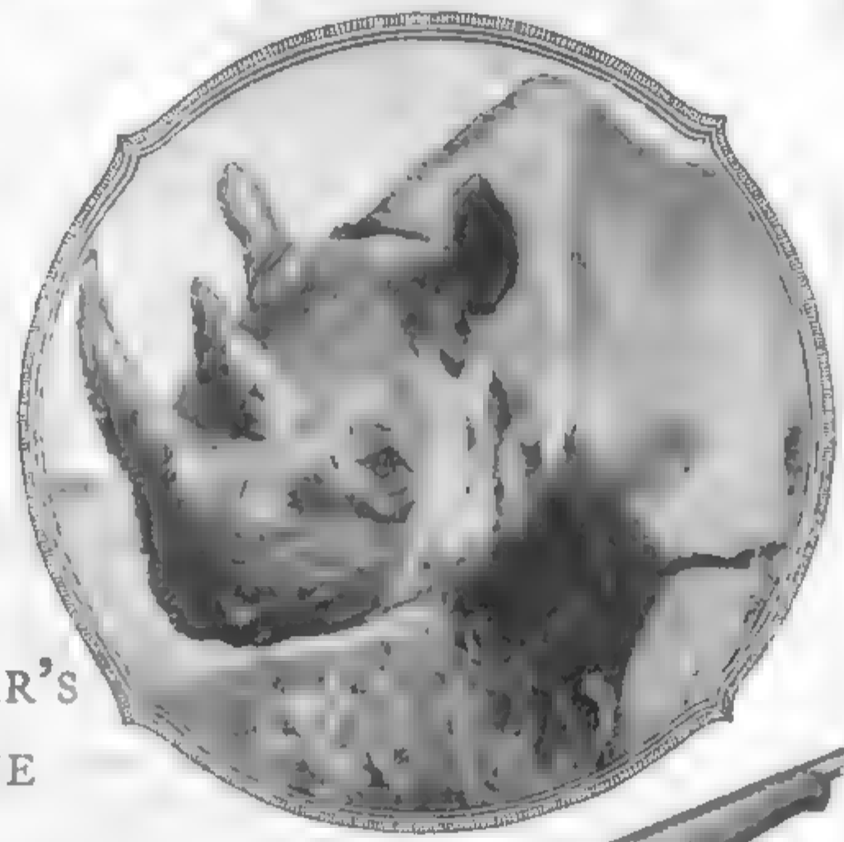

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Mr. Cottar has killed a number of charging rhino with his little .250-3000 Savage rifle. He has learned to expect it to kill them.

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# THE HAPPY SPENDERS

(Continued from Page 17)

dollars a year, had on the highest-priced clothing. She wore:

| | |
|---|---|
| Coat | $150.00 |
| Dress | 35.00 |
| Shoes | 12.00 |
| Hat | 15.00 |
| Stockings | 3.00 |
| Gloves | 2.50 |
| | $217.50 |

She made her own underwear.

A stenographer at $1220 a year wore the cheapest outfit. She had on:

| | |
|---|---|
| Suit | $25.00 |
| Shoes | 17.00 |
| Hat | 11.00 |
| Stockings | 3.25 |
| Underwear | 2.75 |
| Gloves | 2.25 |
| Total | $61.25 |

A teacher making the same salary—$1220 a year—had on $180.75 worth of clothes. A stenographer at $1620 a year wore clothes costing her $133.50. The head stenographer at $1800 a year had on $192.55 worth of stuff. Another stenographer at $1400 a year had on clothes that cost $102.40. A clerk at $1120 a year paid $100.50 for what she wore. None of these girls had on stockings that cost less than $2.25 a pair. Most of them were $2.75 to $3.00 a pair. None of them wore a hat that cost less than ten dollars and only one had a hat that cheap. The others paid $15 to $18 for their hats.

### What Women's Clothes Cost

When these figures were brought in to the man who had made the inquiry he sent his woman investigator out with these instructions: "Go out and buy yourself an outfit of clothes proper for your daily work. Come in and let me see how you look and tell me what you had to pay." The girl went out and bought these things:

| | |
|---|---|
| Suit | $55.00 |
| Hat | 7.50 |
| Blouse | 3.50 |
| Petticoat | 3.00 |
| Underwear | 5.00 |
| Stockings—lisle | .85 |
| Shoes | 13.00 |
| Gloves | 1.75 |
| Total | $89.60 |

So my friend fixed upon $89.60 as a fair average price for which a working woman in an office can get an outfit. But he was rather unsettled that night in his opinion that he had found a secure standard. He was taking his wife to a movie and telling her of the experiment he had been conducting. She began to mumble and count on her fingers.

"Why," she said, "all the clothes that I have got on only cost $45.50."

So the great question of what a woman's clothes ought to cost is as yet unsettled, but it is perfectly clear that an outfit for a woman working in an office ought not to cost $217.50. It may help you to work out the problem for yourself if I set down here in detail what I have just summarized:

| Occupation | Approximate Salary | Amount Spent | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Teacher | $1100 | Suit | $45.00 |
| | | Shoes | 10.00 |
| | | Blouse | 7.00 |
| | | Stockings | 2.60 |
| | | Gloves | 3.00 |
| | | Total | $67.60 |
| | | Wore last year's hat and petticoat. Made underwear. | |
| Teacher | $1220 | Dress | $35.00 |
| | | Wrap | 29.50 |
| | | Hat | 10.00 |
| | | Shoes | 8.00 |
| | | Stockings | 2.25 |
| | | Gloves | 3.00 |
| | | Petticoat | 8.00 |
| | | Underwear (homemade) | 13.00 |
| | | Total | $108.75 |
| Stenographer | $1620 | Suit | $86.00 |
| | | Hat | 18.00 |
| | | Shoes | 10.00 |
| | | Stockings | 2.25 |
| | | Underwear | 9.00 |
| | | Gloves | 2.25 |
| | | Blouse | 7.00 |
| | | Total | $134.50 |
| Stenographer | $1220 | Suit | $25.00 |
| | | Shoes | 17.00 |
| | | Hat | 11.00 |
| | | Stockings | 3.25 |
| | | Underwear | 2.75 |
| | | Gloves | 2.25 |
| | | Total | $61.25 |
| Head Stenographer | $1800 | Dress | $35.00 |
| | | Hat | 18.00 |
| | | Shoes | 16.00 |
| | | Stockings | 2.00 |
| | | Petticoat | 6.00 |
| | | Underwear | 11.75 |
| | | Gloves | 3.00 |
| | | Veil | .80 |
| | | Fur | 100.00 |
| | | Total | $192.55 |
| Stenographer | $1400 | Suit | $55.00 |
| | | Hat | 16.00 |
| | | Shoes | 9.00 |
| | | Stockings | 2.25 |
| | | Petticoat | 6.00 |
| | | Underwear | 6.45 |
| | | Gloves | 2.95 |
| | | Blouse | 5.75 |
| | | Total | $103.40 |
| Clerk | $1120 | Suit | $50.00 |
| | | Hat | 15.00 |
| | | Waist | 8.00 |
| | | Underwear | 11.50 |
| | | Petticoat | 5.00 |
| | | Hose | 2.50 |
| | | Oxfords | 7.50 |
| | | Gloves | 1.00 |
| | | Total | $100.50 |
| Clerk | $1000 | Coat | $150.00 |
| | | Dress | 35.00 |
| | | Shoes | 12.00 |
| | | Hat | 15.00 |
| | | Stockings | 3.00 |
| | | Gloves | 2.50 |
| | | Total | $217.50 |
| | | Made underwear. | |

Now, suppose we compare what these girls were actually wearing at work with what working women have agreed is a necessary expenditure for clothes. The highest minimum wage thus far achieved for women through legislation has recently been granted women workers in the District of Columbia. Merchants must pay not less than $16.50 a week to any woman in their employ who has had seven months' experience. The saleswomen in making their fight for an increased wage drew up a budget of their actual necessary expenditures. This was verified and found to be true for the great body of them. This is what they found they must have:

| | |
|---|---|
| Suit | $35.00 |
| Coat | 39.50 |
| Waist | 2.00 |
| Hat | 5.00 |
| Shoes | 10.00 |
| Gloves | 2.50 |
| Stockings—lisle | .60 |
| Petticoat | 3.95 |
| Underclothes | 5.00 |
| Total | $103.55 |

### Who Are the Spenders

These working girls of Washington proposed to have one suit every two years at $35.00 and one coat every two years at $39.50. They allowed for two wash dresses in summer at $8 apiece; two summer skirts at $2.50 each, and a real dress-up dress at $29.50 every two years. This estimate of expenditure is not really an estimate at all but a summary of actual expenditures of girls employed in merchants' shops in Washington.

By the way, when these saleswomen were negotiating with their employers and the Minimum Wage Board one of the girls reminded one of their managers that a few years before she had worked at his store for $3.50 a week and when she asked for $4 was told she could go. She is now being paid more than $25 a week. The incident is indicative—if nothing else.

Now, who are these happy spenders? Where do they come from? Where do they get the money to spend so lightly and without asking prices at a time when most people are undoubtedly pinched? I think I have found out where a good many of them come from. When the war began there came with it a great demand from the European governments at war for all manner of manufactured materials. This demand steadily

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increased. As we went into the war it became insatiate. Every sort of mill and manufactory was going at top speed. Prices for labor went up steadily from the very beginning. Men and women both began to shift from the lower-paid employments to the higher paid. They left clean-handed jobs to take dirty-handed jobs. It was widely remarked upon at the time how clerks in dry-goods stores and insurance offices and haberdashery shops and all sorts of retail stores were leaving their clean, soft-handed fifteen and eighteen dollar a week jobs to go into shipyards and munition factories and what not and do manual labor at from six to ten dollars a day and in some cases even higher.

There was the same shift among women workers. Women who had light, clean-handed jobs—stenographers, clerks in shops and offices, manicurists, hairdressers, beauty-parlor employees, and all that sort of thing—found they could get work in shops and mills where the work was dirty perhaps, but paid double and treble what their old jobs had paid them. They shifted naturally. Then there came to work at the same time literally hundreds of thousands of women who had never worked before, or who had perhaps worked a little bit at odd times to make pin money but who had never fully supported themselves. These women were the wives and sisters of officers and men who went into the Army, or they were women who lived at home and wanted to do something useful during the war, or they found the cost of living going up and did not wish to reduce their domestic standards and so went to work to earn a little money on the side to keep things up as they had been before the war.

The war not only made it respectable for women to work and washed away whatever social differences might have attached in some conservative communities to working women but it made working fashionable for women. They permeated the whole field of industry. I have been going over a rough sort of survey of an inquiry made among several thousand factories and I find that in virtually every one of them the number of female employees has greatly increased. There was a notable jump after the second draft. I believe it is true that hardly an appreciable number of women who went to work during the war have become idlers again since these restless days of so-called peace have come upon us. A dozen women have said to me—women with husbands and comfortable homes—"I will never be idle again. I was never so happy as since I have had a job. I like to have the money to spend and I like the sense of being occupied."

### *The Shortage of Teachers*

So here we have a great number of people, men and women, who have changed the nature of their employment and gone into industry because of the larger wage being paid people who work with their hands. They are everywhere. They are making more money than they ever dreamed of making before, and they have got more money to spend than people who have not been affected so favorably by the changed conditions. In some cases this has tended to work harm to the general social fabric, and in others it has not. I do not apprehend that any great loss would come upon the world if there was a temporary shortage of beauty-parlor specialists and manicurists and haberdashery clerks and ushers in movie-picture houses and lace-and-ribbon sales men and women.

But in one employment at least there is a shortage of competent people which is a matter of concern to all of us—peculiarly so at this juncture.

In going through the records of women who have shifted their employment since the war began and who have gone into munition plants or war work in one of the government departments, I have been struck with the number of school-teachers. There must have been nearly 10,000 in Washington alone, women at work for the War Risk Insurance Bureau, the Housing Corporation, or the Food or Fuel Administration, who quit teaching at six or seven hundred dollars a year and came to Washington to work at from $1000 to $1440 a year. They are working in factories too. Many of them have not gone back to teaching. Some of those in Washington, I found, were taking courses at various colleges there while keeping on with their work for the Government. They were preparing themselves to do better work and get higher pay as teachers when the opportunity offered to go back to teaching. Meantime they were holding onto the higher-paid jobs

Inquiry discloses that the condition has become alarming from the viewpoint of those charged with the management of school systems all over the country. The National Educational Association addressed an inquiry to every county and district superintendent of schools in the United States. The information sought included the actual shortage of teachers at the opening of schools in September, the number of teachers below standard who had been accepted in order that vacancies might be filled, the relation of salary increases to the increased cost of living, whether or not the number of teachers under twenty-one years of age has increased and whether or not promising young men and women are being attracted to teaching as in the past.

The replies already received to this inquiry indicate that the total shortage of teachers in the United States must be about 38,000 and the number of teachers below standard approximately 65,000. In other words, something more than 100,000 teachers' jobs in the United States are either without teachers or else supplied with teachers who are admittedly unqualified to teach, measured by the standards of the localities in which the schools are situated.

### *A Premium on Handwork*

Of 1512 superintendents, 1430 report that teachers' salaries have not been increased in proportion to the increased cost of living and 1267 report that they have found it necessary to lower the standard of qualifications in order to supply teachers. Virtually all of the superintendents report that the number of teachers below twenty-one years of age is increasing. Many report that their rural schools are being taught largely by young girls without professional training. The average annual salary paid teachers in this country last year was $630.64. No class of workers for the railways, not even the section hands, but what receives from 107 to 500 per cent of the average salary paid teachers. Hod carriers earn from one and a half to twice as much; head bakers, carpenters, glaziers and printing-machine tenders earn twice as much; wire men, lathers, blacksmiths and machinists earn about two and a half times as much; and bricklayers, plumbers and structural iron workers earn about three times as much.

In the present unsettled condition of an imperfect world the person who can work with his hands is for the moment at the top of the heap. The whole world wants material commodities, wants increased production. Money is plentiful—too plentiful. The general stock of money in this country increased from August 1, 1914, to January 1, 1919, from about three and three-quarter billion dollars to a little more than seven and three-quarter billions, an increase of more than 100 per cent. We are lush and dripping with money—at least some of us are. And those who have it want manufactured articles, though we haven't enough to go round.

But this condition, which is necessarily only temporary, is no reason for forgetting there are people who earn a living with their heads, for after all the human beings with minds, the brain workers, have justified their existence. We cannot entirely eliminate the throbbing old bean, and certainly we can't drive all the teachers into making parts for cash registers or adding up columns of figures for the War Risk Insurance Bureau. The generation that comes on after this war, which has so wrenched and racked the world, will have its hands full. We who have been through the war will not be able to complete the job of reconstruction. The children who are now growing up and in school deserve a better fate than to be taught by inexperienced, incompetent teachers or go partly unschooled for lack of teachers.

We are talking and working and spending money at this minute to Americanize the United States. We discovered to our chagrin and amazement when the test of war came how many passengers we were carrying in the national boat, a great undigested lump and mass of people who could not read or write or who did not know English and who had not the faintest glimmer of a notion of the spirit and ideals and qualities of our national institutions.

*(Concluded on Page 185)*

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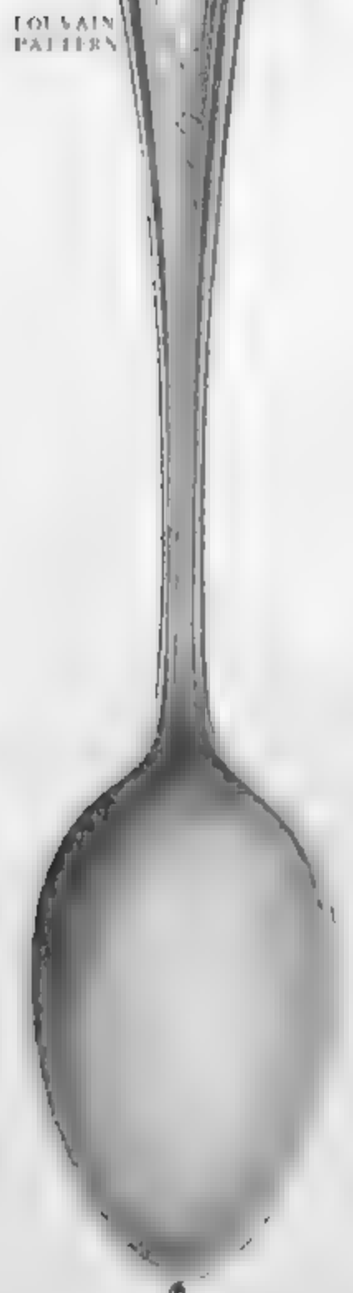

LOUVAIN PATTERN

THE housewife today should make certain that everything she purchases possesses quality. Articles of uncertain quality may have to be replaced later at higher cost. Only the best is a good investment.

This is particularly true of silverplate, in which "beauty" easily may be only skin-deep. Your guide in purchasing should be the reputation of the maker, identified by the trade mark. Look for the trade mark.

When you find "1847 Rogers Bros." on the back or bottom of a piece of silverware you can be sure it is the same brand that has been tested and found worthy for over seventy years—a longer test than that of any other silverplate.

The patterns are not only attractive, but with many of them it is possible to get Coffee and Tea Sets, Trays, etc. This harmony in design, desired by every woman, is, in fact, a feature of the 1847 Rogers Bros. brand.

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*The Family Plate for Seventy Years*

(Concluded from Page 182)

They were not a part of us. They did not belong. They did not feel any responsibility for national welfare. They did a day's work for a day's pay and let it go at that. That lump is not to be broken up and that situation is not to be changed save by education. With the cost of living what it is, as we have already found it, we can't get men and women to do educational work when they can't get a living wage out of it.

It has been discovered that the two jobs women dislike most are domestic service and working in laundries. When the demand came for women workers to replace men in industry and in all sorts of jobs after the war began, among the very first to change their occupations were the domestic servants and the women employed in laundries. This was true both in England and in the United States; nor have the women been willing to come back to these jobs since the war ended. There is still a shortage and a demand for them even at increased wages. They don't like the hours and they don't like the work and apparently they would prefer to do almost anything else. Many schemes and plans have been suggested to relieve the domestic-service situation, but none of them has as yet proved successful or alluring enough to attract any great number.

### The Berlin Agreement

Even the passive domestic servants in Germany have demanded new working conditions. What the German servant is willing to do and call it a day's work will interest the American housewife and fill her with a hopeless longing. The new arrangement was reached in a characteristic German way. In Berlin a board has been established, consisting of representatives of housewives' and domestic servants' associations. This board has drawn up a model form of domestic-service contract to be signed by both parties before an engagement is concluded. The following are the chief points in the model:

It states exactly the kind of work to be done, the number of persons in the household, the number of rooms, the number of floors in the house, and provides that remuneration shall include lodging, adequate board and a monthly wage of — marks, to be paid on the last day of each month. For a beginner a minimum wage of 15 marks—$3.57—a month plus 5 marks—$1.19—high-cost-of-living bonus is proposed. These figures are based on the pre-war value of the mark. The domestic servant must be registered with the proper local sick fund and the legal deductions must be made from the pay for invalidity and sickness insurance.

The contract specifies in detail whether washing, carpet beating, coal carrying, window washing, floor polishing, and so on, are to be done. Information as to the servant's household experience and education and training is asked.

The door of the room assigned to the servant must be provided with a lock and key, and the room must have a bed for his or her exclusive use, a window opening into the outer air, a wardrobe, washing appliances and a towel. There must also be means for heating the room. Where heat cannot be provided, another heated room must be available for the servant during his or her spare time.

Where there is a bathroom in the house the servants must be permitted to use it, or else they must be granted time and money to have one bath a week outside.

The daily period during which the servant must be at call shall be as a rule thirteen hours, of which two hours shall be free for meals and other purposes. After 7 P. M. the servant shall only be liable to perform current work, such as getting supper, preparing bedrooms, opening the door, and so on. Washing, ironing and scouring are not to be undertaken after that time. Any work done after 8 P. M. on account of visitors or parties must be paid for extra, the overtime rate to be 50 pfennigs—11.9 cents—an hour for work done up to 10 P. M. and 75 pfennigs—17.9 cents—an hour for work done after 10 P. M.

In cases of sudden illness of a non-infectious nature in the household the servant must be ready to perform work outside of the regular working hours. The servant may, however, decline to care for and attend a person afflicted with an infectious disease and to clean the utensils required for his care.

The servant shall be given leave every other Sunday after 3 P. M., and each week one free afternoon of at least four hours after 4 P. M. shall be allowed.

The servant shall not leave the house without notifying the employer. Girls under eighteen years of age must return on week days not later than 10 P. M. and Sundays on which they have leave at a time to be agreed upon. For adults the hours of return on week days is left to agreement with the employer.

No deductions shall be made for household utensils accidentally broken.

After one year's service the servant shall be entitled to at least one week's leave with full pay and suitable allowance for board. This leave is to increase by one week for every two years' additional service up to a maximum of three weeks.

Two weeks' notice shall be given on leaving the service or on discharge.

Instead of the service pass book hitherto prescribed, testimonials are to be produced by the servant if required. These shall be returned when the servant begins to work.

If disputes arise while the contract is in force they are to be settled by an arbitration board consisting of an equal number of representatives of housewives and servants.

I ask you, Mrs. American Housewife, wouldn't you like to have a cook and a housemaid and a waitress on those terms?

Here is a curious thing that investigators of the high cost of living have discovered: The average percentage of expenditure for food decreases as the income increases. The percentage of expenditure for rent and for fuel and for light also decreases as the income increases. On the other hand, it has been found that the average percentage of expenditure for clothing and for miscellaneous items increases without exception with the increase of income. The happy spenders are responsible for that. They are going out into the shops and buying not only more clothing and higher-priced clothing but all the little gewgaws and nonessentials that they have always longed for and never been able to buy. They do not spend more money on the table than they have to. They spend a smaller proportion of their income for food than ever before.

### The Only Way to Lower Prices

Notwithstanding this decreased proportion of the increased income spent for food, the unemotional Bureau of Labor Statistics notes in its dry-as-dust professional manner: "Much interest has always been displayed in this subject, and since prices have been rising so rapidly this interest has become almost passionate." This Federal agency has recently made and just published the result of an inquiry made in 91 cities throughout the United States to determine the annual average cost of food for families with incomes from $1200 to $1500. It was found to be $511. The largest sum, $624, was spent in Fall River, Mass., and the smallest sum, $427, in Savannah, Ga.

On June 15, 1919, the cost of 22 articles of food was 14 per cent higher than a year ago. The comparison was made on these foodstuffs: Sirloin steak, round steak, rib roast, chuck roast, plate beef, pork chops, bacon, ham, lard, hens, flour, corn meal, eggs, butter, milk, bread, potatoes, sugar, cheese, rice, coffee and tea. Onions and prunes, which were not included in this list, increased 133 per cent and 53 per cent respectively.

It is clear enough that this sort of thing can't go on forever. It must stop somewhere. It is absurd in a great country packed with richness and plenty that we should not have enough for all. We can, if we will only work and save. Normal conditions will return with normal production. Scarcity of commodities caused by underproduction is the opportunity of the profiteer.

Men and women who produce things—food or clothing or furniture or any other necessity—who deliberately restrict their output are punishing themselves and their kind. They make the opening and the opportunity for the profiteer who gouges them. Great prosperity is not a license for extravagance. Until production becomes normal, economy is more necessary now than it was during the war. Don't buy what you can't afford. That is the only way to bring prices down. Stopping work won't get us anywhere. High wages are no help if the cost of living is higher. Work and Save! Don't be a happy spender!


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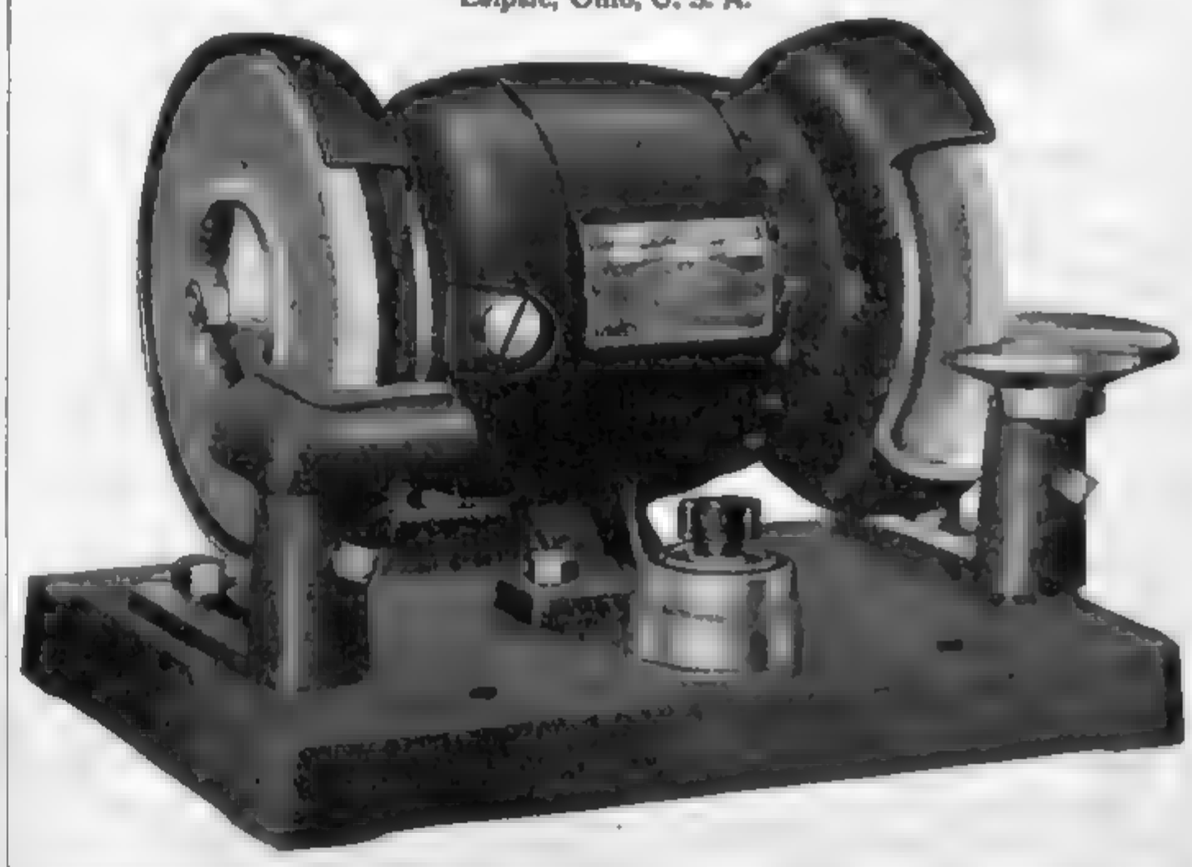

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# THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 5)

"See those thatchings," he went on; "all dinky and quaint and beautiful and full of mice and worse things, hot in summer, cold in winter, flaring like tinder if a spark drops. See those vines climbing all over, making those houses so smartly pretty and dark and dank and clammy. No slate roof, says squire. No vines cut down, says squire. The village must look pretty to him, and quaint, and old-fashioned, when he chooses to ride through it."

Young Lingard was greatly struck by this new view. He glanced down the street. "It looks too good to be true," he admitted.

"It's sham, humbug!" the young man cried. "That cottage, and that, and that," he pointed, "have been condemned by the sanitary authorities. They're falling to pieces. Their walls reek, but they can't turn the people out on the street and heap their bits of sticks on the roadside, for there's no place for 'em to go. So when the old uns get rheumaticks the squire sends liniment. When the kiddies get sore throat the squire sends a gargle. And these fools are grateful. The women curtsy, the men touch their hats when the squire chooses to ride through his village. Keep wages down. Keep 'em humble. He has 'em in his fist right enough. 'Take my wages or out you go!' And so when the squire rides through his village it is cheap as well as beautiful."

He stopped abruptly in front of a cottage. "No vines there," he said. "A slate roof all dry and tight inside and out. Water piped in from the well; no carrying a hundred yards from a standpipe by the roadside. Two pigs down at the end of the garden behind. Wooden floors; none of your ragged old stone floors in there. New door and window sills, keeping out the drafts."

He flung back his head.

"The man who lives there," he said, "owns his house. He's beholden to none. He can sell his labor where he will. He can buy his own liniment and his own gargles. And he don't touch his hat, and his sister don't drop any curtsies."

Hearing approaching horses they glanced up the street. He of the sledge hammer promptly presented his back to the roadway. "The squire rides through his village," he said.

Young Lingard watched with eager interest. The girl with the racket passed with a casual, unrecognizing glance. The squire, very erect, with a soldier's seat in the saddle, drew up, glancing from the sledge hammer to its holder.

"Turle," he said abruptly, "if you take the usual methods about the right of way you will meet an unusual defense."

The young man wheeled, twirling the hammer as though it was a light shillalah. "Colonel," he answered, "the monks from the abbey made that path in 1312."

But the squire had gone on.

"What is the usual method?" the boy cried, looking with eager eyes after the retreating figures.

"This." Young Turle laughed and patted the sledge hammer. He touched his cap. "That's in a friendly way to a Yankee," he said. Then he bolted into the house.

Young Lingard saw the old man Turle peering from the attic window, anxious-eyed, troubled.

He walked on fast, in hope of another glimpse of his Lingard relatives. The oak door was just opening to them as he came to the tree, and the girl chanced to drop her tennis racket. Roger went over and handed it to her.

"Thank you for not hitting me with it," he heard himself say. He was astonished at his own audacity.

She flushed crimson again, but her voice was cool, her words deliberate. "Would you mind handing it [illegible]" She pointed within and rode after her father.

Roger dropped the racket and turned angrily away. "Over home," he thought, "if we're mad we say so, and get it over. Over here they put themselves on ice and you bark your knuckles against the blocks."

Beneath the oak, smoking a brier, sat a graybeard whose kindly face and indolent, drooping shoulders were an invitation to gossip. This village schoolmaster, contented with one hundred and sixty pounds a year, and a garden and small orchard that supplied everything, including strawberries, asparagus and Cox's orange pippins, had but one complaint against life: he had not enough people to talk to. An ardent, inquisitive American boy, attractive of face and very pleasant in manner, had but to say good evening; the fountain spouted and the stream of talk flowed on evenly.

This village, it appeared, not being in the direct road between important centers and being some miles from a sleepy little market town, was almost untouched by the modern spirit.

The great house fathered the lot. A thirty-shilling gift at harvest; as much cider at hay and harvest time as they liked to drink—and some drank two gallons a day; a goose at Michaelmas; a brace of pheasants after a big shoot; rabbits almost all the year round; a hare now and then; coal and blankets at Christmas; a clothing club to which mothers contributed sixpence a week; the amount doubled at Christmas by the Lingards and children's clothes bought wholesale and distributed at cost; rare old port for pallid wives; stout from the grocery for nursing mothers; a midwife from Castlechepe when babies came; a doctor without charge to such as could not pay; wood at will for those who chose to gather; spectacles for astigmatic children and the old.

"Splendid!" the boy cried when the schoolmaster paused for breath. "It's like a fairy tale. They have everything!"

The graybeard nodded. "Everything," he corrected, "except a living wage, modern houses and freedom."

"Mighty important exceptions," said young Lingard, sobered; "but surely all this costs more than a living wage."

The philosophic schoolmaster admitted this, but explained the pleasure of being boss of your own countryside, of playing Lady Bountiful and of receiving gratitude. No Lingard, he said, knocked at a cottage door. They walked straight in. That was one of the traditions. No cottager could continue to live in the village if he did not work for the squire, or on one of the farms rented from the estate, or on the roads in the parish. No cottager or farmer could take in a summer lodger. The Lingards did not want people from the towns roaming about. No girl who had gone wrong could stay or come back; though, to be sure, that had not happened in fifteen years. No farmer could fence with barbed wire; that interfered of course with hunting. Economical as it would be, no farmer wanted to use it. They were a sporting lot and liked to see the hounds coming their way. Foxes got a lot of fowls of course, but housewives seldom sent in a bill to the hunt fund; it wasn't thought exactly sporting. When they did their accounts were promptly settled.

"All this," young Lingard said, "is mighty interesting. It's so different. You've summed everything up for me, all the things I've heard."

"You're going on soon?" the schoolmaster asked, a little perturbed.

"Oh, yes. To Stratford-on-Avon."

"All Americans go there. You mustn't quote anything I say, of course."

"Oh, no!"

The boy eyed the speaker; so free speech was denied too. He looked from artless eyes and asked casually if nobody in the village could be independent. The philosophic schoolmaster, happy in such a listener, fell immediately.

There was a most interesting illustration, he explained, of the effect of economic independence. There was one family that owned its house. The result was freedom in choice of occupation. A young man had been apprenticed and had only just returned as a highly skilled machine fitter. He was working in Castlechepe on marine engines and had been a student of economics in the Oldport night schools, was a hot trades-unionist, a firebrand, bringing modernism to the village and reviving a hereditary feud with the great family.

The schoolmaster chuckled and knocked out the ashes from his pipe.

"Yet his grandfather takes tips," the boy blurted out.

The schoolmaster stared. "Those eyes of yours see a lot," he said, surprised.

"He looks such a fine old man," the boy stammered.

"He was independent, self-respecting," said the schoolmaster. "When he got too old to work he sunned himself here under this tree and let tourists photograph him. He never takes tips when villagers are about. He never takes more than five shillings a week. I've watched him for five years. He's an old man with a bee in his bonnet. He doesn't need that money. He doesn't spend it. His grandchildren know nothing about it. He pouches it. Why? Just that sum; just about the weekly rent of that house of his."

The schoolmaster meditatively refilled his pipe. "I've often wondered," he continued, looking up the street with a speculative air and smiling. "That family is what it is because it has owned the house; and what if that foundation is sand? It would be irony."

The schoolmaster chuckled. The boy began to comprehend.

"He ran away from me," Roger said; "but he's not afraid of all Americans."

The schoolmaster nodded and struck a match, but it burned unnoted, for young Lingard added: "I spoke to him straight. I only asked his name. I wonder if he's afraid of someone from the United States coming to look for him."

"You're a clever people, you Yankees," the schoolmaster cried, flinging a match from a singed finger.

The boy laughed. "You make it all so clear," he said.

The schoolmaster, obviously troubled, pledged him again to silence, and asked if he was staying at the Boar's Head.

Roger heard the name with pleasure. He fingered the ring he wore, the sole heirloom that had descended to him. In its seal was cut a boar's head, the crest of the Lingards.

"Yes, I'm staying there," he said.

"Not a word there," the schoolmaster cautioned. "Charity Turle is barmaid."

"A barmaid?" echoed the astonished boy.

"Yes; and a very good one too, with her quick hands and her superior education. She's as ambitious as her brother, and just as much of a firebrand in her way—suffragette and all that. Oh, they're a pair."

A woman bartender—his cousin. What would his father say to that? In his community a man who distilled or brewed or sold or dispensed alcoholic liquors was shunned and despised.

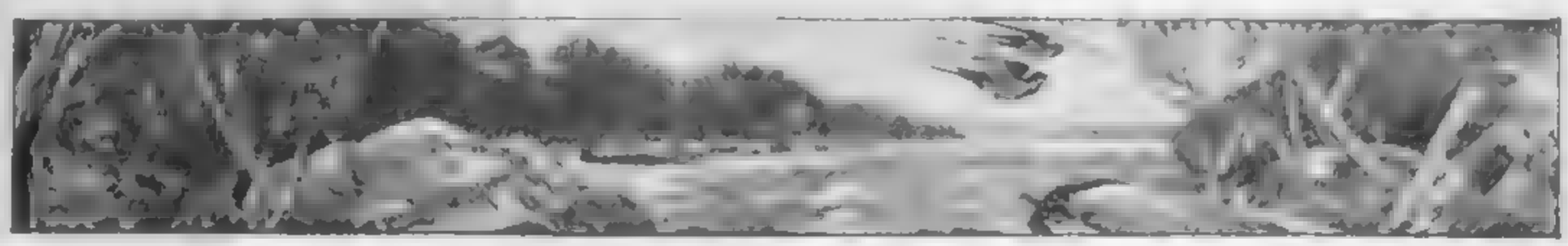
"It's time I went," he said. "Don't mind if I've guessed too much. Not a word to anybody, I promise. I say, I've enjoyed your talk. Thank you. Good-by."

He hurried to the motor cycle which had stood for hours against the park wall, but he saw the racket lying where he had flung it.

"A spoiled kid," he thought, and took it into the turnpike house. He rushed away, eager to see a barmaid.

The Boar's Head he found was the leading inn. He pushed his motor cycle beneath an arch into a cobbled court in which stood enough vehicles to prove that a good many farmers were making a long day of it in town. He entered the hotel through a back door and found a small window like a ticket seller's looking into a bar. There was a barmaid too. He saw the top of her head.

(Continued on Page 189)



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***And our favorably located factories (there is one near you) are prepared, with large press capacity, to handle any size order with speed.***

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## United States Rubber Company

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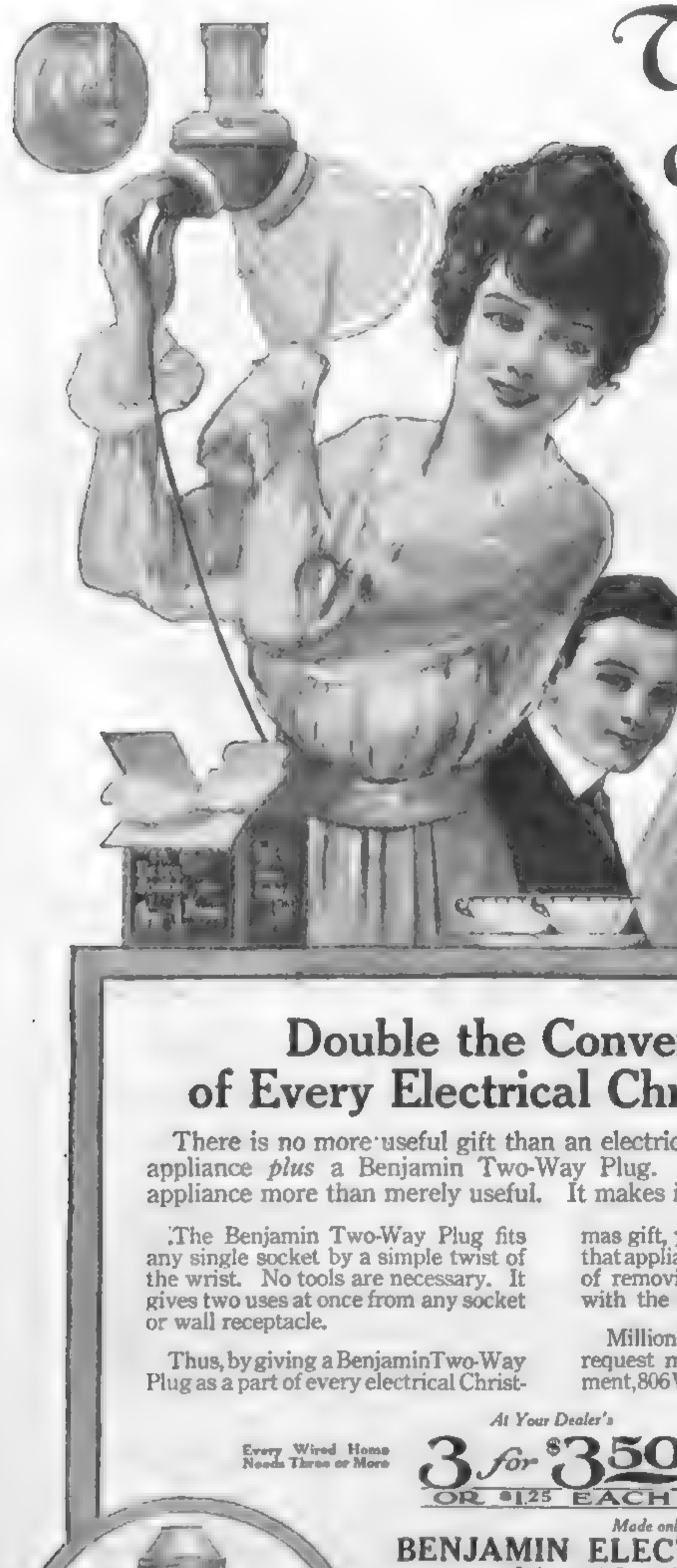

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**BENJAMIN**
Makers of Things More Useful

(Continued from Page 186)

Her hair was very fair and thick and smooth. She was bending far down. One hand was lifting a bottle from a cupboard, the other was lightly rubbing her face. She slipped a small white cloth into a small open box of white powder which stood on the shelf beneath the counter. He had never, so he thought, known a girl who powdered, and he was pleasantly thrilled. It was all just as he had expected.

She straightened suddenly, but not quickly enough to catch him watching this swift, exciting secret operation. When his eyes were again turned toward her she was opening a soda-water bottle with extraordinary dexterity. He was greatly disappointed. She looked just like any girl, except that she was more attractive than most girls.

It was the oak tree over again. Imagination had transcended possibilities. He had vaguely anticipated mysterious, fascinating wickedness, hidden yet obvious, alluring yet repelling. He had never seen a barmaid. He had twice been in refreshment rooms in railway stations, but had never thought of the girls there except casually as waitresses.

She turned and smiled pleasantly on him. "Well?" she asked.

He flushed a little, a trifle embarrassed.

"I'm looking for the office," he answered. "I thought I'd locate here for a day or two."

She smiled, then bit the tip of her tongue.

"I'll give you Room Number Twenty-one," she said. "We get lots of you Americans here."

"How do you know I am an American so quick?" he asked.

"Because only Americans 'locate,'" she mocked with a laugh. She pulled a hooked iron bar that led up the wall. A bell jangled. A man came.

"Number Twenty-one, boots," she said. "Show the gentleman up; or are you going up now?"

"I thought I'd like some supper," Roger answered.

She glanced at the clock. "There's a table d'hote on at half past seven. It's a little late for tea, but you could get some in the coffee room."

"At Avonmouth," he answered, laughing, "I got some coffee in a tea room."

"And you're lucky not to get a bed in a billiard room," she bantered. "We're almost full up."

"

"HOT joint's not on yet, sir."

"But I can have some supper?"

The waitress, whose large starched bow spread like cherub's wings behind her head, glanced at the clock and showed surprise.

"A thick tea, perhaps, sir?" She saw that he did not understand. "A high tea?" she translated. Still he looked puzzled. "A knife-and-fork tea? What you fancy, sir. Cut for yourself. I'll order the tea."

The sideboard was too solid to groan; it was mahogany all through, a survival of the time when the Bristol Channel had almost the monopoly of West Indian commerce and mahogany was used as we use pine. It held a great round of boiled beef, an enormous sirloin roast, a ham, a steak-and-kidney pie, a saddle of mutton and a large cheese.

Roger Lingard had been in England only twenty hours, but this was his third encounter with such an enticing bountiful array. It pleased the eye, made his mouth water and gave him a jolly impression of a land of comfortable plenty; but it troubled him. He could not leave any one of these noble viands in the ordered neatness of preceding carvers; he could only mangle and hack.

The steak-and-kidney pie saved dignity, and was found succulently satisfactory. He did not know that an Englishman who came in to order dinner shuddered violently at seeing him drink tea with it. He did not like the tea, but nobody seemed to know about coffee.

As he ate he reflected on his busy day. Two girl cousins, peaches for looks—one velvet crimson, the other with cream; one high up on the bough of a family tree on the other side of an inaccessible wall, the other—he chuckled as he logically pressed the metaphor—on a plate, all sugared, just asking to be eaten. The one had welcomed him with a blow—almost a blow, anyhow; it was meant, if not given. The other, friendly, smiling, had acted as though she was really glad to see him. How different she was from room clerks at home. He called her a room clerk now, you perceive; and that is the word that would appear in his letter to his father.

He talked to the waitress, that he might ask about Charity Turle. His ardent interest met more than the usual response to curious American tourists, for youth, simple manners and good looks get results both in bar parlor and coffee room. Miss Turle was very popular. She never put on any airs. She was not likely to do as most of the young ladies behind the bar did—marry a farmer; though she had walked out three or four times with Mr. Ryker, and that was foolishness, for he was really a very jealous gentleman, and of course it was her living to be pleasant to everybody, and it was interfering with her bread and butter for a gentleman to stand there looking glum when she was laughing and talking with other gentlemen, and Miss Turle was not the kind to put up with that for long. Mr. Ryker?

A bell jangled in the hall and called the waitress away. Roger hurried, delayed, hurried again. The moment was approaching. He had a delightful sense of sin. He was about to enter a barroom and face a barmaid. In previous vacations he had no more than tramped over strange states and worked on strange farms. Of cities he knew little, of girls less. He had kissed one in final farewell under an apple tree in a Vermont orchard the summer before; that was the cherished limit of romance. He had hardly seen the inside of a barroom and had never tasted liquor, wine or beer.

At last he folded his table napkin, rose with a slow dignity, descended the stairway with stately deliberation and entered the bar with head held high. His cousin Charity was busy, but she flung a smile and a welcoming nod.

He sat down among farmers at a little table and watched her.

She was alive all over. When a farmer asked for a pint of mild and bitter she pulled one handle of a beer pump and then another, and handed over a shining tankard with creamy foam oozing over. When another asked for Scotch and a split she made a quick move of her hands, and soda-water bottles exploded with cheerful little pops.

"Say when," she would call out as she divided the soda between the two whiskies, and the farmer would lift a finger and she would stop pouring. She had a pleasant, cheerful word for everybody. She collected shillings from some, ninepences from some, tanners from others. When a customer asked for stout she poured the dark-brown liquid with such deft art that only about a third went to foam. Young Lingard had never seen stout and did not know how hard it is to pour on a hot day. Some of the older farmers called her "Missie"; the younger men said "Please, miss"; one said "A horse's neck, Charity"; and another ordered "A gin and peach, please, Miss Turle."

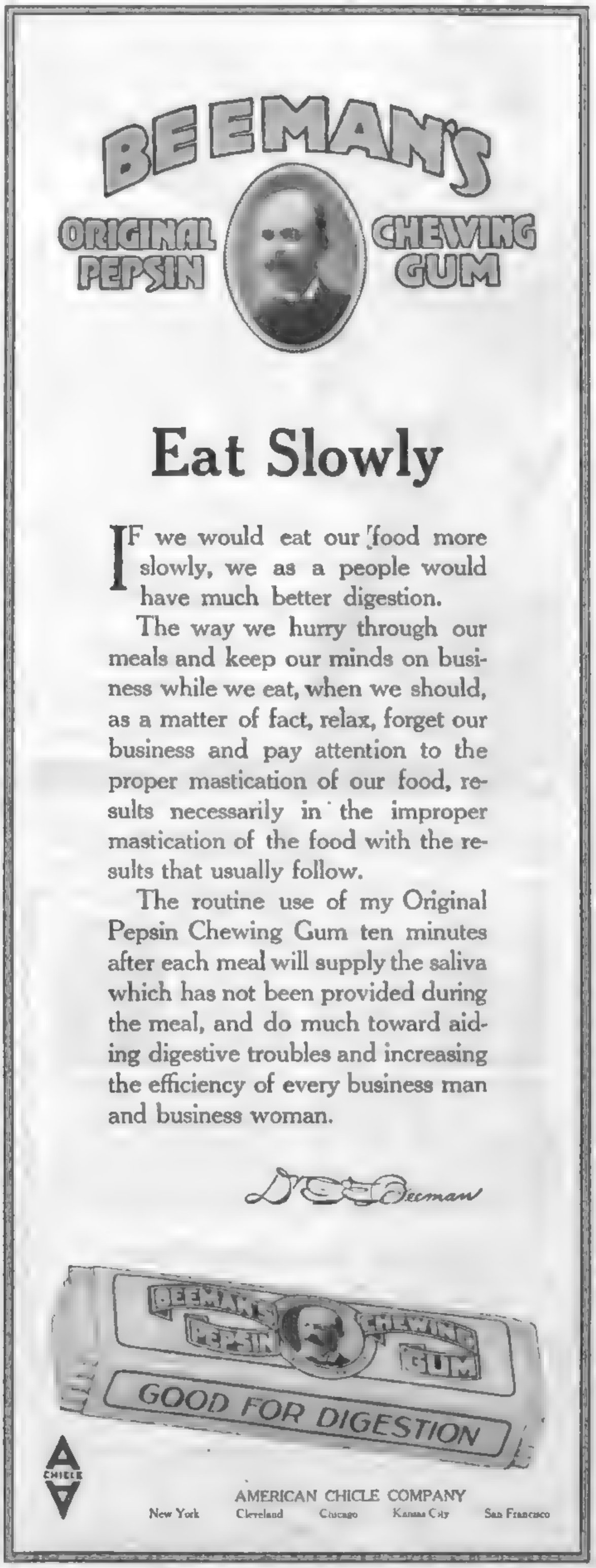
She was taxed to the limit of her unusual abilities, for more came than usual, and men drank more, for war between Austria and Serbia seemed possible. They talked much of this, and of holding on to their wheat, which one thought would surely go as high as a hundred shillings a quarter.

"Here's to a hundred a sack!" another cried, lifting his glass. "I shall sell mine before Christmas," he added. "It'll all be over by then."

Roger thought that Harun-al-Rashid had nothing on him. That Caliph of Bagdad had only looked on at life generally; he had never had a chance, unsuspected and unknown, to talk to his own relations. The boy felt so high an exhilaration that it was attractively expressed in face and manner. Farmers flung a second glance at him; Charity looked his way when the chance offered.

Roger was Number Twenty-one to her; he was determined that that should not last. His name was ready—Kellie Hill. He thus honored his native place in California, Mokelumne Hill; but he made it pronounceable. He thrilled with the sense of utter freedom. The last tie was cut. He vaguely regretted that the bar was so jolly comfortable and snugly respectable that even his father must enjoy it and approve. He was not even shocked when a farmer's wife, telling her husband that the trap was ready, stood at the little window outside and drank a glass of port.

At last Charity was free. He went over and asked for a cigar. She shook her golden head and leaned confidentially forward.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"They'd all be too dry for you," she said; "and, besides, we can't keep them in condition. Damp one day with the moist weather; dry the next; how can we? Is your room to your liking?"

"Yes, thank you. Of course if you can't recommend them ——" He swept his hand largely, brushing inferior cigars into limbo. He had not smoked a dozen in his life.

"No American gentlemen like them," she confessed. "What will you have?" She showed white regular teeth in her cheerful smile.

He was stumped. He did not know what to order.

"We've no ice," Charity said, "and I don't know how to mix one, but if you'd like a dry Martini I'll give you the makings. Come round."

"I can't either," he admitted with honest candor. "I've never even tasted one." He flushed a little as she drew back, put her hands on her hips and stared at him from mocking gray eyes.

"Your name is George Washington!" she exclaimed. She leaned forward and murmured that he was the first of his race to admit that there was anything he could not do.

A man came striding in, turned an emphasized back on young Lingard and said: "Miss Turle, I haven't got but a minute. I'm sorry—beastly luck—it's off for to-morrow afternoon."

The girl stood up straight and looked at this newcomer with combat in her eyes.

"Why, Mr. Ryker?" she said.

Roger recognized the back of his antagonist of the morning, and understood that it was aggressively meant for him.

"The colonel's orders."

"But what orders?" she persisted.

Steady glances met, then the man answered slowly: "Some job; he didn't say."

The girl bent down. "Oh, very well," she said from the depths.

The bottle that she had sought flew open with an expressive bang and she poured its gurgling contents into a tall glass. One touch of her hand to a lever, and a tap spouted amber liquid into the tumbler.

"Lemonade and a dash," she said, smiling on Roger Lingard. "You asked for that, didn't you?"

The man turned sharply. The boy as he slowly drank the pleasant mixture looked over the rim. It was so deliberate a performance that a couple of farmers noted this long-drawn, challenging exchange of glances.

Bickley Ryker at length turned a frowning face to the girl, then stalked out of the room.

Young Lingard put down his almost empty glass. "I was thirsty," he said.

Charity Turle looked at him with a slight puzzled frown on her forehead. "You're a stranger here, aren't you?" she asked, a little troubled.

"One day in the place. I wanted to go through that big park. He stopped me."

"Oh!" Her exclamation was sharp.

The boy nodded, interested in her sudden flush, in the quick, angry flicker of her attractive eyes.

"Say," he asked, "isn't there any way I can see that park?"

Charity seemed to be considering this question. "I think I could help you," she said at length. "It's my afternoon off to-morrow. I'm going home that way."

"Fine!" young Lingard cried. "And you'll let me go with you?"

"I'll show you the way," she answered.

A little later he tore himself away to write to his father. In his letter he spoke of the pauper labor of Europe, of paternalism on estates, of the astounding gap between landlord and tenant—in short, he unconsciously quoted the schoolmaster. He incidentally mentioned a Lingard girl and a Turle girl. He had talked to both of them, but had not yet made up his mind to claim relationship; things were different over here.

In the morning at breakfast he found an envelope by his plate, addressed to Number Twenty-one. Two negatives and two prints dropped out. One was of a girl on horseback coming out of a gate and a boy standing just by her side gazing up at her with unbridled admiration. The second was of the girl crashing a tennis racket on the head of the boy.

"Two ladies left it," the waitress explained. "They seen you here last night and said as you would understand and they was much obliged. They've gone on."

"Fine!" Roger exclaimed.

He studied the photographs all through the meal. Serene or angry, Miss Lingard was a peach!

He went searching for the county clerk's office and ended in a place where a man, from different signs on the outside, appeared to be clerk to everything but the county: Clerk of the Peace, Clerk to the Board of Guardians, Clerk to the Magistrates, Clerk to the St. Dyfrigs Estate, to the Water Company, to the Bridge Company; he was staggered to learn from a young man—he could not see the principal—that there was no registration of deeds, and that when you bought real estate you got a brand-new parchment, and all the other parchments from successive owners back to the time people learned to write—a whole trunkful, he gathered, sometimes. How to know, then, if people held property to which they had no right?

"Sue them," was the answer. "Get a court order to make them disclose title."

Treasured hours had been wasted in this search. He had only twenty-eight more days and he had sixty-one places besides London on his list, including Cornwall and Edinburgh. He must leave in the morning. He had only ten minutes to spare for Charity after an early lunch. He found her alone in the cool shaded bar, where wandering breezes slipped through the outside shutters and sometimes fluttered the petals of the great bunch of sweet peas that stood on the counter. He saw cigarettes and bought them as an excuse for his presence and looked with significance at the red roses in the belt of her long blue apron.

She smiled and shook her head, but she took out a spray of the sweet peas and pinned them in his lapel.

"I grew them myself," she said. She became suddenly serious. "It isn't quite"—she hesitated—"well, an ordinary walk this afternoon."

"I know," he answered, laughing. "It's extraordinary. It's with you."

She flushed a little. "The right of way ——" she began.

"I'll be back here at four," he cut in and hurried away.

As he went up Castlechepe's street he saw Miss Lingard in a governess cart outside the door of a small store. He dismounted from his motorcycle and raised his hat while she looked at him in frowning, incredulous surprise and lifted the reins as though to drive away.

"Your tennis racket is in the old tollgate house, Miss Lingard," he said.

She jerked her head in silent, pretended thanks. She was wearing a tam-o'-shanter and the end of it bobbed with her abrupt, indignant movement.

"I've got this for you," he continued companionably. "It's very good of you; not so good of me."

She scowled, but he grinned cheerfully and handed her one negative and one print.

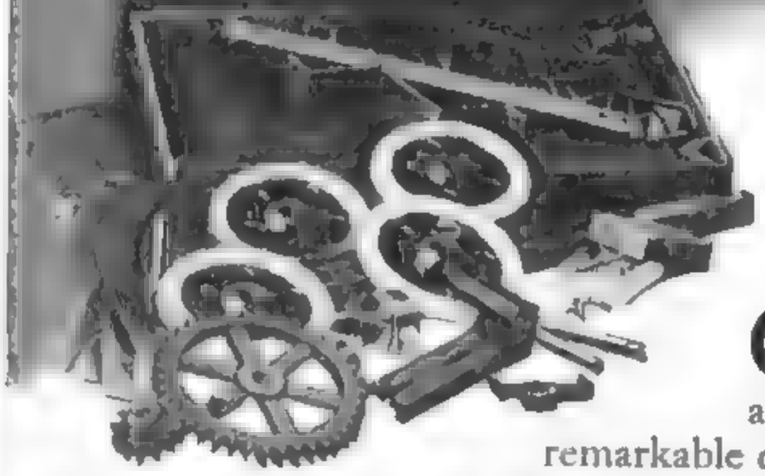
"Thank you," she choked, glaring at the picture, then at him.

He smiled. He thought he saw—he could not be sure—a little twitching of that short, arrogant upper lip. If so it was the pale shadow of the ghost of a smile. She tore the picture and the negative into fragments and dropped them into the street.

He lifted his hat again and passed on, thinking what she would look like if she saw that other picture snugly hidden in his pocket. He was not going to give that up, not he. He was going to label it "Cousin Dorothy's welcome" and hang it on his wall at home. "Cousin Dorothy—Cousin Charity." The words beat a rhythm in his ear. It was this cousinship, and his imminent departure, that gave him such unexpected resource with the two of them. He was a shy boy masquerading on a wonderful holiday; and shyness, too, wore a mask; and one girl thought him impertinent, and the other considered him a jolly good sort, older than he looked.

At St. Dyfrigs he went straight to the home of old William Turle and walked right in through the hall into the front sitting room. Charity's sweet peas were there too, and a strange mixture of solid old oak and thin, graceful Chippendale and inlaid Sheraton. He was impressed, pleased by the room, so cheerful, so richly furnished in its jumbled medley. He scanned the color prints on the wall, ignorant that they were now of great value, but attracted by their charm. He saw, framed, the marriage certificate of Roger Lingard and Charity Turle. This was indeed a discovery. It forged the one link necessary to complete the chain. His father had armed

(Continued on Page 193)



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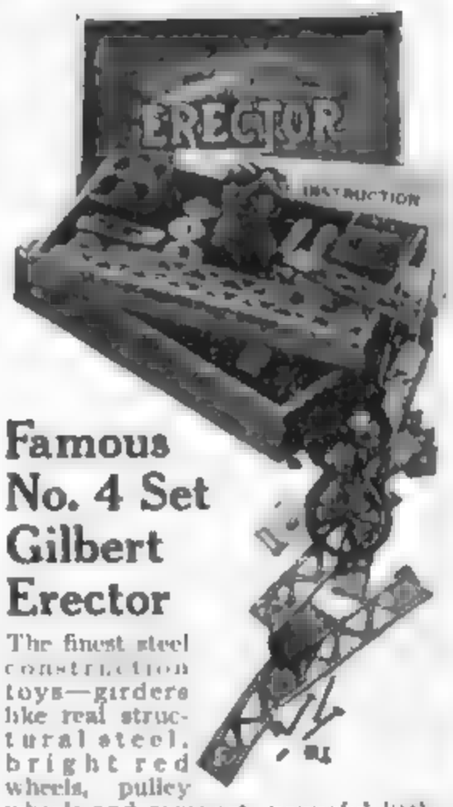
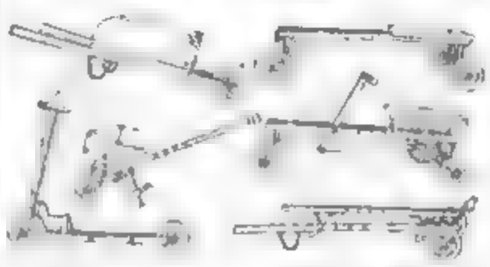
What boy is there who wouldn't be supremely happy building strong, speedy, finely painted wagons, coasters, gliders, speedsters, etc., with the crackerjack Gilbert Wheel Toy set shown above? It's the greatest outdoor boy toy of the last twenty years. Any boy can build these toys, with only a screwdriver and a wrench for tools.




**Famous No. 4 Set Gilbert Erector**

The finest steel construction toys—girders like real structural steel, bright red wheels, pulley wheels and compact, powerful little electric motor to run the toys, elevators, cranes, etc., the boy makes with the set. A great boy teacher and fun giver. Price $6.00 (Canada $9.00) Other sets $1.50 to $25.00 (Canada $2.25 to $37.50). Book of instructions with each set.



**Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy**

The crackerjack $10 set (Canada $15) is illustrated above, with some of the fine toys which can be made with it. It contains gears and pinions to make the geared speedster shown in the picture. Other sets at $6 and $15 (in Canada $9 and $22.50).

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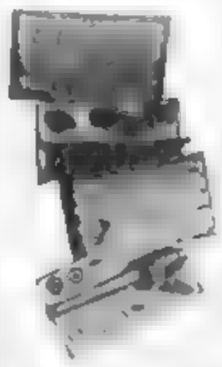

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*Alfred Gilbert*

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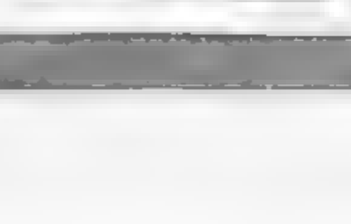

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THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE

(Continued from Page 190)

him with certificates of all the American marriages and births—"just in case, you know." English people were cautious and relatives might want proof before giving an enthusiastic welcome; and there were the estates in chancery. If he stumbled across either he need only produce his papers and take possession in his father's name. He studied the certificate—clear, clean, evidently under glass since 1845; the marriage had been celebrated in the Church of St. Mary de Lode, Gloucester.

He heard a faint metallic clink and felt the vibration of the floor under a heavy, silent foot. He saw from startled eyes old William Turle stealing from the room. He followed on tiptoe, noting a bag on the table as he passed. Through the open door into the kitchen he saw that the old man had pried up a hearthstone and was lifting another bag. The boy stepped back to the sitting room and studied the color prints. He heard this bag deposited on the table. Silence—then a crash. He turned, to see that a blue silk handkerchief lifted from the bottom of the eight-day clock had burst, and that the list-slippered feet of the old man were buried in silver coins.

"Thee beest a Lingard?" said William Turle after a long exchange of glances.

"Do I look like my great-grandmother?" Roger asked.

"Nea, but I knew thee'd come one day. Here's thy papers. Here's thy rent. There's more." He shuffled out.

Roger studied the parchment. It proved to be a deed of the house to his great-grandmother's father for life, with "remainder over" to Charity and her children by Roger Lingard. A second paper contained an inventory of the furniture, with a declaration that it was the property of Charity, and unless reclaimed by her should be sold on her father's death and the money sent to her or to her children.

The boy glanced about him, embarrassed, troubled. That schoolmaster was certainly a wonder. Charity Lingard had certainly tied a string to everything. All this belonged to his father. And yet funny; there was something in this chancery business; an heiress after all, of silver coins begged and hoarded by a half-witted old man; of a little home. Oh, darn it, why couldn't he have left the poor old chap in peace? Still, it was a fraud.

The old man came with another heavy load.

"When did your father die?" Roger asked, trying to speak with a calm dignity.

"In the spring of 1865," William Turle answered.

"And you wrote about it?"

"Aye; about him dying."

"And got an answer?"

"Aye. My sister Charity were dead. 'Twas her husband wrote."

"Oh; and you did not remind him of this deed?"

"'Twas for him to come and get. Thee hast come. There 'tis. Five shillun a week every week come next Saturday. Near on fifty year and six hundred and fifty pound."

Over three thousand dollars; a fortune to his struggling father. And yet——

The old man came over and peered into his eyes. "Didee know?" he asked. "Didee come for it?"

"No."

"Doantee turn me out, doantee!" he cried, suddenly excited. "'Tis my need to die here, as my father done, and 'is father, and my darter-in-law, and she were a Finlay up along the Chilver Road, and my son. My grandson were born here—and Charity. 'Tis the pride of us Turles as we do own our house. Take thy money."

"My father is alive, uncle," the boy said. "I cannot say what he will do." His voice shook despite his efforts, for profound feeling was in the old man's pleading voice.

"Thee'll not tell Tom, nor Charity, as the house is not mine?"

"No, I promise that," Roger said. "I am sure my father will not sell the place while you are alive. I couldn't make him understand in a letter, uncle. Things are different over there. I'm going back soon." He looked at the oak table heaped with moldy bags. "Put it in a bank," he said. "From now on, you hear, it's rent free, so you needn't take tips."

Roger flushed red, for the old man dropped to his knees, supplicating. "Leave me to die here! 'Twill not be long." He was almost incoherent.

Roger seized the gnarled, knotted hand and supported his uncle to a chair. The latter stared vacantly at the coins by the clock, then sprang to his feet, rushed over, and began to scoop them into one of his great list slippers.

"Good-by, uncle. I'll write to you as soon as I hear."

But old William Turle only shook his head and muttered and feverishly shoveled half crowns. Roger slipped away.

At the hotel Charity was waiting. Ought he to tell her? Was a promise to a cracked old man binding? Would those coins be hidden about again as squirrels hoard nuts? To-night perhaps, after the walk through the park, he would go home with her and see what had happened.

He was proud of Charity as they went up the street together. She was vigorous and vivid, and suppressed excitement made her eyes very bright and flushed her cheeks. She was bound on an adventure. He laughed in her face because she did not suspect that he knew it; and she laughed, too, just from exhilaration; and she bowed and nodded to everybody; yes, everybody: even to the rector, labeled by his clothes. Strange—a barmaid, and everybody smiled on her.

They passed under the ancient arch of the old town gate and soon were skirting the park wall, away from the road, toward the right.

"The main lodge gates are closed," Charity said. "No use trying there."

They were soon among scattered trees—wild cherries and white birches and white poplars, which Roger thought were cottonwoods; and then they came to a fantastic dead ash, murdered fifty years before by goat moths.

"You first," Charity ordered. "I must go slow or I'll tear my dress."

The dead ash limbs made an easy ladder. She was beside him in a moment on the top of the wall. The ground rose inside and the drop was not more than eight feet. "Before you jump," Charity said, "it's fair to tell you——"

"Come on!" he cried, seizing her hand. They landed together and he would have stumbled to his knees but that Charity held him up.

"Now," she said, "we can go round by the river. The trees will hide us until we get almost to the St. Dyfrigs gate."

He laughed as he looked down over the park with its white road threading the green grass and passing in front of the house. He hummed a bar: "And ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road——"

The girl's lips parted in a slow smile as her eager eyes questioned.

"Oh, if you're game!" she cried; and they went straight down toward the road.

"It's fair to tell you," he gibed, mimicking her, "that Mr. Bickley Ryker told me that next time it would be the horsepond. If it is——"

"Did he say that?" she interrupted indignantly.

"More," he said; "he called me a cockney cooky. Now, what's that?"

She looked him up and down with appraising, mirthful eyes. "Shall I tell you?" she asked.

"Please do."

"It's a rotten slander of course—but the uniform did it."

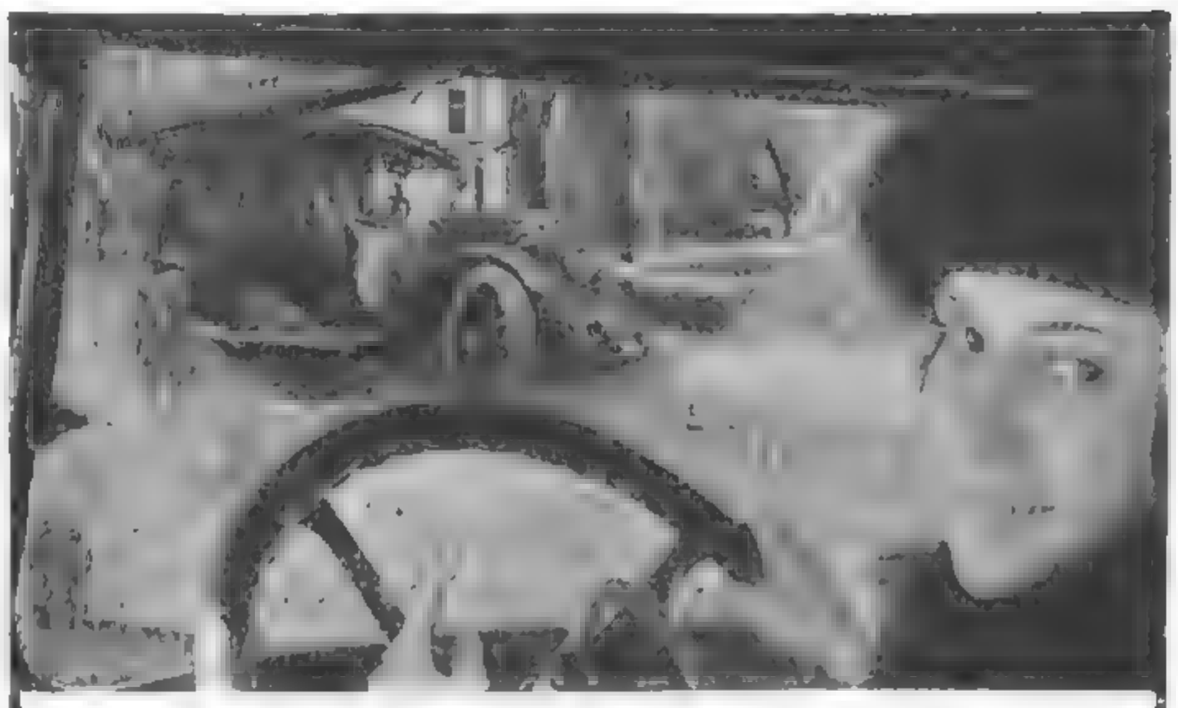
"The uniform?" He looked down at his belted Norfolk jacket, his long woolen stockings. "They told me this was the right rig; 'a proper country kit,' the man said." His manner was rueful. "I worked my way over," he went on, "so that I could buy an autocycle, and I got this suit in Bristol."

"It looks ripping," Charity consoled, "but it's the kind of thing London clerks buy ready made when they go in the country on tourist tickets."

"But why," the vexed Roger asked, "is it so disgraceful to be a London clerk on a vacation?"

"Everybody," Charity explained, "that is anybody in this country knows about the land. Clerks on holidays walk across meadows kept for mowing. They throw stones at pheasants. They mistake sheep paths and rabbit runs for rights of way, and sometimes carry away snares, peg and all, wrapped round their clumsy feet. They fling burning matches in the shade of the hayrick or on dry heather. They walk straight up to a bull and then don't know how to get away from his charge, and perhaps the farmer has to pay damages. They leave the path if it's a right of way and become trespassers."

"As we are now," he interrupted as they stepped onto the road that led to the house.

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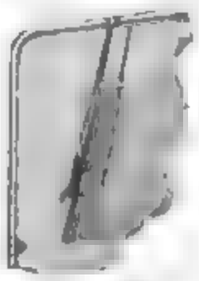

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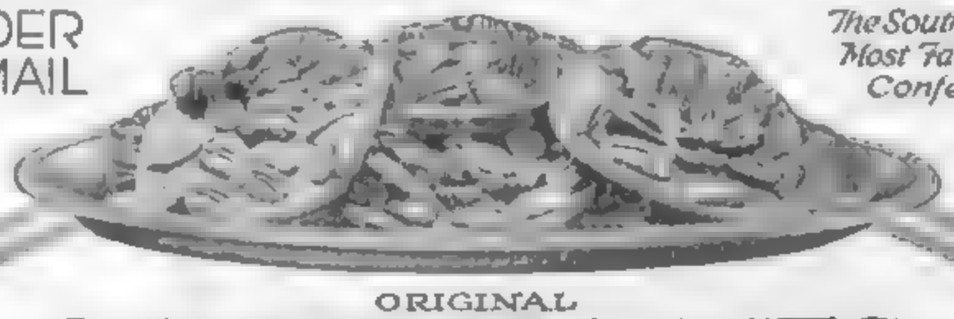

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"Until this instant we were," Charity corrected. "Whether we are now we'll know later." She laughed defiantly and glanced about. No one was in sight.

"Town people," Charity said with an accent of contempt, "call hounds 'dogs,' hunters 'horses,' say 'three' partridges instead of 'one and a half brace,' and 'catch' salmon instead of 'killing' them."

"But I should make worse mistakes than that," Roger said.

"Oh, that's different," she answered him. "We make allowances for Americans."

"You are an aristocrat at heart," he charged, absurdly nettled by what seemed a touch of patronage.

"Now don't get huffy," she soothed. "You look very nice indeed, and Mr. Bick Ryker only wanted to be as beastly rude as he could. He was a soldier, the colonel's orderly in India, and when the colonel had to chuck the army and come home last year he brought Ryker. Like master, like man." She flung up her head. "I'm done with him," she added, two little red spots flaming on her cheeks. "You can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds—not with me, anyhow."

"That means," Roger said calmly, eying her slantwise, "that Mr. Ryker breaks his engagement with you this afternoon to help the colonel take unusual means to stop usual means."

Charity checked and stared, her pretty lips wide, the tip of her tongue just visible between her teeth.

"And you invite me to see the fun," he went on, chuckling; "and it's mighty kind of you."

"Well!" Charity panted. "Well, I never!" She flushed pink. "It wasn't fair of me," she confessed. "I've tried to tell you—twice, and you wouldn't let me."

"Why tell me what I knew?" he asked. He laughed joyfully at her embarrassment. She had treated him as though he was just a boy. That couldn't get by.

"You caught me on the hop last night," she confessed, "and I was so upset about it all that I just let you walk right into it." She turned. "Let's go back," she pleaded. "I don't know what's going to happen, and I might be letting you into anything."

"The main lodge is closed," he reminded her.

"We'll go the way we came."

"That," he chirruped, "would be trespassing. And now we're on a right of way."

She glanced him over with perplexed admiration. "You are a cool one," she said. "Oh, all right; as long as you understand and don't mind."

And so they walked on side by side in silence for some distance.

"Gee, I don't know myself!" this quiet, studious boy was thinking; and indeed he was right. He stopped in front of the house a hundred yards away. Two vine-covered ells projected toward him, and the afternoon sun shone warmly on the mellowed Elizabethan bricks.

"If I had so wonderful a house I should want people to see it," he said after a long, still scrutiny.

"And what you are doing—standing still and looking," Charity answered—"is one reason why the path is being closed. I stood here last week. They were playing tennis. They laid down their rackets and went inside."

"No?" said the incredulous Roger.

"They did so, and sent a footman—he was a village boy before he went there as page, and very humorous; he said: 'Charity, will you please keep your eyes from trespassing?'"

It so annoyed this democratic American to hear that his cousin was called Charity by a footman that he missed the humor of the servant and the staggering egotism of the master.

"You knock things down when you are opening a right of way," he said as they walked on. "I guess that. And what does the other fellow do?"

"He takes names and addresses and you get a summons, and then if you prove that people have used the path for twenty years you get fined a shilling or so."

"Sounds tame."

"Colonel Lingard is not tame." Charity's eyes darted right and left now, and she scanned distant trees and shrubs. "His mother was French and she took him to France when he was a boy for his holidays. Then he went into Sandhurst, and ever since the army. Now he's had to chuck the army and settle down here. His father, the old squire, has been declared off his head by law, and the colonel is in charge. Now there's the trouble. He doesn't understand us, nor we him, and he thinks he can manage his estate as if it was his regiment."

"I see," Roger said. "I heard him say he would use unusual methods."

"There's precious little you don't hear," Charity said with frank admiration; "and you don't seem to mind what happens. Of course you won't be in the fight, but ——"

"The fight?" Roger echoed.

"Well, what else can he mean?" The battle glint shone in her eye. "He couldn't possibly bring in the police. Even he would know better than that. If he doesn't, Miss Lingard does, and she wouldn't let him. She knows."

"But why not the police?" Roger persisted, eager to get at the bottom of this novel code of etiquette.

"Can't you see?" she demanded. "It's a family affair, and no harm done. But if he has the police that's different. Tom might get a month for resisting them. The whole countryside would rise and bark at the colonel like wolves, for all he's got 'em under his thumb. No, it's not sporting. He may be a tyrant, but he's a sportsman."

The macadamized road had ceased at the house. They were in a beaten path that led direct to the distant oaken door. Charity edged away and they walked close to the wall. Trees and shrubs protected them fairly well from sight. Charity pointed. He saw half a dozen men behind some trees.

"They're on!" she said eagerly. "It's a fight right enough!"

Roger chuckled, partly at her pleasure. "Why not outside the park," he asked, "and save that old oak gate?"

"A fight on a public road's not quite the thing," she answered as she glided along from tree to tree; "and, besides, Tom wouldn't hurt that oak door. He's bringing a lot of men from his works. They're skilled men, not burglers. Look! Look!"

He saw the end of a crane projecting above the wall.

"They've pushed up a motor crane by hand," she said, laughing. "They are burning off the hinges with an acetylene flame and they will lift the door on a truck and carry it away through Castlechepe streets."

"Come!" the excited Roger said, and darted forward.

She called, but he would not return. He hid behind a tree almost beneath the summerhouse on the wall. The great door silently, mysteriously, slowly slipped outward from the top. There was a jangle of chains. The door rose in the air. An astonished shout from the defenders within, and a rush forward; an answering shout from without, and an assault en masse, and a dozen sledge hammers knocked posts this way and that; then hammers were flung aside and a dozen were at it, man to man, hammer and tongs, with bare fists.

Roger, breathing hard, unconsciously in the open, was seen by Bickley Ryker, who charged with a cry: "It's the pond now!"

Ten seconds told Roger that his assailant was no boxer. Ten more told him that his reach was the longer by at least two inches. After that it was no more than sidestepping, dodging, waiting. The chance came inside one minute.

"The pond, huh?" the boy cried as he delivered his blow. Bick Ryker crashed to the grass.

Roger was roughly jerked from behind. He shook himself free, turned and delivered a straight punch with all the force in him. He stared. A policeman sat huddled up nursing his stomach.

Young Lingard heard a sharp command: "Come up—quick!"

He ran up the steps to the summerhouse on the wall. The door was opened to him and quickly closed behind him. He was face to face, not with Charity but with Dorothy Lingard.

"What are you doing in this?" she demanded imperiously. She looked into his eyes just as she had that morning.

"I was walking through the park," he panted.

She stamped her foot and turned to look through the lattice. "You've assaulted a constable!" she snapped over her shoulder.

"He should not have been there."

"No more you," she answered rudely. "You ——" She stopped short. Her breath came quick. He went to her side and looked down.

"Roger's done it!" she exclaimed. "Good old Roger; Tom Turle's down. No—yes." She clapped her hands and laughed.

*(Continued on Page 197)*

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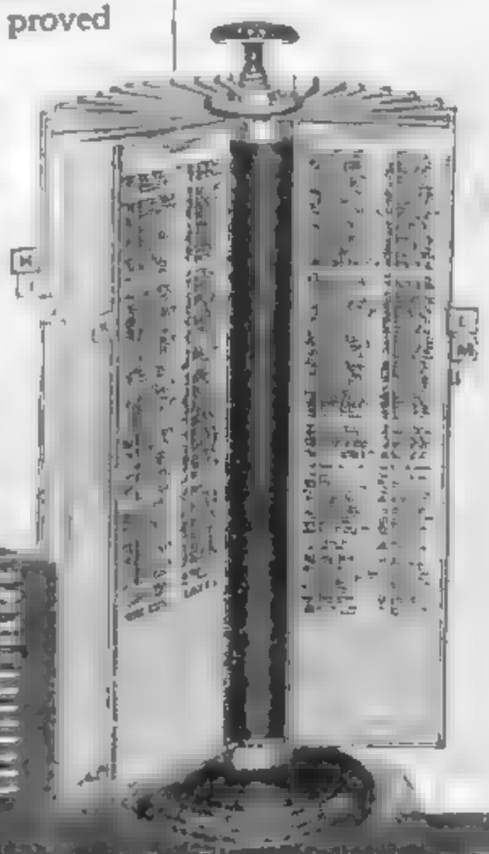

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SHOE LINING

"Red-line-in" Shoe Lining reinforces the shoe at points where the hard wear comes. It saves stockings; it saves darning. It makes the shoe wear longer. Buy "Red-line-in" lined shoes.. Look for the *red line* in the lining. *Shoes that wear longer cost less.*

# Saves stockings -*saves darning*- and a wonderful saver of shoes

A break in toe, or heel, of a shoe's lining is the *rubbing hole* that ruins stockings. The torn lining exposes the stocking to the wear and tear of rough leather and seams. A strong shoe lining saves stockings. It reduces the stocking bill. And it eliminates the darn-darn-drudgery of family mending.

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The strongest shoe lining in test, the heaviest in cotton, the most satisfactory in wear, is "Red-line-in". You will find it in shoes made by manufacturers who know that a few cents more per pair spent for lining means *dollars' worth more wear* in your shoes.

Examine the lining of the next shoes you buy. It is easy to tell shoes made with "Red-line-in". There is a RED THREAD running through the lining. It is a guarantee that your dealer is selling you shoes that will help save stockings, and save darning, and shoes that will give you better service.

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*Established 1856*

'Red-line-in'
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING

*Makes shoes wear longer*

(Continued from Page 194)

Roger on the wall looked down at Roger on the ground. He was proud of this cousin, so good with his fists. Tom was up again and they were at it once more. Roger was proud of both cousins.

A police whistle shrilled. The sound turned everybody to stone. They stopped as they were.

"And why didn't you think of that before?" the girl murmured contemptuously.

"Oh, the door's going!" She caught Roger's arm in her excitement. He put his hand over hers.

The truck rumbled off amid shouts and laughter. The whole village was there, delighted that somebody was doing what it did not dare to do.

That venerable door, carried away thus ignominiously, looked absurd. The idea was absurd. The victory of Tom Turle was complete, humorous. Roger laughed.

The girl snatched her hand away, flushing dark red all over her face, and glowered at this interloper, whom she had forgotten in her wild excitement.

"I'm a tourist," he said meekly; "I was spending a quiet day here. I help two American ladies who are held up on the highroad and am threatened with a racket and a horse pond. I walk through a park and I am attacked by a madman. And they told me England was a peaceful country."

He believed that she wanted to smile.

"You seem," she answered tartly, "to have had it pretty much your way." She looked down at the policeman and Bickley Ryker vigorously searching behind trees and shrubs. She did smile now. She looked Roger up and down.

"You know how to box," she said. "You were right; the policeman should not have been here."

She uttered this unwillingly, as though honor forced the admission. "You must wait here until dark. You must go straight away. It'll be prison, you know; thirty days at least."

"I could not spare that out of twenty-eight days' vacation," Roger answered in sudden alarm. He had no money to spare for fines either. "Thank you for calling me up here," he added.

Perhaps there was undue warmth in his gratitude. She straightened and looked him in the eye. "I should not have done it," she said with cool indifference, "if you had not assaulted the constable." She added an unnecessary supercilious sentence: "We do not want tourists to thrust themselves into our affairs."

She tumbled suddenly from her high horse. She looked frightened. Roger followed her eyes. Her father was standing at the foot of the stairs. Roger hoped that her anxiety was about himself; that would be pleasant. Her murmured words undeceived him.

"I had to see it," she said.

She fluttered a side glance at Roger. It told him plainer than words that if he was discovered with her she had more to fear. He grasped the handle. She understood, snatched his arm away and put her back against the door.

"I'm not so afraid as all that," she whispered. "You shan't surrender while there's a chance. He may not come up."

Roger leaped to the opposite shutter and pulled it open. He looked up and down the road. No one was in sight. Everybody was round the corner.

"No," said Dorothy, springing after him. "It's fifteen feet."

But he was already over the sill. He dropped into the road and landed on his feet. He looked up. She was leaning out.

"Thank you," she said. The words were hardly more than whispered and hardly more than caught. Then the shutter closed.

Roger got to Castlechepe in advance of any report of his dire offense. By midnight he was an innocent pilgrim at Shakspere's shrine at Stratford-upon-Avon. He had passed in the moonlight through part of the Forest of Arden, but as the forest no longer has trees he did not know that, and his thoughts were not of Rosalind but of Charity and Dorothy.

He was incredulous, astounded, indignant when, within a week, war came and caught him penniless; for all his money was in checks of the North German Lloyd Line, and these were waste paper. He rushed to London to find an army of fellow countrymen, placed like himself, storming the embassy. The cables were blocked; even if he could wire, his father had no spare money; and Roger was not one to elbow his way among frantic ladies to the government relief tables.

So, behold Kellie Hill, Canadian and dispatch rider, an enlisted man in the British Army, on his way to France. He called himself a Canadian because he could not be accepted as an American. He called himself Kellie Hill lest his father should trace him quickly and reclaim him as a minor.

For it was not alone an empty purse that drove him to the Front. That peaceful little village must be left in peace. His cousins lived there. Those green acres must be protected. His relatives owned them. The English were his kin. He was glad to fight for them, with them.

III

FOUR years later he came again to St. Dyfrigs. He sat on an unaltered bench beneath an unchanged oak, and drew long, contented sighs. The door into the park was wide open. Cattle grazed inside. The grass was as green as he had left it. Nothing was altered except that no automobiles passed. All was peace and rest. His lazy, pleasant thought ambled inconsequentially from gigs and randems to an oak door on an auto truck; from a fight for an heiress who turned out to be a cowman's daughter to a battle for a right of way; from an older Charity in crinoline to a younger Charity with red roses in her belt, and to a girl leaning out of a window, whispering "Thank you." How far away it all seemed, all equidistant in time—great-grandmother and cousins and tennis racket in air and all; a delightful, restful dream of an incredibly far-away time.

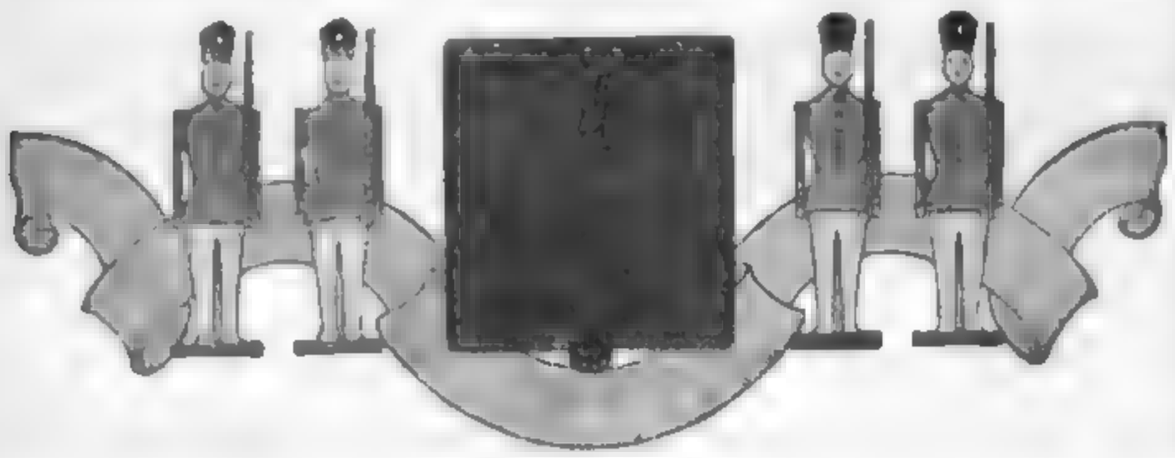
Home. He thought the word, all but felt it, for his father had been dead for some years, and St. Dyfrigs held his only living relatives.

He had come to beg a recognition of those ties of blood which had grappled him with ever-increasing strength through the struggle and the horror of war.

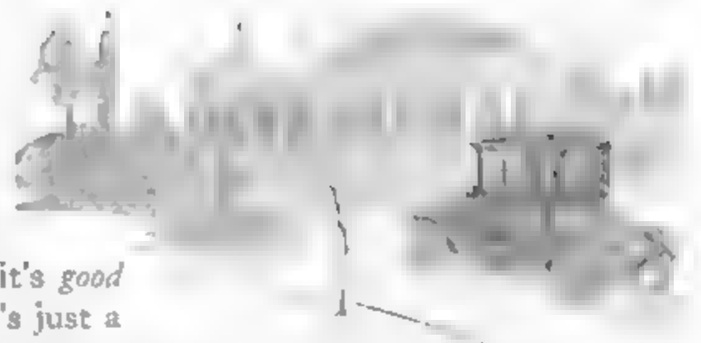
Aristocratic Dorothy might despise his Turle blood, but she would honor his British uniform. Democratic Charity might loathe his Lingard descent, but she would respect his khaki. He was passionately eager for a special individual welcome, for smiles that had a real meaning, for talk that was personal and kindly and cousinly. His craving for women's society was the thirst of a man in a desert.

Millions of young men craved, just as he did. Hundreds of thousands of Britons, lucky to be so near home, came to Blighty on leave and sat happily loafing, blissfully basking in the presence of a girl—even of a sister. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers were silently disappointed not because girls were so busy but because in their leisure time these girls were a little tired, had less coquetry than of old, and in their new economic independence and pride of achievement conveyed no subtle old-time pretended conviction of the superiority of man.

Hundreds of thousands of girls on the other hand were silently disappointed that the brothers and lovers and friends would not tell their experiences, would answer




# It's Glorious—to Drive, under the Koupet Top



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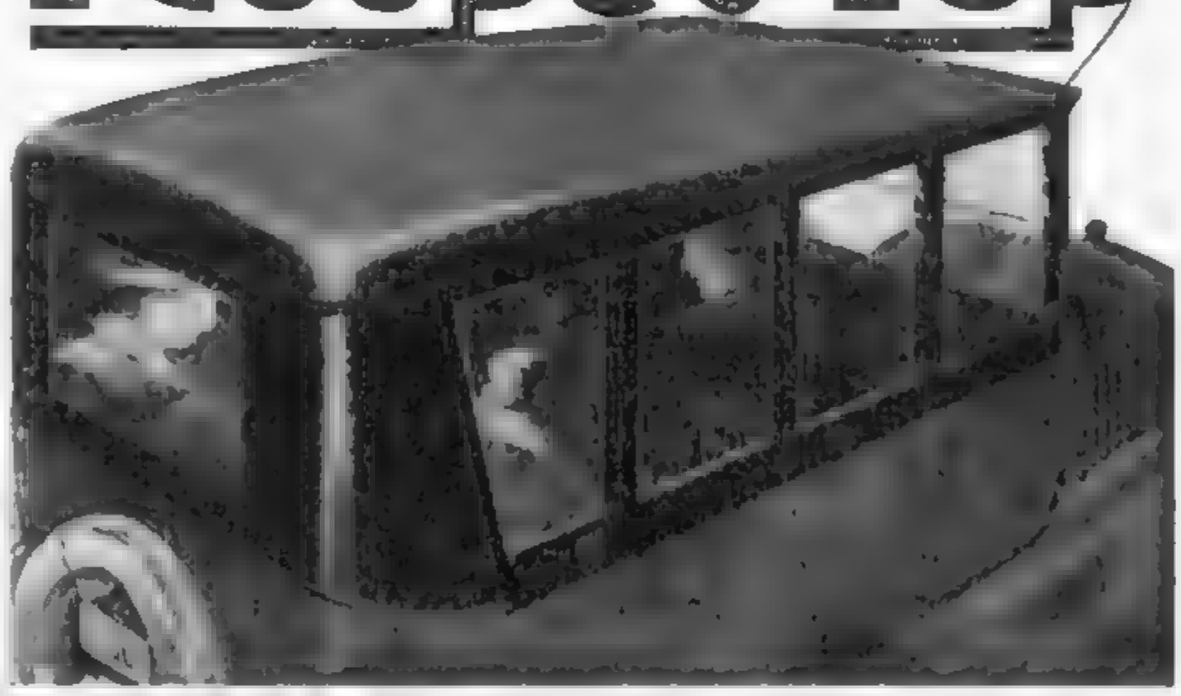
The Koupet Top



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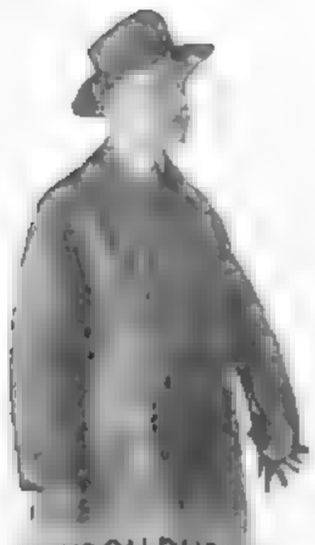

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eager queries in short sentences, and only wanted to forget horrors and filth and to be lazy or absolutely frivolous. The acute sex consciousness of the English was in fact much diminished, to the mystified regret of the men, to the unconscious satisfaction of the women. But things were all right, for all that, and the fourteen days' leave was dreamed over later in the trenches and in the homes of the girls.

But Roger had idled in no such oases in the desert march of war. His leaves had been spent in Paris. The place had been very well, and people had been very kind, but he had been one in a crowd, and everybody had been hurrying and scurrying. So it had come about that every thought of rest and peace and women's smiles had centered in St. Dyfrigs and in Charity and Dorothy. So he had come at last to the seat beneath the oak. Here he was content to sit and bask and wait; for he was a fatalist about the old tree. Everything that had mattered in his other far-away, almost accidental visit had happened beneath its shadow. Everything that had happened beneath its shadow had mattered. Everything that could matter would happen here. So here he sat and dreamed and cherished his pleasant harmless superstition about the friendly old tree.

Roger eyed an approaching boy, the first human being whom he had seen in his hour of waiting. The boy began to whistle a tune. Roger rose and saluted. The boy returned the salute.

"Where did you learn The Star-Spangled Banner?" the delighted Roger called out.

"Teacher learns us for the squire."

That was a fine omen, Roger thought; the finest that could come to him. It was international and national and personal. Americans were Allies now. His cousin was educating the village about it. There would be a welcome for him. He stood at attention as long as he could hear.

An old road mender passed, very old, carrying a besom of twigs bound together. None but the aged could be spared for this labor.

"Is Mr. William Turle alive?" Roger asked him.

"In the churchyard these three years."

"I was afraid so. He was very old. Is Miss Turle here?"

"Aye. She were wounded and come home. She be spry now and farming."

"Wounded? Where?"

"In France. 'Tis my dinner hour."

He would not be stayed.

A little girl came down the street, barefooted, happily strolling in the little runnel of water by the roadside. Roger had some chocolates. She ran to the lure. She stood at his knee and he put an arm round her as he had round dozens of French children.

"You're a home kid," he said.

He had heard dozens of British soldiers talk of their home kids. It was a delight to stroke her shock of hair as she sucked the chocolate and told him that she had had none for months because soldiers like him took it all. He asked about Miss Lingard.

"Red Cross," she answered, pointing to the park. "It's a 'orspital now." She pried open his fist and helped herself. He liked the pressure of her warm grubby hands.

"Our cross'll be there," she said, pointing to the center of the green.

"What cross?"

"For our roll of honor. I know it. Shall I say it?"

She stood straight and ran off the names as though she were giving a recitation:

"Abraham Anderson. John Archer. William Clegg. George Daniels—he's my cousin. William Gladstone Evans. Lionel Lingard the elder—that's Colonel Lingard; he was drownded going to Egypt. Lionel Lingard the younger. Roger Lingard."

"Dead? All dead?"

She nodded as she eyed the closed hand intently.

"And the old squire too," she said; "him as was off his head." She pounced on his hand, laughing, and secured another sweet.

A long silence, broken only by the smacking of her lips; then: "Do you go to school?"

"Yes; fourth standard."

"And are you learning The Star-Spangled Banner?"

"Yes."

"For the squire?"

"Yes."

"What squire?"

"The new squire. He's an American, and mother says he haven't any right to come and take our land."

Another long silence. She helped herself again, but he did not know it.

"Teacher says he was born in the state where the oranges used to come from; but we don't get no more. They can't find him. That's funny, ain't it? Daddy calls him a low-bred Yankee, but Eunice Mills says as Turles is as good as Lingards."

"Winnie! Winnie!" The cry came down the street.

"Mother's calling." She snatched the last chocolate and ran.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


# Suppose every spare hour were an extra dollar—

Wouldn't it help you to settle all of the many problems that continually arise and demand just one solution: "MORE MONEY"?

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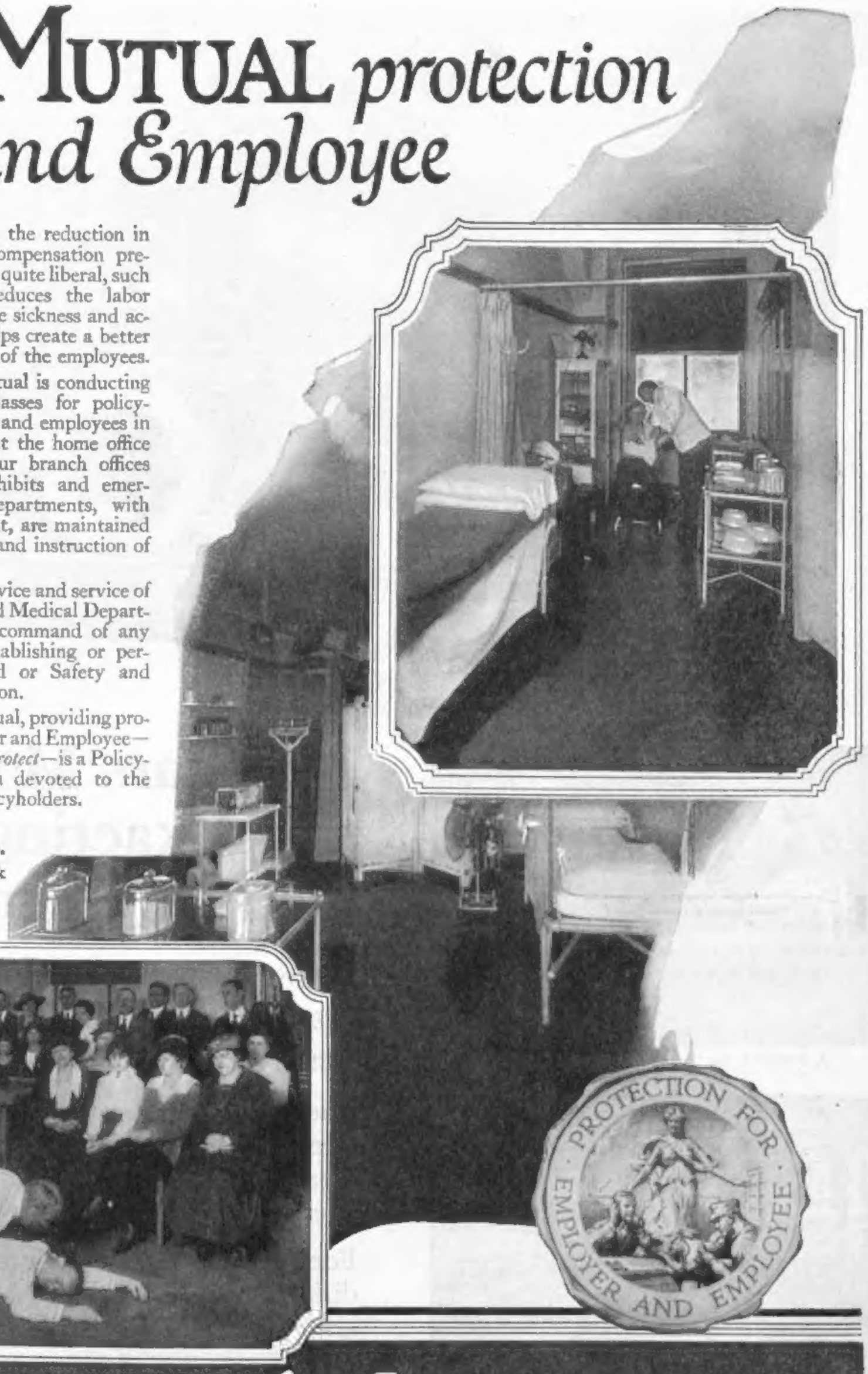

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Post, Nov. 21

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A delicious quick dessert is chopped oranges.

*Marie M. Reilly*, food expert, says this about an American housewife who might visit France:

"She would note the absence of cake and pastry from the dinner menu and in its place she would find shredded fruit or fresh fruit in baskets.

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